



J. Wand-guchse
M^r. Samuel Butler₁

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The Posthumous
W O R K S
O F

Mr Samuel Butler,

(Author of *HUDIBRAS*)

Compleat in One VOLUME:

Written in the Time of the **Grand
Rebellion**, and in the Reign of King
CHARLES II.

B E I N G

A Collection of SATIRES, SPEECHES, and
REFLECTIONS upon those Times.

Publish'd from

Original M.SS. and Scarce and Valuable Pieces
formerly Printed.

To which is added,

A Key to *HUDIBRAS* by Sir *Roger L'Estrange*.

The Fourth Edition, Corrected.

Adorn'd with Cuts.

L O N D O N:

Printed for and Sold by RICHARD BALDWIN, at the
Blue Bible in *St Paul's Churchyard*. 1732.



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To the Most
Illustrious Prince
J A M E S
Duke of O R M O N D.

May it please your Grace,

THOUGH it is Folly and Pre-
sumption to approach your Per-
son with this Piece, yet as the
Author of it had the Honour
to be of the Name of B U T L E R, and
highly respected by your never to be
forgotten Grandfather, for his Loyalty,
which incited all your Noble Family to
admire his Works, as well as King
Charles the Second, who never went
Abroad without 'em ; we have attempt-
ed to make a Dedication of his *Posthu-
mous Labours* (which have been collect-
ed with a great deal of Trouble and Char-
ges)

The Dedication.

ges) to your Grace ; whose Fidelity ever to the Royal Family, as well as Country, both at Home and Abroad, causes *Great Britain*, as well as *Ireland*, to admire your admirable Conduct, in all the high Employments which the Crown (for your unparrelle'd Merits) have been pleas'd to bestow upon you. The Original Piece of Mr. *SAMUEL BUTLER*, intituled, *HU DIBRAS*, has met with a general and kind Reception through Christendom, by all that were acquainted with his Language ; and being writ with a great deal of Fire and sublime Thoughts on the Account of Monarchical Government, it had been before now translated into most *European* Languages, by the last and present Age, but only his coining new Words, to make jingle to his Verse (call'd *Carmen jocularare* by the *Latin*) being not to be made intelligible in another Tongue, the Attempt was left off. What we here present your Grace of his are as valuable, as being writ with the same *Energy* and *Force of Thought* as the other ; but your Grace being of that Clearness and Perspecuity of Wit, that we need not give any Introduction

on

The Dedication.

on for the setting forth the Drift of Mr. BUTLER's Design in what he writ, as tending all to the Glory of Church and State, in Opposition to Antimonarchical Principles; now, with all Submission, give me the Liberty of Speaking no more in Mr. BUTLER's Praise, to blazon yours; but knowing your Modesty exceeds your Grandeur, I durst not presume to give any other Encomium upon your Grace, than to say, that all People bestow the same Eulogy upon you, which most Classick Authours report was given to *Vespasian* the Roman Emperor, *Amor ac Delicia humani generis*; not only *Vigo* entitles you to that Character, but many other Transactions, which I forbear repeating, because it is my Ambition to subscribe my self

Your Grace's

Most humble and

Obedient Servant,



TO THE
READER.

THE following Pieces, which are here offer'd to the Publick, are the Remains of that great and celebrated Genius Mr. BUTLER, Author of Hudibras: No greater Complement can be paid to these Writings, than to say, they are His; and therefore I shall forbear to add any Thing farther to their Praise, since no one, who is the least acquainted with the Characters of this Glory of our Nation, but must secretly congratulate himself and Mankind upon the Recovery of this invaluable Treasure, and conceive the highest Idea of any Thing that comes from so renowned a Hand, from one whom all confess the most exalted Wit of the Age in which he lived, and one of the brightest Spirits that ever adorn'd our Island: There is no one, I say, who has heard the Name of BUTLER, but will naturally expect from these Miscellanies every Excellence that

TO the READER.

that can be met with in human Productions: He will depend to see Wit in its whole Extent and Variety, so unconstrain'd, and flowing with that Freedom, as if the great Author were only the Amanuensis to some Heavenly Muse, and charmed us with Thoughts not his own.

What therefore the Reader may be inform'd of is, that a very great Expence, and almost incredible Industry has been laid out in collecting these Papers, which have been scattered thro' an infinite Number of Hands, and could not have been recovered but by the most intense Application.

To conclude, These genuine Pieces were written, as may be collected from the general Arguments, partly during the Rebellion, and partly at the latter End of King Charles the Second's Reign, about which Time our inimitable Author died.

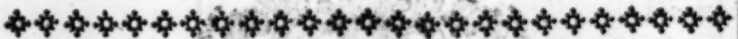


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Du Val & Highwayman



Posthumous WORKS
OF
Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

VOL. I.

*A Burlesque Pindarick Ode, to the Memory of
Claud. Du Val, the most Renown'd Highway-
man.*

I.



I S true, to compliment the Dead,
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call 'em back again ;
Or like the *Tartars*, give 'em Wives,
With Settlements for after-lives.
For all that can be done, or said,
Tho' ne'er so noble, great and good
By them is neither heard, nor understood ;
All our fine Sights and Tricks of Art,
First to create, and then adorn Desert ;
And those Romances which we frame,
To raise ourselves, not them a Name ;
In vain are flust with ranting Flatteries,
And such, as if they knew, they would despise :

A

For

For as those Times, the *Golden Age* they call,
 In which there was no Gold at all ;
 So we plant Glory and Renown,
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,
 But to worse Purpose, many Times,
 To varnish o'er nefarious Crimes,
 And cheat the World that never seems to mind
 How good, or bad Men die, but what they leave behind.

II.

And yet the brave *Du Val*, whose Name
 Can never be worn out by Fame,
 That liv'd and dy'd to leave behind
 A great Example to Mankind :
 That fell a publick Sacrifice,
 From Ruin to prevent those few,
 Who, tho' born false, may be made true ;
 And teach the World to be more just and wise,
 Ought not, like vulgar Ashes, rest,
 Unmention'd in the silent Chest,
 Not for his own, but publick Interest. }
 He like a pious Man, some Years before
 Th' Arrival of his fatal Hour,
 Made ev'ry Day he had to live,
 To his last Minute, a Preparative ;
 Taught the wild *Arabs* on the Road
 To act in a more genteel Mode,
 Take Prizes more obligingly than those,
 Who never had been bred *Filous* ;
 And how to hang in a more graceful Fashion,
 Than e'er was known before to the dull *English* Nation.

III.

In *France*, the Staple of new Modes,
 Where Garbs at Court are current Goods
 That serves the rude Northern Nations
 With Methods of Address and Treat,
 Prescribes new Garnitures and Fashions,
 And how to drink, and how to eat
 No out-of-Fashion Wine, or Meat.
 To understand Crevats and Plumes,
 And the most modish from the old Perfumes ;

A PINDARICK ODE.

3

To know the Age and Pedigrees,
Of Points of *Flanders* and *Venice*,
Cast their Nativity, and to a Day
Foretel how long they'll hold, and when decay.
T' affect the purest Negligences,
In Gestures, Gaits and Miens,
And speak by Repartee Rountines,
Out of the most authentick of Romances;
And to demonstrate with substantial Reason,
What Ribbands all the Year are in, or out of Season.

IV.

To this great Academy of Mankind
He ow'd his Birth and Education,
Where all are so ingeniously inclin'd,
They understand by Imitation;
Are taught, improv'd before they are aware,
As if they'd suck'd their Breeding from the Air,
That naturally does dispense
To all, a deep and solid Confidence,
A Virtue of that precious Use,
That he whom bount'ous Heav'n endues
But with a moderate Share of it,
Can want no Worth, Abilities nor Wit.
In all the deep Hermetick Arts,
(For so of late the Learned call
All Tricks, if strange and mystical)
He had improv'd his natural Parts,
And with his magick Rod could sound
Where hidden Treasures may be found.
He, like a Lord o'th' Mannor, seiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his Way,
As lawful Waife and Stray,
And after, by the Custom, kept it as his own.

V.

From these first Rudiments he grew
To nobler Feats, and try'd his Force
Upon whole Troops of Foot and Horse,
Whom he as bravely did subdue:
Declar'd all Caravans, that go
Upon the King's Highway, his Foe,

Made many desperate Attacks
 Upon itinerant Brigades,
 Of all Professions, Ranks and Trades;
 On Carriers Loads and Pedlars Packs,
 Made them lay down their Arms and yield,
 And, to the smallest Piece, restore;
 All that by cheating they had got before,
 And after plunder'd all the Baggage of the Field;
 In ev'ry bold Affair of War,
 He had the chief Command and led them on;
 For no Man is judg'd fit to have the Care
 Of others Lives, until h'as made it known,
 How much he does despise and scorn his own.

VI.

Whole Provinces, 'twixt Sun and Sun,
 Have by his conqu'ring Sword been won;
 And mighty Sums of Money laid,
 For Ransom upon ev'ry Man,
 And Hostages deliver'd 'till 'twas paid.
 Th' Excise, and Chimney-Publican,
 The Jew, Foreteller and Inhancer,
 To him for all their Crimes did answer.
 He vanquish'd the most fierce and fell
 Of all his Foes, the Constable,
 That oft has beat his Quarters up,
 And routed him and all his Troop.
 He took the dreadful Lawyer's Fees,
 That in his own allow'd Highway,
 Does Feats of Arms as great as his,
 And when th' encounter in it wins the Day.
 Safe in his Garrison, the Court,
 Where meaner Criminals are sentenc'd for't,
 To the stern Foe he oft gave Quarter,
 But as the Scotchman did to Tartar,
 That he in Time to come,
 Might, in return from him, receive his Doom.

VII.

He wou'd have starv'd this mighty Town,
 And brought its haughty Spirit down;
 Have cut it off from all Relief;
 And, like a wise and valiant Chief,

Made

Made many a fierce Assault
 Upon all Ammunition Carts,
 And those that bring up Cheefe and Malt,
 Or Bacon from remoter Parts.
 No Convoy e'er so strong, with Food,
 Durst venture on the desperate Road ;
 He made the undaunted Waggoner obey,
 And the fierce Higler Contribution pay ;
 The savage Butcher and stout Drover
 Durst not to him their feeble Troops discover ;
 And if he had but kept the Field,
 In Time he'd made the City yield ;
 For great Towns, like the Crocodiles are found,
 I'th' Belly aptest to receive a mortal Wound.

VIII.

But when the fatal Hour arriv'd,
 In which his Stars began to frown,
 And had in close Cabal contriv'd
 To pull him from his Height of Glory down ;
 When he by num'rous Foes oppress'd,
 Was in the enchanted Dungeon cast,
 Secur'd with mighty Guards,
 Lest he by Force, or Stratagem,
 Might prove too cunning for their Chains and them,
 And break thro' all their Locks, and Bolts and Wards,
 He'd both his Legs by Charms committed
 To one another's Charge,
 That neither might he set at large,
 And all their Fury and Revenge outwitted.
 As Jewels of high Value are
 Kept under Locks with greater Charge
 Than those of meaner Rates ; (Grates.
 So he was in Stone Walls, and pond'rous Chains, and Iron.

IX.

Thither came Ladies from all Parts,
 To offer up close Pris'ners Hearts,
 Which he receiv'd as Tribute due,
 And made 'em yield up Love and Honour too,
 But in more brave Heroicks
 Than e'er was practis'd yet in Plays ;



The Court Burlesqu'd.



The COURT Burlesqu'd.

Written in the Year, 1678. By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER, Author of HUDIBRASS.



Sing a merry Monarch's Fame,
Whose Co-ee no Advice can tame ;
Nor can the Pow'r of both the Houses
Keep it from gaping at their 'Spouses.
No Wonder, since all living Creatures

Will still pursue their diff'rent Natures,
Why therefore should not Kings be kind
To Punks, and Jilts, if so inclin'd ?
Since no Man cares to be debarr'd
Of that for which he's most Regard :
But still will gratify that Lust
'To which he has the greatest Gust.
The Sportsman hunts away his Life,
And for his Dogs forsakes his Wife :
The Sot in Bumpers drowns his Time,
And thinks Sobriety a Crime :
The Gamester Curses, Prays, and Plays,
And fretting, fools away his Days:
The Letcher sweats away his Nights,
In drudging hard at Love Delights ;
Therefore since Subjects have their Follies,
And all Men in their turns are Cullies,
Why may not Kings, as well as Nobles,
To craving Jilts, be gen'rous Bubbles ;
Since few Men can refrain that Vice
Of which their Natures have a Spice ?
How should the Head that rules the Throne,
Govern the Tail when rampant grown ;
Or make that loose Proud Flesh obey,
That has so long had Sov'reign Sway ?

Two Scepters, to the Nation's Cost,
 His strong back'd Majesty can boast;
 By dint of one he does maintain
 His regal Power over Men;
 The other steers his loose Affection,
 And keeps the Ladies in Subjection;
 Nor does the Monarch scorn to own it,
 Tho' Picked-Beard cries, shame upon it.
 Why should he? Since the Wise we know
 Have two Strings always to their Bow,
 That if one falters, when it's try'd,
 The other may be well apply'd.
 So R---, when he craves Supplies,
 And his Request the House denies,
 With City-Heifers then he plows,
 Plants Royal Crest on Factious Brows;
 With swarthy Brats adorns the Houses,
 And borrows of their wealthy Spouses;
 Well knowing Cuckold-Makers find
 The loving Cuckold always kind.
 Thus, at a pinch, his Point he gains,
 By dint of Back as well as Brains;
 And when he thus exerts his Forces,
 To dive into the City's Purse,
 If he proves lib'ral of his Nature,
 The Wives, to recompence the Matter,
 Plead hard to make the Sum the greater.

*So Bullies who support their Lives,
 By kindly kissing Buxom Wives,
 Like Thrashers drudge t' advance their Gains
 In due Proportion to their Pains.*

Old Harry's C--- piece in the *Tornat*,
 That once contain'd such fleshly Power,
 Made now a Cushion for the Fair,
 To stick in Pins and Needles there,
 That by that Means they may express
 Their Rev'rence to the empty Case,
 And not forget that pious Prince,
 Whose *Tarriwags* it held long since.
 What tho' that Codpiece's Dimension,
 Shews something was of large Extension,

Besides,

Besides, it brought into this Nation
 So great a Thing as Reformation ;
 And therefore, to our Lady's Eyes,
 Can be of no disdainful Size:
 Yet if to thine, O C----s ! compar'd,
 'Tis but a Bauble, by the L----d ;
 Bottom, tho' shorten'd by thy *Nelly* ;
 A C---piece that would pinch thy *Belly* ;
 A Case that would not half inclose
 Thy Scepter, all the Kingdom knows:
 No ! *Harry's* C--piece must knock under,
 Thine merits fifty-times the Wonder :
 And has ejected twice the Force
 That e'er leap'd out of *Trojan Horse* ;
 For tho' thou hadst but one good Wife
 To recreate thee in thy Life,
 And he had six, yet thou hadst more
 Of other Mens, by twice a Score ;
 Besides more Harlots, to thy Cost,
 Than *Solomon* could ever boast ;
 And more *Fitz-Rois* of thy begetting,
 Than *Hall* had Peers of his creating.

Go on, brave C——s, and if thy Back,
 As well as Lust, but holds the Tack,
 Most of thy Court, in time, much rather
 Than call thee King, will call thee Father ;
 For such a Crowd of sp——s D ——s
 With empty Heads and tawny Looks,
 Will plague thy Throne, that all thy Places
 Must be ingross'd by graceless Graces ;
 Thy Court be fill'd with B—st——d Brothers
 Begot on mercenary Mothers,
 Most kindly taken for their Charms,
 From Cellars into Monarch's Arms :
*So Vapours that from Ditches rise,
 Change to be Meteors in the Skies.*

The witti'ft of the wanton Crew,
 That do by turns thy Lust subdue,
 Was snatch'd from Theater, G—d wot,
 And rais'd to be the Lord know what ;

Tho' broach'd at fourteen Years of Age
 By the Sham-Monarch of the Stage,
 That skill'd in Love, the pretty Thing
 Might better please a Real King,
 For Nelly knows she owes the Art
 Of W——g, not to C—— but Hart;
 He taught her first to manage right
 The Female Scabbard of Delight:
 Which made the Monarch love his Nell
 Because she did the Trick so well.

*So airy Jilts, train'd up for Cullies,
 Are tapp'd in Stews by Pimps and Bullies,
 And then preferr'd to wealthy Beds,
 For charming high-priz'd Maidenheads.*

Another Lads of Beauteous Feature,
 Bred up, like N——H, in the Theatre;
 Who long had rowl'd her Eyes about,
 To pick some keeping Cully out;
 Ogl'd the Boxes and the Pit,
 Where Noble Lords and Bubbles sit,
 'Till she'd at last the luck to charm
 A King, who ne'er meant Woman harm,
 But lov'd the pleasing Spot from whence
 He came, because he came from thence.
 However, as some People tell us,
 Nell of Molly growing jealous,
 Prepar'd a Dose of purging Jallop,
 And gave it to her Sister Trallup,
 That very Night the Royal C——ly
 Design'd to exercise his Folly,
 With his new Mistress, to the Grief
 Of Nelly, who was Miss in Chief.
 No sooner had the Princely Lover,
 Inflam'd with furious Lust all over,
 Bedded his new Theatrick Dame,
 To satiate his salacious Flame,
 But giving Moll an am'rous Tumble,
 The Harlots Guts began to grumble,
 And in the Height of all their Sport,
 Let fly a very nauseous Flirt.
 A Fizzle of a fouler Nature
 Than Small-Beer Grounds, or Kennel Water,

Which

Which therefore highly did disgust
 The Monarch's Sceptre of his Lust,
 And of a sudden gave him Reason,
 To stop his Nose against the Treason,
 Which in his Nostrils stunk as hot
 As if't had been a Powder-Plot.
 Nor did the Mischief only reach
 The neighb'ring Folds of Madam's B——h,
 But in the sweet Enjoyment flew
 All o'er his Royal Dowfers too,
 That he was forc'd to fly the Bed,
 Much frightened, and as much bewray'd,
 Leaving poor Miss that smelt so strong,
 To lie and batt'n in her Dung.
 The K——, altho' he honour'd S——,
 As much as any Mortal living,
 And lov'd the condescending Part
 Of Lady fair with all his Heart,
 Yet tho' before he was so smitten,
 When once he found himself b——n,
 He loath'd the Bird, or rather Beast,
 That so befoul'd her charming Nest,
 And spoil'd that kind refreshing Smell
 Which R——y always lov'd so well,
 That her past Service he rewarded,
 And from that Time the Punk discarded.
 Thus she who by her S——gn L——d
 Was for her Beauty once ador'd,
 In one sad Hour lost Royal Favour,
 By dropping what had too much favour.
*So those who by good Turns had won us,
 And signal Friendships oft have done us,
 Yet if they disoblige at last,
 We bury all their Kindness past.*
 Nay, Kings themselves, that are so vain
 And gen'rous when they're pleas'd, what then?
 If vex'd they're just like other Men.

A Third more beauteous than the rest,
 That prov'd a Snake in Royal Breast,
 Was rais'd for hum'ring his Debauches,
 From a lewd C——s to a D——s;

But being troubl'd, as some say,
 With such an Itch that none could lay,
 She could not be content alone
 To bind her Honour to the Throne,
 But loving well the am'rous Sport,
 Turn'd Prostitute to half the Court:
 Nor would her G ———ce confine her Favours
 To their weak surfeited Endeavours,
 But search'd both Play-Houses and Fairs,
 For Dancers of the Ropes and Players;
 Such that would drudge as hard to earn
 The Pence, as Thrashers in a Barn,
 Exert their Strength and strain their Sinews
 For a green Purse half fill'd with Guineas;
 This made the Court as mad as Devils,
 To find they had such scoundrel Rivals,
 That they, to be reveng'd upon her,
 Whisper'd to R ———y the Dishonour
 Done him by such a Jilting H ———sy,
 Who'd so abus'd her T ———zy m ———zy.
 This made the King at once resign her,
 Altho' he never had a finer.

*So the close Harlot that detects
 Her Neighbour joining Sex with Sex,
 Will cry out Whore upon the Dame,
 Expose her Faults to publick Shame,
 Tho' she herself has done the same.* }

The M ———rch, tho' in Pocket low,
 Being proud, at his Expence, to know
 What Difference Nature had begot,
 Betwixt a French and English T ———t,
 Takes a gay Tit from France to mount,
 The Cast off of a Paris Count,
 With apple Face, and slender Waste,
 All over Jilt; yet looking Chaste;
 With her the M ———ch next agreed,
 To pleasure his adu't'rous Bed,
 That he might know the Worth and Nature
 Of French Commodities the better.
 This Madam with her nimble Scut,
 Now tosses M ———y about,

And

And from the Pockets of his Breeches,
 Shakes out her R——y C——y's Riches;
 Thus, like a true experienc'd W——,
 Ev'n keeps her very Keeper poor.
 Nor has he yet the Sense to see
 How much his Generosity
 Dishonours his M——ck Station,
 And makes him slighted by the Nation:
 Whilst she, her Country to advance,
 Sends Golden Pies from hence to *France*,
 And strips the M——ch of our Isle,
 T' enrich her own dear native Soil:
 Is but a treach'rous Spy upon him,
 To hug him till she's quite undone him;
 Does all his grand Affairs discover
 To cunning L——s at the *Louvre*.
 O C——s! How happy had we been,
 Hadst thou but had a fruitful Queen,
 Or else been Gelt before Fifteen.

Besides these mercenary Crew,
 Who drain his Purse and —— too,
 And with their B——d Broods deceive him
 Of all the Wealth the People give him;
 Yet such a Crowd of Ladies ply
 Around his Throne, who, by the by,
 Are proud to ease his L——ry:
 That scarce a D——s of Renown,
 Or wanton C——s in the Town,
 But wait the Motion of his L——ft,
 In hopes to have one R——l T——ft;
 Each striving when his Love grows fervent,
 To be his very humble Servant;
 Well knowing that the only Means
 To win the Favour of their P——ce,
 Is to surrender when he's ready,
 The Seat of Honour in a Lady;
 Then let 'em ask what 'tis they want,
 And T—— will gain what Merit can't.
 Thus he that needs a Boon at Court,
 And has but small Pretensions for't,

14. The COURT Burlesqu'd.

Let him but send his Wife, if pretty,
Or Daughter, that's but young and witty,
As long as C — s the S — d reigns,
He need not fear to gain his Ends ;
For he, good Prince, could ne'er deny
The Petticoat, good reason why,
Because as he himself does own,
He loves a Lady 'bove a Crown.

These Lady Punks, that like the Sport,
Are th' only shining Lamps at Court,
Who by the Use of Copulation,
Bring Wh — ing daily into Fashion,
That none approach the R — l Presence,
But with such am'rous Acquiescence,
That he who asks another's Bride
To lay her Modesty aside,
Need never fear to be deny'd. }
For since the greatest Courtiers use it,
'Tis thought ill Breeding to refuse it.
They take Example by the T — e,
And make their M — 's Vice their own ;
The City borrow't from the Court,
And hand it to the common Sort ;
'Till thus, by Ape-like Imitation,
Love spreads his Wings o'er all the Nation,
Where nothing thrives, we plainly see,
But P — ry, P — x, and V — ry,
'Till London is as famous grown,
For W — m, (G — d preserve the T —)
As Sodom was for their provoking
G — d's Vengeance, by their backward poking.

Besides, these Ladies of the Sport,
Whose Lust inflames the B — y Court,
And make a Brothel of a Palace,
Where Harlots ply, as many tell us, }
Like Brimstones in a Whetstone Alehouse,
There are a Crowd of fawning P — s,
Which R — y calls his Ministers,
Who manage with such Craft and Care,
They fit their M — h to a Hair ;

Assist him in his costly S——,
But make him pay for their contriving ;
Project such cunning Ways and Shifts,
To help him out at all dead Lists ;
That when they have supply'd his Wants,
Themselves may beg the larger Grants :
Thus by ill Means th' enrich his Treasure,
Then pick his Pocket at their Leisure.
*So those who Spunge upon a Friend,
Who is too free to spend, or lend,
When at a Pinch. (if not bereft
Of all, but still has something left)
They'll raise him Money on his Credit,
That they may share it as they need it.*

The Chief of these was crafty C——y,
Who first advis'd the King to marry,
To K——e of Lisbon, who had got
No Catch to her unfruitful Spot,
In hopes his pretty blooming D——ter
May come to be a —— herea'ter :
Or that her Issue may at least,
Be of the —— in time possess.
This cunning Machiavelian Cuff,
Tho' he himself is wise enough,
Yet he advises honest R ——y,
To many a strange unk——like Folly ;
Indulges him in loose Amours,
And raises Money for his W——,
Rather than he shou'd send back Kate,
And marry with a fruitful Mate,
Whose Race his B——d may disappoint,
And put their Noses out of Joint.
*So Junior Brothers love to see
Their Seniors without Progeny,
Because they hope that they, or theirs,
May prove their Elder Brothers Heirs.*

But C——y, who hath long ingroft
His Prince, and e'ery gainful Post,
That Merit without his Consent,
Can never rise in Government,

At

At last is glad to quit his Hold,
 For what h'as said, and what h'as sold :
 Is forc'd in spite of — his Son,
 To take his Farewel of the Throne,
 And from the Land to fly by stealth,
 Into a much worse common Wealth;
 Leaving the noble House he built,
 As a proud Witness of his Guilt;
 Whose costly Walls were rais'd, 'tis said,
 By *French Pistoles* for *Dunkirk* paid;
 And since it breaks old C——'s Heart,
 To think that C——, and he should part,
 The fam'd *Escorial* is decreed,
 (In hopes to please the Faction's Breed)
 To fall e'er long a Sacrifice,
 That from its Ruins there may rise,
 Whole Streets of famous — houses,
 Where Buxom Jades, for want of Spouses,
 Shall shew each Rake what pretty Sport
 The Lords and Ladies use at Court,
 And what a Way *Nell-G——n* has got,
 To humour R——y with her T——t.
Just so Lords Palaces of old,
When into Builders Clutches sold,
Were often doom'd beneath the Curses
Of being Inns for Law, or Horses.

Another cunning *Fox* of State,
 Advanc'd from Little to be Great,
 Has, by Court Wheedles, clim'd to be
 The greatest in the Treasury.
 Nor truly does he want the Sense,
 To manage well the Nation's Pence,
 Because, in spight of all their Care,
 He'll have at least, a Fav'rite's Share,
 And is more Charge to *England's Th——e*,
 Than any She that hangs thereon.
 Nor does he, like his Master's Dutches, *s*,
 Receive his Pay from others Clutches,
 But judges of his own Deserts,
 And, to reward his able Parts,

his high Station, is so wise
 To serve himself, and thus he cries,
There's so much for your Majesty,
But, Tom, here's twice as much for thee;
And all that you and I can spare,
We'll frankly pay away elsewhere.
 This, by a Rat behind the Curtain,
 Has been o'er-heard, some say for certain,
 And is reported still to be
 The Fox's old Soliloquy.
Stewards who have easy Lords,
Coz'nage pile up wealthy Hoards,
And as their Masters grow more poor,
The crafty Knaves increase their Store,
And, at high Int'rest, often lend 'em,
Their own, pretending to befriend 'em,
And make 'em think, to hide their Knave'ry,
Is borrow'd with much Pains and Slav'ry.
 Third, who by the King's good Grace,
 Big in Wealth, and high in Place,
 A trusty Friend, whose silver Tongue
 Determines well 'twixt Right and Wrong,
 And to his own Immortal Glory,
 Has all the Arts of Oratory;
 Can argue, when he pleases, wisely,
 And cut a Wheedle too as nicely;
 Delude the House with such fine Fetches,
 And coax the Commons with such Speeches,
 That none were ever better able,
 In Senate, or at Council-Table,
 To do good Service to his Prince,
 In any Case of Exigence;
 Yet he, as cunning as the rest,
 Knows how to feather his own Nest:
 'Tis with him, like Priest in Cloister,
 No Money, C——s, no *Pater noster*.
 Nor would the prudent Sage embrace
 The Favour of so high a Place,
 Without four thousand Pounds *per Ann.*
 In Case upon some State Arcanum,

He

He should be turn'd from Council-Table, }
 And from his Post, as one not able, }
 To please our mighty Lords the Rabble.
 A Bargain wise, we must allow,
 In Times precarious, as they're now ;
 For who would trust such Kings as those
 Who starve their Friends to feast their Foes ;
 And kiss away that Wealth that's meant
 To serve the Ends of Government,
 And to reward those faithful Few,
 That are both wise as well as true ?
 Who would, I say, with Life and Fortune,
 Serve such a Prince behind the Curtain,
 Who oft, to please the Rabble Rout,
 Must turn his best Advisers out,
 And to his Hazard, in their Steads,
 Be forc'd to lean on rotten Reeds,
 Without they were at first secure,
 Of something, if disrob'd of Pow'r,
 And from the Court with shame remov'd,
 Because by Faction disapprov'd ?
 'Tis therefore, mighty C——s, we fear,
 Thou'rt forc'd to buy thy Friends so dear
 Because they're certain, if they should
 Once trust to thy old Gratitude,
 When they thy Turn have truly serv'd,
 That then they may be hang'd, or starv'd.
 For the same Reason wanton Sluts,
 That earn their Livings by their Scuts,
 All are importunate to count
 Their Money e'er their Riders mount :
 Nor could'st thy self, O C——s e'er vent
 Thy L—— before a Settlement ;
 Which shews, altho' our S——gn L——d,
 Thy very W—— won't take thy Word.
So he that for his own bye Ends
Employs, and then deceives his Friends,
If e'er he wants their fresh Endeavours,
Must purchase, thro' the Nose, their Favours.

Next these, a Duke of mighty Fame,
 So known, I need not tell his Name ;

own Extravagance and Folly
 now his boasted Wit but dully;
 ce he was highly in Esteem,
 d glitter'd next the Diadem,
 d all Perferments in his Power,
 d did above his Rivals tour;
 s thought to have a subtil Pate,
 rn'd rightly for Intrigues of State,
 d was suppos'd exactly wise
 all Monarchick Mysteries;
 sides th' Inspection he had made
 e'ery Art and e'ery Trade,
 at his deep Judgment might out-pierce all,
 d make his Knowledge univerfal:
 Poetry he was, alas!
 mpetitor with *Hudibras*;
 d as for the Dramatick Stage,
 s still the Mirror of the Age,
 d has a knack of Ridiculing,
 at out-does any other Fooling.

In Chymick Arts he's such a Dabster,
 He'll draw a Philter from a Lobster,
 at if 'tis given to a Lady,
 who has before refus'd to Bed ye,
 In one short Minute's Time 'will make her
 As lewd as any Kennel-Raker;
 Besides, 'twill so restore a crazy
 Old Letcher, that's decay'd and lazy,
 And give his Rudder of Affection,
 A brisk a Juvenile Erection,
 That the poor Thing shall be as live,
 As e'er it was at Twenty-five.
Probatur est; for by Experience,
 Himself and all his lewd Adherents,
 know that the Secret, without harm,
 Will all these wond'rous Things perform.
 Therefore, whoever loves the Placket,
 say, if they please, with Safety take it.

Musick he understands as well
 As any Ringer does a Bell;

Can

20 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

Can judge of Trebles and their Bases,
Of Hautboys, Fiddles, and their Cases,
As well as any Minstrel Brother,
That plays on either one, or t'other:
Nay, he himself has oft been seen,
And heard, to touch the Violin,
So finely 'twould have charm'd a Lady,
Or any Milk-Maid, on a *May-Day*.

The Philosophick Stone, his Grace
Has study'd many Nights and Days;
And, by the Strength of Fire and Bellows
Had found it once, some People tell us;
But that, for want of Skill, or Care,
The Wonder vanish'd into Air:
Some say it was of burning Gold,
And therefore prov'd too hot to hold,
That dropping from his Hand it broke
And b'ing too brittle for the Stroke,
It flew away in Fire and Smoke. }
Or else he would have bless'd the Nation
With the strange Art of Transmutation;
Taught us to've metamorphis'd Mettles,
And into Gold turn'd Brazen Kettles;
Which would have sure surpriz'd us more
Than *Bacon's* Head had done before.
But this great Project, like the Rest,
(Tho' Pity 'twas, became a Jest,
And all the Secrets that the Bubble
Found out, to recompence his Trouble,
Instead of turning Lead, or Brass,
To Gold, that would for Standard pass,
Was to change Mettals to his Loss,
And bring his Gold to worthless Dross;
The only costly gen'rous Art,
At which himself is most expert.
So freakish melancholy Wretches,
When poor, will dig in Fields and Ditches,
Big with Conceit, that under Ground
Some hidden Treasure may be found,

Till

The COURT Burlesqu'd. 21

All weary of their Pains, and then
 down with Loss, instead of Gain,
 and scratch to think they've dug in vain.

His Wisdom too the World may see,
 His Government of's Family ;
 Who, for good Orders and Decorum,
 rarely admit of none before 'em.
 Pages his Servants ne'er regard,
 is enough to serve my Lord ;
 they never ask His Grace a Penny,
 nor does he care to pay 'em any ;
 their Sal'ries never drain his Coffers,
 they seldom pray, he seldom Proffers :
 that they're both so open-hearted,
 his Pity they should e'er be parted ;
 that all that live beneath his Wing,
 grow rich, as if they serv'd a King :
 whilst his wife Grace, by wond'rous Ways
 grows poor, altho' he never pays ;
 Paradox well worth our Notice,
 tho' true in *Verbum Sacerdotis* :
 that, after all, what Riddle's in it,
 may be expounded in a Minute ;
 for would he pay, they'd scorn to cheat him,
 but since he don't, they all out-wit him ;
 or he'd not have such need to wait on
 that City-Fox, Sir Robert Clayton ?
 that he whose Wants Assistance craves,
 must be a Fool to some Rich Knave.

Besides these many wond'rous Things,
 for which his Fame thro' England rings,
 his comely Person and his Parts,
 Commands all am'rous Ladies Hearts ;
 nor does he fear to hazard Life,
 to kill the Cuckold, for his Wife ;
 for he's as true a Son of Mars,
 as ever yet drew Sword, or ———
 nor can old R ——— for his Pleasure,
 keep one fine Tit, to mount at leisure.
 Till he will find some Way, or other,
 to be his Sov'reign's Sterling Brother, And

22 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

And to command the very Thing,
 Belov'd so dearly of the K — g :
 That not the sacred Lips, or Belly,
 Of C — d down to little Nelly,
 Can keep his merry Grace from stealing,
 By hook, or crook, a Fellow-feeling ;
 For, still regardless of the T — ,
 He often gives a Butter'd-Bun,
 To the kind C — ll that sits theron ;
 And does by these Intrigues discover
 The Secrets of the R — l Lover,
 And makes the treach'rous Jilts disclose
 Whate'er had pass'd beneath the Rose.
So the gay Spark that can invade
His Hen-peck'd Neighbour's nuptial Bed,
As oft as at the Game he plays,
Knows all the Husband does, or says ;
By which, and by the Wife's Direction,
He keeps the Cuckold in Subjection.
 This Practice made old R — puff,
 And turn his Grace in dudgeon off :
 Who, much disgusted, now sets up
 To be the Faction's only Prop ;
 Hoping, as most believe, in vain,
 To please the Blockheads, and regain,
 By rich rebellious City Slaves,
 What he has lost by Fools and Knaves.
 In this Condition shall we leave him,
 That they fair Words at first may give him,
 At last the better to deceive him.
For he that does good Friends dispise,
And hopes by worthless Rogues to rise,
Is like a crippl'd old Debauch,
Who flings away a trusty Crutch,
To lean upon a feeble Reed,
Too weak to serve him in his Need.

Another Duke, the sp — Son
 Of him that tamely rules the T — ,
 The only Darling of the Court,
 From Prince to Punk of ev'ry Sort ;
 The factious Bubble and the Tool
 Of those that would usurp the Rule ;

he Dancing, Fencing, Riding Bauble,
 hat bows and cringes to the Rabble ;
 he brainless, fawning, pretty Thing,
 hat hopes e'er long to be a King ;
 enters the List among the Rest,
 With his Star shining at his Breast,
 and none but crafty Knaves about him,
 ho, tho' they court him, yet they flout him ;
 ay as a Peacock at a Ball,
 es bumble *Serviteur* to all ;
 busy Fop among the Ladies,
 o shew 'em what an am'rous Blade he's ;
 orward to fight, in Battle warm,
 ltho' poor Thing he means no harm,
 xcept it is to his own Father,
 r to his Popish U——le rather ;
 eady in all Things to oppose
 is Country's Friends, instead of Foes ;
 he only Idol of the Town,
 hat struts and rattles up and down,
 hat all the factious Fools, who hope it,
 ill one Day reign, may view the Puppit,
 hat they may fill his empty Grace
 With noisy Shouts and loud Huzza's,
 nd make him use his worst Endeavours
 ' abuse his K—; the best of Fathers,
 hopes he may, by Usurpation,
 Time reign Tyrant o'er the Nation.
 at, O remember *J—y Sc—t*,
 hy Arms have such a Bastard Blot,
 hat many think thou may'st as soon
 xpect a Scaffold as a Crown ;
 or he that is so vainly proud
 th' Flatt'ries of a factious Croud,
 f Ruin very seldom fails,
 hen Fortune turns the ticklish Scales.
 hen shake off the rebellious Crew,
 or else prepare to have thy Due ;
 or tho' thou hast been twice forgiven,
 hou still retain'st the antient Leven :
 at *Jemmy Frog* beware the *Stork*,
 hy F——r has a Brother *Y—k*.

Another

Another Factious grave Bellweather,
 Whose Tongue's the Devil's B—Leather ;
 The Plague and Teazer of the Court,
 Whose chief Delight's in doing hurt ;
 The Head of all the factious Clan,
 By whom our Feuds were first began ;
 The City's God, the Rabble's Leader,
 A Lord, a Rebel, and a Trader,
 Who keeps his Changes and Cabals
 At publick Halls and Festivals ;
 An old rebellious, canting Wizard,
 Who loves the Rump with all his Gizard.
 Hell's Journy-man, our Plot Projector,
 The Rebels Patriot and Protector ;
 So loose no Royal Smiles can win him,
 So base, the very Devil's in him ;
 The Sower of seditious Seeds,
 The Plantor of rebellious Weeds ;
 The Quintessence of all that's naught,
 And yet too cunning to be caught ;
 The subtle Baffler of the Laws,
 The Bulwark of the Good-Old-Cause,
 The fatal Firebrand of the Nation,
 The Spring of all Abomination ;
 The *Cacafugo* of the Age,
 The *Samford* of the publick Stage ;
 The Broacher of destructive Schism,
 The very Tap of Devilism ;
 Thro' which all Sorts of Treasons flow,
 That with his Dropfick Humours grow ;
 Yet once was great in the Esteem
 Of him that wears the Diadem ;
 But still when high in Pow'r and Place
 The Statesman did the Judge disgrace,
 And shew his Nature to be base. }
Thus factious Foes, whom Kings endeavour
So oft to win by Royal Favour,
Tho' Honours make them less severe,
Yet still the Rebel will appear.

To balance this contentious Mortal,
 Of foul Distempers full, tho' Heart whole,

A *Scot* whose Noddle may as big be,
 As that fam'd Knight's Sir *Kenelm Digby*,
 And has as muckle Cunning in it,
 As any Lad that wears a Bonnet,
 Is held in Favour of the Crown,
 To bear the rising Faction down;
 Tho' many more, we must agree,
 Are in the Scale as well as he;
 But in the subtile Arts of State
 He truly bears the greatest Weight,
 And is the fittest Man of Action,
 To frustrate the Intrigues of Faction:
 Altho' his blubber Face is such
 A Phiz that does not promise much;
 Yet he has cunning to unravel
 The very Myst'ries of the Devil;
 And knows as well to countermine
 Plot, or trayterous Design,
 As if he had below been bred,
 Where hellish Treasons first are laid;
 'Twas he that did advise his Leige,
 To send his Son to *Bothwel-Bridge*,
 That by destroying his own Friends,
 His Uncle *R*—— might have his Ends,
 And in his Progress win that Favour,
 His Nephew lost by's rash Behaviour.
 'Tis he that chiefly undermines,
 And blows up all the Whig's Designs,
 And by one Stratagem, or other,
 Secures old *R*—— and his Brother;
 Ev'ry Exigence does shew,
 He's no true *Scot*, but *Scot* that's true;
 Not to the Int'rest of the Throne,
 But suited wisely with his own,
 Faithful to his Popish Friend
 Whose Safety is the chiefest End
 To which his secret Counsels tend. }
 Scotland! had thy Sons been all
 Like him, you'd stopp'd th' unhappy Fall
 Of Charles, whose Blood will ever be
 A Witness of thy Treachery.

26 *The COURT Burlesqu'd.*

Among the Rest there is a Peer,
 Whose pointed Wit the Courtiers fear;
 For tho' himself more open Lies
 Than those he loves to scandalize,
 Yet, for her Theme, his wanton Muse
 Does always spiteful Satyr chuse.
*(So among Lady Punks, the worst
 Will always cry out Whore the first.)*
 No kind Amour can pass at Court,
 Or Love Intrigue of any Sort,
 But still his Muse must tell what Sporting
 Has been of late behind the Curtain,
 As if she stood a Pimp to all
 That cool'd their Leach'ry at *Whitehal*.
 Nor can old R—— lay aside
 Affairs of State, and Kingly Pride,
 To drink a merry Glas, to drown
 The Cares that wait upon a Crown;
 Or can he steal one happy Night,
 To pass away in Love's Delight.
 With Madam N——y, or his Dutches,
 To come the sooner to his Crutches,
 By tiring Age with his Debauches;
 But presently some witty Flirt
 Must sing aloud the M—Sport,
 That all the factious Town must know
 The Secret, where, with whom, and how;
 As if his Lordship had a Patent
 To publish all that should be latent;
 And that no other Bard was free
 To deal in Bawdy Wit, but he:
 Yet, tho' his Poems are so luscious,
 That all the Modest think 'em nauseous,
 They steal, with godly Books of Pray'r
 Into the Closets of the Fair,
 And oft are made unseemly Neighbours
 To Rev'rend *Baxter's* pious Labours,
 And by the Godly Dame selected
 From Sermons, not so much respected;
 Hugg'd by the bye, and valu'd more
 Than all the ever read before.

For Ladies, tho' on Damask Cushion,
 They sham their Maids with their Devotion,
 And kneel at Church, on Mat, or Hassock,
 To honour Holy Gown and Cassock ;
 Yet, by themselves, they never fail,
 To dearly love a Bawdy Tale ;
 Or will they want a Friend to show 'em
 Each fulsome Book, or smutty Poem ;
 Especially if well assur'd
 'Tis the blunt Offspring of my Lord,
 Who always takes the Liberty,
 Not to spell *Sunt* with S, but C.
So those who wear the Holy Robes,
That rail so much at Father Hobbes,
Because h'as so expos'd of late,
The Nakedness of Church and State ;
Yet, tho' they do his Books condemn,
They love to buy and read the same.

All have an Itch, from High to Low,
 Of knowing what we should not know.
 This Noble Peer's so fam'd for Writing
 Satyrs, so bawdy and so biting,
 Who for lampooning Church and Crown,
 Usurps the Bays from all the Town,
 May boast himself, we must allow it,
 Lord, Atheist, Mountebank and Poet,
 Rake, Coward, Libertine, but yet
 A Man of Learning and of Wit ;
 Who, to provoke the vicious Age
 To an insatiate lustful Rage,
 Expends more Time, and takes more Pains
 In his licentious tickling Strains,
 With am'rous Fires to lewdly warm us,
 Than all the Prelates to reform us :
 And, that the World may know the better
 From Mettle false his Standard Meter,
 He stamps his own Poetick Coin,
 With P, or C, in e'ery Line ;
 And if those taking Marks you miss,
 You may be sure it is not his ;

For, when he handles Pen and Ink,
 His luscious Rhimes would make us think,
 They sprang not from Imagination,
 But, in the Height of lustful Passion,
 Were got by carnal Copulation. }

Such are the Ladies, such the Lords,
 That merry C——s alone regards ;
 So Tame a P——, so L——d a Court,
 Whose Vices are each others Sport ;
 Cuckolds so cow'rdly and so base,
 Lascivious Wives so void of Grace ;
 Rebels so daring and so bold,
 Cullies so foolish, tho' so old ;
 Knaves so successful and secure,
 Merit so slighted and so poor ;
 A factious undermining Crew,
 So pious and rebellious too :
 Such Stars could surely never shine,
 O C——s ! round any T——e but Thine :
 Thy great Example prompts each Spouse
 To make a Jest of Marriage Vows ;
 Encourages each beauteous Dame
 To Sin, without the Fear of Shame ;
 Makes all thy P——s turn Keeping Cullies
 To imitate thy P——ly Follies.
 Go on, Good C——s, that we, in Time,
 May see Adult'ry deem'd no Crime,
 And Marriage cease thro' out the Nation,
 To be a lawful Obligation.
 For who can blame us, if we stray,
 Since R——l G——s leads the Way ?





A P R O P O S A L

For Farming Liberty of Conscience.

Written in the Year, 1663. By Mr. SAMUEL
BUTLER, Author of HUDIBRASS.

INCE nothing can be dearer unto poor
Christians than *Liberty*, or free Exercise of
their *Judgments* and *Consciences*; the Pursuit
of which Happiness hath kindled that Fire
in the Bowels of the Three Kingdoms,
which all the precious Blood that hath been shed, during
the late Troubles, hath not been able totally to extinguish:
And since many of *Us*, whose Names are affixed, were
so profitably instrumental in those late Combustions, as
appears all along in our *Sermons* before the Honourable
House of Parliament, in the Year 1642, 43, 44, 45, 46,
in exciting the good People of this Nation, to seek and
maintain their *Christian Liberty*, against all *Prelatical* and
Antichristian Imposition whatsoever. And considering that
the little Finger of Apostacy from our first Love, would
be a greater Burden upon our *Tender Consciences*, than the
Loyns of *Episcopacy*; we being more bound in Honour
than *Conscience*, cannot totally desist; neither need any
Man fear, or so much as suspect, least any Inconvenience,
or Alteration should happen in Religion, by the great
Diversity of Opinions, Tongues, and Languages, tolera-
ted among us, unless in the great *Babel* of *Episcopacy*,
that may possibly be pulled down and destroyed by this
our *notable Confusion*; for, if the Gospel was wonderfull-
ly spread abroad by every Man's speaking in his own
language, and the very Enemies thereof astonished, and
miraculously wrought into a Belief of it; how it is like-

30 A PROPOSAL for Farming

ly to be now obstructed in the free Exercise of our *Spiritual Gifts*, with these our *cloven* and *divided* Tongues. And since many worthy Persons, from whom we might little expect it, but far less deserve it, out of their Goodness and Clemency, are pleased to encline to some *Liberty*, did not some Persons, Aliens and Strangers to the *Common-wealth* of *Isreal*, take up a Reproach against us, as Persons reprobated into an Impossibility of Submission to Principles of *Concord*, *Peace* and *Order*, in Church, or State, never being able hitherto to come to any Consistency amongst our selves: the Ark of God having for Twenty Years together been exposed to By-Ways, Streets, and worse Places, for want of an Agreement amongst our own Brethren where to rest it, or how to entertain it. If this be our Case, and could we be sure of so much Favour as *Saul* once desired of *Samuel*, that the Bishops would but *honour* us before the People, we would in a private Christian Way, lay our Hands upon our Hearts, and acknowledge the Hand of God, and the Justice thereof, in turning us out of his Vineyard, as wicked and *unprofitable Servants*, and to suffer the Iniquity of our Heels to overtake us; crying out with Reverend Mr. Calamy, *The Ark of God is justly departed from us*; but being not yet thus assured, do hope the People will yet believe these to be only Bears-Skins lapped about us by Episcopal Hands: And therefore, to the End that a Consistency, and Oneness of Judgment of the whole separating Brethren, and their Moderation may be known unto all Men, and that the World may know that there is a Spirit of Rule and Government resting in us,

IT is humbly proposed that the sole Power of granting Licences and Indulgences for Liberty of Conscience, within the Kingdom of England, Dominion of Wales, and the Town of Berwick, may be vested in the Persons undernamed, for the Term of Seven Years, under the Farm Rent of an Hundred Thousand Pounds per An. to commence from the Twenty Fifth Day of March next, under such Rates and Qualifications as are hereafter specified.

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The Names of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers of Liberty of Conscience; proposed on Monday, Mar-2d, 1662, being the Day of a private Fast, kept by Mr. Calamy, Mr. Baxter, and others, at Mr. Beal's House, near my Lord of Ely's Chapel, in Holbourn.



R. Edmund Calamy.

Mr. Tilbam, late of Colechester.

Mr. Philip Nye.

Mr. Feak.

Mr. Stanley of Dorchester.

George Fox, Executor of the last Will and Testament of James Nailor, deceased.

Dr. Lazarus Seaman.

Mr. Doll, late of Cambridge.

Dr. Owen.

Mr. Bryan, late of Coventry.

Mr. Mathew Mead.

Mr. John Coppin.

Dr. Manton.

Mr. Kiffen.

The Executor of Mr. Venner, lately Executed.

Mr. Thomas Case.

Mr. Reynor, late of Lincoln.

Mr. Ralph Venning.

Mr. Rogers.

Mr. Benn, late of Dorchester.

Mr. George Griffith, late of the Charter-house.

The Executor of Hugh Peters, lately Executed.

Mr. George Newton, late of Taunton.

Mr. Dan. Dyke, late of Hertfordshire.

Mr. William Jenkins.

Mr. Fisher, late of Kent.

Dr. Thomas Goodwin.

Mr. Hammond, late of Newcastle.

Mr. Peter Sterry.

Mr. Bridges, late of Yarmouth.

Mr. Joseph Caryl.

Mr. Tombes, late of Lemster.

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Mr. Leigh, late of Lambard-Street.

Mr. Mayo, late of Kingston.

Mr. Joshua Sprigg.

Mr. Henry Jessy.

Mr. Newcomen of Dadham in Essex.

Dr. Tuckney of Cambridge.

Dr. Cornelius Burges.

Mr. Zachary Crofton.

Mr. Holmes.

Mr. John Cann.

Mr. Thomas Brooks.

That the Persons aforesaid may be constituted *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*, within the Kingdom of England, Dominion of Wales, and Town of Berwick, and may be impowered to set up one publick Office within the City of London, and to nominate and elect a convenient Number of Registers, Clerks, and other Officers: And for the more Certainty of all *Certificates* to be granted, as is hereafter appointed, the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers* may form a Common Seal to be known, and called by the common Name of *The Publick Seal of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*; engraven, *An Ass without Ears, Braying*, with this Motto encircled, *Stat pro ratione Libertas*. And the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers*, or any Twenty Four of them in the said Office assembled, may from Time to Time, compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience* with any Person, or Persons, under such Rates and Qualifications, as are hereafter specified.

That the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers*, or any Twenty Four of them, may constitute and appoint under the publick Seal of the Office, Sub-Commissioners and other Officers, for every County within the said Kingdom, not exceeding the Number of Twelve, for each County; whereof Seven to be a *Quorum*, who may compound and agree for *Liberty of Conscience*, with any Person, or Persons, select Congregations, Cities, Towns Corporate, Parishes, Hamlets, and Villages, by the Great, or otherwise, within their respective Counties, not exceeding the Rates hereafter mention'd.

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LIBERTY of CONSCIENCE. 33

Rates to be observed in all Compositions for Liberty of Conscience.

	<i>Per Annum.</i>
 Presbyterian Minister.	5 0 0
A Ruling Elder.	4 0 0
A Deacon.	3 0 0
A Hearer, Male, or Female, in Fellowship to all Ordinances.	2 0 0
A common Hearer only.	1 0 0
An Independent Pastor.	5 0 0
A Teaching Elder.	4 0 0
A Helper in Government.	3 0 0
A Deacon.	3 0 0
A Baptist, admitted to the Administration of all Ordinances.	5 0 0
A Preaching Assistant.	4 0 0
An Elder in Office.	3 0 0
A Deacon.	2 0 0
A Hearer in Fellowship, Male, or Female, to all Ordinances.	2 0 0
A common Hearer only.	1 0 0
A Fifth Monarcher, admitted to hold forth.	5 0 0
An Elder, under the same Administration.	3 0 0
A Deacon, under the same Administration.	3 0 0
A Hearer, Male, or Female, in Fellowship, according to the Value of his, or her Estate, 2 s. per l. per Annum.	
A common Hearer, Male, or Female, in Fellowship, according to the Value of his, or her Estate, 19d. per l. per Annum.	
A Speaking Male Quaker.	4 0 0
A Speaking Female Quaker.	3 0 0
A common Quaker, Male, or Female.	2 0 0
A Confessor.	6 0 0
Seminary of Mass-Priests at large.	5 0 0
Private Mass-Priest.	4 0 0
A Roman Catholick in any other Order.	3 0 0
An Officer under any Administration not mentioned in the Rates aforesaid, being a Native of England, such only excepted as stand conformable to the Church of England.	5 0 0

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A common Person under any Administration not mentioned in the Rates aforesaid, being a Native of *England*, such only accepted as stand conformable to the Church of *England*. 2 0 0

An Officer, under any Administration whatsoever, not a Native of *England*, except conformable to the Church of *England*. 10 0 0

A private Person, under any Administration whatsoever, not a Native of *England*, except conformable to the Church of *England*. 5 0 0

Rates to be observed, in Compounding for Liberty of Conscience, in the Particulars following, viz.



OR Liberty to assert the Pope's Supremacy. 10 0 0

For Liberty to Write, Speak, or Preach against the Government, as they shall be inwardly moved. 5 0 0

For Liberty to keep on their Hats before Magistrates, or in Courts of Judicature. 2 0 0

For Liberty to rail publicly against the Bishops and Common-Prayer. 1 0 0

For Liberty to refuse all Manner of Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, or in Cases Civil, or Criminal. 2 0 0

For Liberty to deny Tythes, and other Church Duties. 1 0 0

For Liberty to expound the *Revelations*, and the Book of *Daniel*. 1 0 0

For Liberty to disturb any Congregation after Sermon. 0 10 0

For Liberty to assert the Solemn League and Covenant. 1 5 0

For Liberty to instruct Youth in the short Catechism, set forth by the Assembly of Divines. 0 10 0

That any Person, or Persons, gifted for any the Particulars aforesaid, may have Liberty therein, either as an *Itinerate*, in Private, or Publick, at the Rates aforesaid.

That no Person, or Persons, be admitted to compound for *Liberty of Conscience*, until he, or they, have first taken,

LIBERTY of CONSCIENCE. 35

taken, and subscribed to the Solemn Protestation following, before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, or their Sub-Commissioners respectively.

I A. B. Do here solemnly protest, That I judge my self still bound by the solemn League and Covenant, by the Engagement, by private Church-Covenant, or by any other Oath which I have taken ever since the Year 1640. And that, so far as with Safety to my Person and Estate I may, I will endeavour the utter Extirpation of Episcopacy; and, to the utmost of my Power, will abett and promote all Schism, Faction and Discord, both in Church and State, according to the best Form and Manner, prescribed and laid open in the Sermons of many of the Grand Commissioners and Farmers, before the Parliament, appointed to be Printed, and now called, The Homilies of the separated Churches. And that I will never, by what Constitution of Authority soever, whether Legal, or Episcopal, ever consent to the Establish'd Doctrine and Discipline of the Church of England.

And I do likewise believe, That Liberty of Conscience was a mysterious, yet profitable Talent, committed to the Churches, and that it may be lawfully Farmed out for Advantage and Improvement.

That no Person within the Kingdom of England, Dominion of Wales, or Town of Berwick, may, from, and after the twenty fifth Day of March next, use or exercise any Manner of Liberty of Conscience, except Persons standing conformable to the Church of England; until such Person, or Persons, shall first take the Solemn Protestation, and shall Compound with the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers for Liberty of Conscience, or shall he be admitted, or permitted to be a Speaker, orearer, in any Meeting, or Assembly, whatsoever.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of Liberty of Conscience, may have Power to constitute, under the Publick Seal of the said Office, a convenient number of Spiritual Gaugers, who may have and exercise all such Powers, Privileges, and Authorities, as the Gaugers for Excise of Beer and Ale have, or ought to have and enjoy, and may, at any Time, in case of Suspicion,

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Picion, enter into any House, or Place, Publick, or Private, to *Gauge* and *try the Spirits* and *Affections* of any Person, or Persons; and by *Praying, Preaching*, or other good *Exhortation*, dissuade from *Episcopacy*; and the *Common-Prayer*, the better to fit and prepare them to compound for *Liberty of Conscience*.

That the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power to Fine any Person, or Persons, (not exceeding the Sum of Twenty Pounds for every Offence) who shall, after Composition for *Liberty of Conscience*, and subscribing the *Solemn Protestation*, be present in any Church, or Chapel, within the Kingdom of *England*, Dominion of *Wales*, and Town of *Berwick*, in the Time of any Part of Divine Service, *unless at the Funeral of his Father*, or some other like Occasion, and shall either respond, be uncovered, carry himself reverently in the Time of Divine Service aforesaid.

That the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*, or any Twenty Four of them, assembled at the Office aforesaid, may have and exercise a *Jurisdiction of Appeal*, in all Matters relating to *Liberty of Conscience*, within the said Kingdom of *England*, and shall have a conclusive Power in all Matters brought before them by Way of Appeal as aforesaid.

That for the better Management of all such Matters as shall be brought judicially before the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers of Liberty of Conscience*, by way of Appeal, the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers* shall have Power to constitute and appoint Mr. *Oliver St. John*, and such Others as they judge fit for their said Service, to be of Standing-Council with the said *Grand Commissioners* and *Farmers*: And the said Mr. *Oliver St. John*, being so constituted and appointed under the publick Seal of the said Office, shall and may be exempted and discharged from being in any publick Office or Place of Trust, or Profit, for the said Term of seven Years, any Thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any Person, or Persons, shall happen to be proceeded against, in any of the *Ecclesiastical Courts* of the Bishops of this Kingdom, for *Contumacy*, for *Non-Conformity*, for *Non-Payment of Tythes* and other Church-Duties

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es, for publick Railing against the Bishops, the Common-
 prayer, or the Government of the Church of England, or
 shall speak Opprobriously, or Seditiously, against the
 doctrine, or Discipline thereof, is *Antichristian*, or shall
 maintain any Positions, or Doctrines, contrary thereunto;
 every such Person producing a Certificate from the said
 Grand Commissioners and Farmers, under the publick
 Seal of the said Office, that such Person, or Persons, are
 under Composition for *Liberty of Conscience*, shall actually
 be discharged and all farther Proceedings stayed; any
 Thing to the contrary notwithstanding.

That if any Persons shall happen to be indicted, or
 criminally proceeded against in any of his Majesty's Courts
 at *Westminster*, or elsewhere within the Kingdom of Eng-
 land, either for treasonable Speeches, or Practices, for
 publick railing at the Government, or for scandalous
 Words against either, or both Houses of Parliament, or
 for transgressing any of the penal Laws and Statutes of
 this Kingdom, every such Person, or Persons, producing
 a Certificate from the said Grand Commissioners and
 Farmers, under the publick Seal of the said Office, that
 such Person, or Persons, are under Composition for *Li-
 berty of Conscience*; and that such Words, or Practices,
 were not spoken, or acted, maliciously, but were only the
 natural and proper Effects and Product of *Liberty of
 Conscience*, shall be discharged, and all farther Pro-
 ceedings stayed; any Thing to the contrary notwith-
 standing.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of
Liberty of Conscience may have Power from time to time,
 to ordain Pastors, Elders and Deacons, or any other
 Officers under any Administration whatsoever, by the
 laying on of the publick Seal of the Office: Which said
 Composition of the said publick Seal being received with
 a Certificate, shall be as lawful an Ordination as if every
 such Person had received Imposition from the Hands of
 the *Presbytery*; any late Usage, or Custom, to the con-
 trary notwithstanding.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers may
 have Power from time to time, to set apart Days of
 publick Fasting and Humiliation and Thanksgiving; on
 which Days it may be lawful for any Person, or Persons,
 appointed

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appointed to officiate before the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers, to stir up the People to a Holy Indignation against themselves, for having, by their want of Zeal and Brotherly Kindness one towards another, lost many precious Enjoyments; and above all, the never-to-be-forgotten Loss of the late Power and Dominion, which with the Expence of so much Blood and Rapine, was put into the Hands of the Saints. And to take up for a Lamentation and great Thoughts of Heart, the Divisions of *Reuben*, that having our Sacks full, such an evil Spirit should be found in the Midst of us as to fall out by the Way; might it have been with those that abode by the Stuff, as with those that went out to the Battel, it had not been with us as at this Day.* Some starting aside like a broken Bow in the Year 48, others continue to bear the Burden and Heat of the Day until 60, being harness'd, did then turn their Backs in the Day of Battel. As was most sweetly handled at the Fast kept Yesterday at Mr. *Beal's*, by Mr. *Calamy*, Mr. *Baxter*, and Others.

That the twentieth Day of *April* next, commonly called *Easter-Monday*, be kept as a Day of solemn Fasting and Humiliation for a Blessing upon these Gospel-Undertakings; and that Mr. *Edmund Calamy*, Mr. *Peter Sterry*, Dr. *Lazarus Seaman*, and Mr. *Feake*, be desired to carry on the Work of the Day in Prayer and Preaching, before the said Grand Farmers; and that the Particulars following be recommended to their Consideration in the Work of the Day.

1. To Bewail, {
 1. All our Court Sins.
 2. Our Bishops Sins.
 3. Our Monks Sins.
 4. Our Common-Prayer Sins.

2. To Divert, {
 1. *Westminster-Hall* Judgments.
 2. Our *Old-Baily* Judgments.
 3. Our *Tower-Hill* Judgments.
 4. Our *Charing-Cross* Judgments.
 5. Our *Tyburn* Judgments.

Lastly, For Deliverance from the Hand of *Dan*, that uncircumcised *Philistine*.

That

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That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers of *Liberty of Conscience*, may have Power to build Churches and Chapels in any Place, or Places, except upon such Ground where Churches, or Chapels, do already stand, in regard of the Inconvenience of setting up *Altar against Altar*: And forasmuch as the Custom of reading some part of the Holy Bible before Sermon, commonly called First and Second Lessons, hath been found fruitless, that therefore the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers may have Power to appoint instead thereof, the annual reading of those Sermons preached by many of the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers before the Parliament, upon special Occasions of Thanksgiving and Humiliation from the Year 1641, to the Year 1648, which said Sermons may be called, *Homilies of the separating Churches*.

That the said Grand Commissioners and Farmers may have Power to require Mr. *Millington*, and Mr. *Luke* *Winson*, the lame Evangelist, to deliver up all such Articles, Orders, Books, Papers, and other Writings as were transacted before the late Committee for plundered Ministers; and likewise all such as were passed and transacted before Mr. *Philip Nye*, and some others of the now Grand Commissioners and Farmers, and heretofore called Commissioners, or Spiritual Tryers, to the End the said Articles, Orders, Books, and other Papers may be printed and publish'd, and may be kept at the said Office upon Record for ever, and appointed to be the Book of Canons of the separated Churches.

All this being done, we may, upon Scripture-Grounds, expect, that the Door of Hope may yet be open to us, our Children after us, to see the Travail of our Souls, to let us into the promised Land, and to reap some of those Clusters of the Grapes of *Canaan*, which, with so much Labour and Toil of Body and Mind, were planted, especially in the Years of 1641, 42, 43, 44, 45, by many of us, and other precious Saints and Ministers of the Gospel, who are since fallen asleep, and have, we hope, reaped the Fruits of those Labours, the Lord having in that Day put a mighty Spirit into us, and set us as Watchmen upon the Towers of *Israel*, to cry mightily, *Reproach ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly*. Grant that those heart-breaking Labours of ours, those King-destroying Labours,

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Labours, those Kingdom-ruining Labours, those Gospel-scandalizing Labours, those Church-subverting Labours, those Soul-confounding Labours of ours may never be forgotten, but may be written, as with the Point of a Diamond, upon the Heart of the King, upon the Hearts of the Bishops; upon the Hearts of the Parliament, and upon the Hearts of all the People from *Dan* to *Beersheba*, that so in God's good Time, we may receive our Reward seven-fold into our own Bosoms, and that the Generations to come, may hear and fear, and do no more so wickedly. So prays,

S. Butler.

The ROUND-HEADS Resolution.

 Hereas we are, thro' our great *Ignorance* and *Obstinacy*; grown to a most *Seditious* and *Malignant Head*, and the Horns of that Head (tho' of a main Length) not able to support our *Arrogant Faction*, as appears by our last being soundly slash'd and bastinado'd by a mad Crew, call'd the *Cavaliers*; and whereas a great Part of *Us* have shut up our Shops, because we could no longer keep them open; which kind of shutting up, proceedeth commonly from our vast Expence in *White-Broths*, *Custards*, and other *Luxurious Dishes*, provided for the Edification one of another. And whereas the Multitude, call'd, *True Protestants*, endeavour to hold up Bishops, to maintain good Order, Discipline, and Orthodox Preaching in the *Church*; *Learning* and *Arts* in the *Universities*, and *Peace* in the *Common-wealth*; all which is nothing but *Idolatry*, *Superstition*, *Prophaneness*, and *plain Popery*. And farther, whereas we (who are nothing properly but *Round-Heads* and *Fanaticks*) are in a most scandalous Manner term'd *Holy Brethren*, the *Zealots of the Lord*, and which, in Sincerity, we never were, or ever will be.

And forasmuch likewise as the prophane World of true Protestants, are a stiff-necked Generation, and will not yield unto us the Pre-eminence of Doctrine and Religion, notwithstanding the many senseless two Hours of those
Spiritual

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Spiritual Trumpets of our Faction, the sanctified Clergy-Lectures, or of our more Divine Lectures of our Supreme She-Lecturers, whose Bowels do even earn for the getting in of the Saints unto us, and have as it were, even a zealous lusting after us.

And forasmuch as the Religion professed by us, is the purest and most decent, as appears by the great Love and Community betwixt the Brethren and the Sisters, the Conveniency of the Woods, Saw-Pits, and Dark Places, the putting out Lights, and defying those Tapers of Iniquity, which cause us to behold our own wicked Deeds, the goodly Bigness of the Ear, with the Shortness of the Hair, which hindereth not the Sound of the Shepherds Voice, but easily hearèth them call to a great Feast amongst the rich Saints; the Length and Sharpness of the Nose, which, not only smelleth the sweet Savours of the Holy Plumb-broth, but also promiseth an eager Appetite to some good Works towards the younger Sisters; the Roundness of the Band, the Length of the Doublet, and the Shortness of the Breeches, being a Habit correspondent to the Pictures of the Apostles in the *Geneva* Print; the Mightiness of our Faith, which is able to remove a Church into a Wood; the Transparency of our Charity that is so invisible, that neither the Right Hand nor the Left ever knew it; the Multitude of our Good Works, which no Man living can number; the Godly Works of our tautological Prayers, and the Zeal thereof, which brings us even to divine Consumption, whereby we look like the Prodigal Son at his return Home, or the Priests in the Arras; the defying of all Fathers, Bishops and Doctors, conformable Persons, Canonical Robes, Ecclesiastical Gestures and Utensils, all Learning, Liberal Arts and Degrees, as the Rags of Superstition, the Dregs of Popery, are abominable in the goggle Eyes of a right *Round-head*; and yet this simple innocent Profession is scorned and baffled, and by whom but by Scholars, and such as profess Learning? Which is no more necessary to Religion than a Publick Church (which verily) is but a Den of Thieves when we are absent.

All which Grievances do stand with much Reason, and therefore are utterly against our tender Consciences, and

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and never were allow'd by any Synod of *Moorfields*, or *Westminster*.

That therefore which we do now resolve to maintain and desire to have confirmed, and never to be altered ('till some new Toy tickle us in the *Pericranium*, which will be very shortly) is,

1. That our Religion, Tenets, and Manners, before mentioned, be established and maintained against all Reason, Learning, Divinity, Order, Discipline, Morality, Piety, or Humanity, whatsoever.

2. That the very Name of Bishops shall be a sufficient Jury and Judge to condemn any of them, without any farther Evidence, or Circumstance.

3. That if any Man whatsoever, having Knowledge in the *Latin* Tongue, (being a Popish Language) shall presume to think he can save a Soul by Preaching, he shall be Excommunicated, both in this World and in the World to come; unless it be some certain Lecturers, of whose approved Railing and Ignorance we are well assured and have known to stand six Hours on a Fasting-Day.

4. That the Felt-maker and the Cobler, two innocent Cuckolds, may be instituted Primates and Metropolitans of the two Arch-Provinces, and the rest of the Sect preserved according to their Imbecilities of Spirit, to such Bishopricks and other Livings as will competently serve to procure fat Poultry, for the filling of their insatiable Stomachs; in which regard, Church-Livings had more need to be increased than diminished.

5. That no Man whatsoever, who bears the Name of *Cavalier*, may be capable of making any of the Brethren a Cuckold, unless he cut his Hair and alter his Profession, but be excluded from the Conventicles, as the King's Friend, and a Reprobate.

6. *Lastly*, That there be two whole Days set a-part to fast and pray for the Confusion of all that are not thus resolved.



A CAVEAT to the ROUND-HEADS.



Come to charge ye
That slight the Clergy,
And pull the Mitre from the Prelate's Head,
That you will be wary,
Lest you miscarry,

In all those factious Humours you have bred;
But as for Brownists we'll have none,
But take them all and hang them one by one.

Your wicked Actions,
Joyn'd in Factions,
Are all but Aims to rob the King of his Due;
Then give this Reason
For your Treason,
That you'll be rul'd, if he'll be rul'd by you:
That leave these Factions, zealous Brother,
Least you be hanged one against another.

Your Wit abounded,
Gentle Roundhead,
When you abus'd the Bishops in a Ditty,
When as you Sanged,
You must be Hanged,
A Tympany of Malice made you witty,
And, tho' your hot Zeal made you bold,
When you are hang'd, your As will be a-cold.

Then leave confounding,
And expounding
The Doctrine which you preach in Tubs;
You raise this Warring,
And private Farring,
I doubt, in time, will prove the Knave of Clubs.
It's for your Lying, and not for your Oaths,
You shall be hang'd, and Ketch shall have your Clothes,
The



The ASSEMBLY-MAN.

Written by Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER, and
Sir JOHN BIRKENHEAD, in the
Year 1647.



AN *Assembler* is Part of the States Chattels; not Priest, nor Burges, but a Participle that sharks upon both. He was chosen as Sir *Nathaniel*, because he knew least of all his Profession; not by the Votes of a whole Diocese but by one whole Parliament-Man. He has set four Years towards a new Religion, but in the interim left none at all; as his Masters the Commons had a long Debate, whether Candles, or no Candles, but all the meanwhile they sat still in the Dark: And therefore when the Moon quits her old Light, and has acquir'd no new, Astronomers say she is in her Synod; shew me such a Picture of *Judas* as the *Assembler*, (a griping, false reforming Brother, rails at Waste spent upon the anointed persecutes most those Hands which ordained him, brings in Men with Swords and Staves, and all for Money from the Honourable *Scribes* and *Pharisees*) one Touch more (a Line tied to his Name sake *Elder-Tree*) had made him *Judas*, Root and Branch. This *Assembly* at first was a full Century, which should be reckon'd as the Scholiast's *Hecatomb*, by their Feet, not Heads; or count them by Scores, for in Things without Heads six Score go to an Hundred, they would be a new *Septuagint*; the old translated Scripture out of *Hebrew* into *Greek*, they turn it into four Shillings a Day. And these *Assemblers* were begot in one Day, as *Hercules's* fifty Bastards all in one Night. Their first List was sprinkling with some Names of Honour, (Dr. *Sanderson*, Dr. *Morley*, Dr. *Hammond*, &c.) but these were Divines, too worthy to mix with such scandalous Ministers, and would not *Assemble*.

semble

semble, without the Royal Call. Nay, the first List had one Archbishop, one Bishop, and an half (for Bishop Brownrigg was then but Elect. But now their *Assembly* (as Philosophers think the World) consists of *Atoms*, pretty small *Lewites*, whose Parts are not perceptible. And yet these inferior postern Teachers have intoxicated *England* for a Man sometimes grows drunk by a Clifter. When they all meet, they shew Beasts in *Africk*, and by promiscuous coupling engender Monsters. Mr. *Selden* visits them (as *Persians* use) to see wild Asses fight; when the Commons have tir'd him with their new Laws, these Brethren refresh him with their mad Gospel: They lately were gravel'd 'twixt *Jerusalem* and *Jericho*, they knew not the Distance 'twixt those two Places; one cry'd twenty Miles, another ten, 'twas concluded seven, for this Reason, that Fish was brought from *Jericho* to *Jerusalem* Market: Mr. *Selden* smil'd, and said, perhaps the Fish was Salt-Fish; and so stop'd their Mouths. Earl *Philip* goes there to hear them spend; when he heard them toss their National, Provincial, Classical, Congregational; he swore damnably, that a Pack of good Dogs made better Musick: His Allusion was proper, since the Elder's Maid had a four-legged Husband.

To speak Truth, this *Assembly* is the Two Houses Tinting-Room, where the Lords and the Commons put on their Vizards and Masques of Religion. And their Honours have so sifed the Church, that at last they have found the Bran of the Clergy: Yet such poor Church-menders must reform and shuffle, though they find Church-Government may a Thousand Ways be chang'd for the Worse, but not one Way for the Better. These have lately publish'd *Annotations* on the Bible, where their first Note (on the Word *CREATE*) is a Libel against Kings, for creating of Honours. Their *Annotation* on *Jacob's* two Kids, is, that *two Kids are too much for one Man's Supper*: But he had (say they) but one Kid, and the other made Sawce. They observe upon *Herod*, what a Tyrant he was, to kill Infants under two Years old, without giving them legal Tryal, that they might speak for themselves. Commonly they follow the *Geneva* Margin, as those Sea-Men, who understood not the Compass, crept along the Shore. But I hear they threaten

threaten a Second Edition, and, in the Interim, thrust forth a poultry Catechism, which expounds Nine Commandments, and Eleven Articles of the Creed. Of late they are much in love with *Chronograms*, because (if possible) they are duller than *Anagrams*: O how they have torn out poor Bishops Names to pick out the Number 666! Little dreaming that a whole Baker's Dozen of their own Assembly have that beastly Number in each of their Names, and that as exactly as their Solemn League and Covenant consists of 666 Words. But tho' the *Assembler's* Brains are Lead, his Countenance is Brass; for he damned such as held two Benefices, while himself has four, or five, besides his Concubine Lecture. He is not against Pluralities, but Dualities; he says it is unlawful to have two of his own, tho' four of other Mens; and observes how the *Hebrew* Word for Life has no singular Number. Yet it is some Relief to a sequestered Person to see two *Assemblers* snarl for his Tythes; for of all Kind of Beasts none can match an *Assembler*, but an *Assembler*. He never enters a Church by the Door, but clambers up thro' a Window of Sequestration, or steals in through Vaults and Cellars, by clandestine Contracts with an expecting Patron. He is most sure no Law can hurt him, for Laws died in *England* the Year before the *Assembler* was born. The best Way to hold him is (as our King *Richard* bound the King of *Cyprus*) in Silver Chains. He loves to discourse of the *New Jerusalem*, because her Streets are of fine Gold, and yet could like *London* as well, were *Cheapside* paved with the Philosopher's Stone. Nay, he would say his Prayers with Beads, if he might have a Set made of all Diamonds: This, this is it which tempts him to such mad Articles against the loyal Clergy, whom he dresses as he would have them appear, just as the Ballad of Dr *Faustus* brings forth the Devil in a Friar's Weed. He accused one Minister for saying, *The Blessed Virgin was the Mother of GOD*, (*Θεοτοκος* as the Antients call her.) Another he charged for a common Drunkard, whom all the Country knows has drunk nothing but Water these Twenty Six Years. But the *Assembler* himself can drink Widows Tears, tho' their Husbands are not dead. Sure if *Paracelsus's* Doctrine were true, (that

eat Creatures alive will perpetuate Man's Life) the
Assembler were immortal, for he swallows quick Men,
Wives and Children, and devours Lives, as well as Livings;
if he were born in that *Pagan* Province where none
might marry 'till he had killed twelve Christians. This
makes him kneel to Lieutenant-General *Cromwell*, (as
Indians to the Devil;) for he saw how *Olivier* first
threw——, then—— and can with a Wink do as much
or——: Like *Milo* in the *Olympicks*, by practising on
Calf grew strong enough for a Bull, and could with
ease give a Lift to an Ass. The Great *Turk* was sending
his Ambassador to congratulate the *Assembly's* Proceed-
ings against the Christians; He ordered them Thanks for
licencing his *Alcoran* to be printed in *English*; but
hearing *Ottoman Cromwell* had talked of marching to
the Walls of *Constantinople*, that Embassy was stopt.
The only difference 'twixt the *Assembler* and a *Turk* is,
that one plants Religion by the Power of the Sword,
and the other by the Power of the Cymeter. Nay, the
greatest Strife in their whole Conventicle, is who shall
be worst; for they all intend to make the Church but a
Sepulchre, having not only plundered, but anatomized all
the true Clergy; whose Torment is heighened in being de-
stroyed by such dull Instruments; as the Prophet *Isaiah* was
sawn to Pieces with a wooden Saw. The *Assembler* wonders
that the King and his Friend live still in Hope; he thinks
them all in *St. Clement's* Case, drowned with an Anchor ty-
ed about his Neck. He has now got Power to visit the Uni-
versities, where these blinking Visitors look on eminent
Scholars (as the Blind Man who saw Men like Trees) as
Timber growing within the Root and Branch Ordinance.
The *Assembler* has now left Scholars so poor, they
have scarce Rags wherewith to make Paper. A Man
would think the Two Houses intend to transport the
Universities, since they load Asses with College-Reve-
nues. For though these *Assemblers* made themselves
Heads, they are rather Hands of Colleges; for they are all
Takers, and take all. And yet they are such creeping
Tyrants, that Scholars are expelled the two Universities,
as the old *Thracians* forc'd from their Country by Rats
and Mice. So that Learning now is so much advanced,
as *Arrowsmith's* Glass-Eye sees more than his Natural.
They

They never admit a good Scholar to a Benefice, for the *Assembly's* Ballance is the Lake of Sodom, where Iron swims, and Feathers sink. Their Divinity-Disputations are with Women, or Lay-men; and 'tis only on one Question (Episcopacy) where the *Assembler* talks all that he and his Friends can say, (though his best Medium to prove Presbyters more antient than Bishops is, that *Scribes, Pharisees, Priests* and *Elders* were before the *Apostles*; Yet if a Scholar, or good Argument come, he flies them as much as if they were his Text. This made him curse Dr. *Steward*, Dr. *Laney*, and Dr. *Hammond*; and had he not more Brass in his Face than in his Kitchen, he had hanged himself at *Uxbridge*, and ended with that Treaty. For he has nought of Logick, but her clutch'd Fist, and rails at Philosophy as Beggars do at Gentlemen. He has very bad luck when he deals in Philology, as one of them (and that no mean Man) whom in his Preface to the Reader, says, that St. *Paul* had read *Eustathius* upon *Homer*, though the Apostle died a Thousand Years before *Eustathius* was born. The *Assembler's* Diet is strangely different, for he dines wretchedly on dry Bread at *Westminster*, four *Assemblers* for thirteen Pence: But this sharpens and whets him for Supper, where he feeds gratis with his City-Landlord, to whom he brings a huge Stomach, and News; for which cram'd Capons cram him. He skews into Families where is some rich Daughter, or Heir; but whoever takes him into their Bosom, will die like *Cleopatra*. When it Rains he is coach'd (a Classis of them together) rolling his Eyes to mark who behold him. His shortest Things are his Hair and his Cloke: His Hair is cut to the Figure of Three, two high Cliffs run up his Temples, whose Cap of shorn Hair shoots down his Forehead, with Creeks indented, where his Ears ride at Anchor. Had this false Prophet been carried with *Habukkuk*, the Angel had caught fast hold of his Ears, and led him as he leads his Auditors: His Eyes are Part of his Tythe at *Easter*, which he boils at each Sermon: He has two Mouths, his Nose is one, for he speaks through both: His Hands are not in his Gloves but his Gloves in his Hands; for 'twixt Sweatings, that is, Sermons, he handles little else except his dear Mammon. His Gown (I mean his Cloke) reaches but to his Pockets. When

When he rides in that Mantle, with a Hood on his Shoulders, and a Hat above both, is he not then his own Man of Sin with the Tripple Crown? You would swear some honest Carpenter dress'd him, and made him the Tunnel of a Country-Chimney. His Doublet and Hose are of a dark Blue, a Grain deeper than pure *Coventry*: But of late he's in Black, since the loyal Clergy were persecuted into Colours. His two longest Things are his Nails and his Prayers; but the cleanest Thing about him is his Pulpit-Cushion, for he still beats the Dust out of it. To do him Right, commonly he wears a Pair of good Lungs, whereby he turns the Church into a Belfry; for his Clapper makes such a Din, you cannot hear the Cymbal for the Tinkling. If his Pulpit be large, he walks his Round, and speaks as from a Garrison (his own Neck is pallizadoed with a Ruff) when he first enters his Prayer before Sermon, he winks and gasps, and gasps and winks, as if he prepar'd to preach in another World. He seems in a Slumber, then in a Dream, then rumbles a while, at last sounds forth, and then throws so much Dirt and Nonsense towards Heaven, as he durst not offer to a Member of Parliament. Now because Scripture bids him not curse the King in his Thoughts, he does it in his Pulpit, by Word of Mouth; though Heaven strike him dumb in the very Act, as it did *Hill* at *Cambridge*; who, while he prayed, *Depose him, O Lord, who would depose us*, was made the dumb Devil. This (one would think) should gargle his foul Mouth: For his only Hope why God should hear him against the King, is, the Devil himself (that great *Assembler*) was heard against *Job*. His whole Prayer is such an irrational Bleating, that without a Metaphor 'tis the Calves of his Lips: And commonly 'tis larded with fine new Words, as *Savingangel, Muchly, Christ-Jesusness*, &c. and yet he has the face to preach against Prayer in an unknown Tongue. Sometimes he is founder'd, and then there is such hideous Coughing: But that is very seldom, for he can glibly run over Nonsense, as an empty Cart trundles down a Hill. When the King girt round the Earl of *Essex* at *Weslythiel*, an *Assembler* complained, *That God had drawn his People into the Wilderiness*, and told him, *He was and in Honour to feed them*; for, Lord, said he, *since*

thou givest them no Meat, we pray thee, O Lord, to give them no Stomachs. He tore the *Liturgy*, because, forsooth, it shackled his Spirit (he would be a Devil without a Circle,) and now if he see the Book of Common-Prayer, the Fire sees it next, as sure as those Bishops were burned who compiled it. Yet he has Mercy on *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, because their Meters are sung without Authority (no Statute, Canon, or Injunction at all;) only like himself, first crept into private Houses, and then into Churches. Mr. *Rouse* moved those Meters might be sequestered, and his own new Ryhmes to enjoy the Sequestration; but was refused, because *John Hopkins* was as antient as *John Calvin*; besides, when *Rouse* stood forth for his Tryal, *Robin Wisdom* was found the better Poet. 'Tis true, they have a Directory, but 'tis good for nothing but *Adoniram*, who sold the Original for 400 l. And the Book must serve both *England* and *Scotland*, as the Directory-Needle points North and South. The *Assembler's* only Ingenuity is, that he prays for an *extempore* Spirit, since his Conscience tells him he has no Learning. His Prayer thus ended, he then looks round, to observe the Sex of his Congregation, and accordingly turns the Apostle's Men, Fathers, and Brethren, into dear Brethren and Sisters. For his usual Auditory is most Part Female; and as many Sisters flock to him, as at *Paris* on Saint *Margaret's* Day, when all come to Church, that are, or hope, to be with Child that Year. He divides his Text as he did the Kingdom, makes one Part fight against another: Or as *Burges* divides the Dean of *Paul's* House, not into Parts, but Tenements; that is, so as 'twill yield most Money. And properly they are Tenements; for each Part must be dwelt upon, though himself comes near it but once a Quarter; and so his Text is rather let out than divided; yet sometimes (to shew his Skill in *Keckerman*) he butchers a Text, cuts it (just as the *Levite* did his Concubine) into many dead Parts, breaking the Sense and Word all to Pieces, and then they are not divided, but shatter'd, like the Splinters of *Don Quixote's* Lance. If his Text be to the Occasion, his first Dish is Apples of Gold in Pictures of Silver; yet tells not the People what Pictures those were. His Sermon and Prayer grin

each other, the one is Presbyterian; the other Independent; for he preaches up the Classes, yet prays for the Army. Let his Doctrine and Reason be what they will, his Use is still to save his Benefice, and augment his Lecture. He talks much of Truth, but abhors Peace, lest it strip him as naked as Truth; and therefore hates a personal Treaty, unless with a Sister. He has a rare simpering Way of Expression, he calls a married Couple Saints, that enjoy the Mystery; and a Man drunk, is a Brother full of the Creature. Yet at Wedding Sermons he is very familiar, and (like that Picture in the Church at *Leyden*) shews *Adam* and *Eve* without Fig-Leaves. At Funerals he gives infallible Signs that the Party is gone to Heaven; but his chief Mark of a Child of God, is, to be good to God's Ministers. And hence it is he calls his Preachment Manna, fitted not to his Hearers Necessity, but their Palate; for 'tis to feed himself not them. If he chance to tire, he refreshes himself, with the Peoples Hum, as a Collar of Bells to chear up a Pack-horse. 'Tis no Wonder he'll preach, but that any will hear him, (and his constant Auditors do but shew the Length of their Ears;) for he is such an *Abelte Rokuk-kux*, that to hear him makes good Scholars sick, but to read him is Death. Yet though you hear him three Hours, he'll ask a Fourth, as the Beggar at *Delph* craves your Charity, because he eats four Pound of Bread at a Meal. 'Twas from his Larum the Watchmakers learn'd their infinite Skrew. His Glass and Text are equally handled, that is, once an Hour: Nay, sometimes he sallies and never returns, and then we should leave him to the Company of *Lorimers*, for he must be held with Bit and Bridle. Whoever once has been at his Church can never doubt the History of *Balaam*. If he have got any new Tale, or Expression, 'tis easier to make Stones speak, than him to hold his Peace. He hates a Church where there is an Eccho, for it robs him of his dear Repetition, and confounds the Auditory as well as he. But, of all Mortals, I admire the Short-Hand Men, who have the Patience to write from his Mouth; had they the Art to shorten it into Sense, they might write his whole Sermon on the Back of their Nail. For his Invention consists in finding a Way to speak nothing upon any Thing; and

were he in the *Grand Seignior's* Power, he would lodge him with his Mutes ; for Nothing, and Nothing to purpose, are all one. I wonder in Conscience he can preach against Sleeping at his Opium-Sermons. He preaches indeed both in Season and out of Season ; for he rails at Popery, when the Land is almost lost in Presbytery ; and would cry out, Fire, Fire, in *Noah's* Flood. Yet all this he so acts with his Hands, that in this Sense too his Preaching is an Handicraft. Nor can we complain that Plays are put down while he can preach ; save only his Sermons have worse Sense and less Truth. But he blew down the Stage, and preach'd up the Scaffold. And very wisely, lest Men should track him, and find where he pilfers all his best *Similes* (the only Thing wherein he is commendable, *St. Paul* himself having call'd Sentences from *Menander's Thais*, though 'twas his worst, that is, unchaste Comedy.) Sometimes the *Assembler* will venture at the Original, and then (with the Translator of *Don Quixote*) he mistakes Sobs and Sighs for Eggs and Collops. But commonly (for want of *Greek* and *Latin*) he learns *Hebrew*, and straight is illuminated, that is, mad ; his Brain is broke by a Brick-Bat, cast from the Tower of *Babel* ; and yet this empty Window-Teacher has lectured a War quite round the Kingdom : He has found a Circulation of Blood for Destruction (as famous *Harvey* for Preservation) of Mankind. 'Twas easy to foresee a great Mortality, when Ravens were heard in all Corporations : For as Multitudes of Frogs presage a Pestilence, so croaking Lecturers foretold an *Assembly* ; Men come to Church, as the Great *Alexander* went to Sacrifice, led by Crows. You have seen a small Elder-Tree grow in Chinks and Clefts of Church-Walls, it seems rather a Weed than a Tree ; which, lend it Growth, makes a Rent in the Wall, and throws down the Church. Is not this the *Assembler* ? grown from Schisms, (which himself begot, and, if permitted, will make the Church, but a Floor or Church-Yard. Yet for all this, he will be called Christ's Minister and Saint, as the Rebels against King *John* were the Army of God. Sure when they meet they cannot but smile, for the dullest amongst them needs must know that they all cheat the People ; such gross, low Impostors, that we die the Death of the Em-

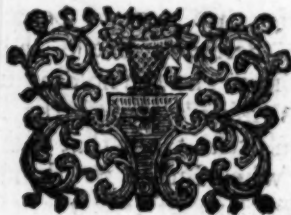
peror *Claudius*, poisoned by Mushrooms. The old Hereticks had Skill and Learning, (some Excuse for a seduced Church) those were Scholars, but these *Assemblers*; whose very Brains (as *Manichæus's* Skin) are stuffed with Chaff. For they study little, and preach much, ever sick of a Diabetes. Nor do they read, but weed Authors, picking up cheap, and refuse Notes, that, with *Caligula*, they gather Cockle-Shells, and with *Domitian*, retire into their Study to catch Flies. At Fast and Thanksgivings the *Assembler* is the States Trumpet; for then he doth not preach, but is blown; proclaims News very loud, the Trumpet and his Forehead being both of one Metal. (And yet, good Man, he still prays for Boldness) He hackneys out his Voice like a Crier, and is a Kind of Spiritual *Agitant*, receives Orders, and spreads them. In earnest, the States can't want this Tool; for without him the Saints would scarce *assemble*; And if the Zealots chance to fly out, they are charm'd home by this sounding Brass. There is not on Earth a baser Sycophant; for he ever is chewing some Vote, or Ordinance; and tells the People how savoury it is; like him who licked up the Emperor's Spittle, and swore 'twas sweet. Would the Two Houses give him Cathedral Lands, he would prove Lords and Commons to be *Jure Divino*: But, should they offer him the Self-denying Ordinance, he would justify the Devil, and curse them to their Faces. (his Brother Kirk-Man did it in *Scotland*.) 'Tis pleasant to observe how finely they Play into each other's Hands. *Marshal* procures Thanks to be given to *Sedgwick*, (for his great Pains;) *Sedgwick* obtains as much for *Marshal*, and so they all pimp for one another. But yet, to their great Comfort be it spoken, their whole seven Years Sermons at *Westminster*, are now to be sold in *Fetter-Lane* and *Pye-Corner*. Before a Battle the *Assembler* ever speaks to the Soldiers, and the holding up of Hands must be as necessary as *Moses's* against the *Amalekites*: For he pricks them on, tells them that God loves none but the Valiant; but when Bullets fly, himself runs first, and then cries, all the Sons of *Adam* are Cowards! Were there any *Metempsychosis*, his Soul would want a Lodging, no single Beast could fit him, being wise as a Sheep, and innocent as a Wolf. His sole Comfort is, he cannot out-

54 The ASSEMBLY-MAN.

fin *Hugh Peters* : Sure as *Satan* hath possessed the *Assembler*, so *Hugh Peters* hath possessed *Satan*, and is the Devil's Devil : He alone would fill a whole Herd of *Gadarens* : He hath suck'd Blood ever since he lay in the Butcher's Sheets, and now (like his Sultan) has a Shambles in his Countenance ; so crimson and torrid, you may there read how *St. Lawrence* died, and think the Three Children were delivered from his Fate.

This is *St. Hugh*, who will level the *Assembler*, or the Devil's an Ass. Yoke these Brethren, and they two couple like a *Sadducee* and a *Pharisee*, or a *Turk* and a *Persian*, both Mahometans. But the *Assembler's* deepest highest Abomination, is his Solemn League and Covenant ; whereby he strives to damn, or beggar, the whole Kingdom ; out-doing the Devil, who only perfwades, but the *Assembler* forces to Perjury, or Starving. And this (whoever lives to observe it) will one Day sink both him and his Faction : For He and his Oath are so much one, that were he half-hanged, and let down again, his first Word wou'd be *Covenant ! Covenant !*

But I forgot, a Character should be brief (though tedious length be his best Character. Therefore I'll give ye (what he denies the sequestered Clergy) but a fifth Part : For Weigh him single, and he has the Pride of three Tyrants, the Forehead of six Goalers, and the Fraud of twelve Brokers. Or take him in the Bunch, and their whole *Assembly* is a Club of Hypocrites, where six dozen of Schismatics spend two Hours, for four Shillings a-piece.



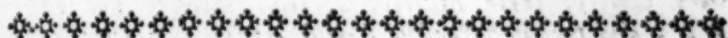
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*The CASE of K. CHARLES I.
Truly stated, against JOHN
COOK, Master of Gray's-
Inn.*

By Mr. BUTLER, Author of HUDIBRAS.



The PREFACE.



HE Publisher of this following Discourse, has thought fit to oblige the World with a Piece of Curiosity; it was penned about forty Years since, by the ingenious and Celebrated Author of Hudibras. The Libel, which he answers, was the Labour of one John Cook, Master of Gray's-Inn, a great Pains-taker in the Mysteries of Rebellion. To give you the Original of it, 'twas a studied Invektive against the Person of King Charles I. before the High Court of Justice (so called) of infamous Memory; but upon the Non-pleading of the Royal Martyr, 'twas afterwards metamorphis'd into a Pamphlet, with the spacious Title of, King Charles's Case; or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Trial. How rational this Appeal was, may be easily discovered from those numerous Fallacies, and notorious Falshoods, which our Author has detected in him, not only as to what concerns plain Matter of Fact, but also, in the Pamphleteer's pretended Way of Reasoning, the false Logick, and worse Law. I shall not enter into the Merits of the Cause; for, I suppose, the

more Rational Part of Mankind is abundantly satisfied in the Innocence of that Great Man, as to any Thing that was laid to his Charge; and upon that Account, indeed, there would have been little Occasion, at this Time of Day, to produce so great an Advocate for his Memory, but that there is risen amongst us a new Race of the old Republican Stamp, who have revived the Quarrel, and copied out the obsolete and almost forgotten Scandal of our Libeller, and made it their own. The Author of Ludlow's Letter may be reckoned amongst the first of these, one that always set up for a Patron of Faction, and a Promoter of the Good Old Cause; but shewed himself most in that famous Year, when he was one of the Tribunes of the People. I should not have made such a Digression upon this worthy Patriot, but that I find him to intrude amongst his Friends, Mr. Milton and our Libeller, and seems to be the very Copy of their Malice, at least, though not their Wit; and for that Reason, I must confess, he seems to be the least pointed at by our Answerer. I shall say no more of him at present, but pass him by with the same Contempt as the Government has wisely done; 'tis but unreasonable quarrelling with a Man that is armed with so much Dirt, you'll be sure of that, if you have nothing else.

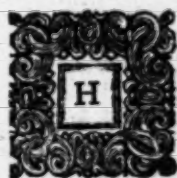
I need not trouble the Reader with any Harangue upon our Author, or his Book; I suppose he is no Stranger to the Honester and more Learned Part of the Kingdom; and as for the rest, 'twas their best Security they were not known by him. I shall only add, that it was Mr. Butler's Design to print the Discourse himself, had not Death prevented him; and since it has fell into the Editor's Hands, 'tis but a Piece of Justice to his Memory, to let the World make their Advantage of it.





The CASE of K. CHARLES I. Truly Stated.

Mr. Cook,



AVING lately seen a Book of yours, which you are pleased to call, *King CHARLES's Case, or an Appeal to all Rational Men concerning his Tryal*. I was much invited to read it, by the Ingenuity promised in your Title. For having heard you stile your self Solicitor-General for the King's Dread Sovereignty, and your own Honourable Client, the People; I was much taken with your Impartiality, that not only exempts all Rational Men from being your Clients in this Case, in making them, by your Appeal, your Judges: For no Man, you know, can be Judge in his own Case, but acknowledge your High Court, from which you appeal to all Rational Men to consist of no such: But indeed I had not read many Lines before I found mine own Error, as well as yours, and your Proceedings nothing agreeable to the plain Dealing I expected from you; for you presently fall to insult upon the Unhappiness of your undeserved Adversary, and that with so little Moderation, as if you strove to make it a Question whether his incomparable Patience, or your own ungoverned Passion, should be the greater Wonder of Men, preposterously concluding him Guilty, before with one Syllable you had proved him so: A strange Way of doing Justice! Which you endeavour to make good by a strange insolent Railing, and more insolent Proceeding to the secret Counsel of Almighty God, from whence you presume to give Sentence on him; a Boldness no less impious than unjust in you, were it true, since we can never know it to be so.

D 5

But

But indeed it is hard to say, whether you have shewn more Malice, or Vanity, in this notable Declaration of yours; for he that considers the Affection and Fantastick Lightness of your Language, (such as *Ireland*, a *Land of Ire*; *Bita-Sheep for Bishops*, and other such ingenious Elegancies of Quibble) must needs confess it an Oratory more becoming a Fool in a Play, or *Peters* before the Rabble, than the Patrons of his Sovereign's Sovereign, or the Gravity of that Court, which you say, right wisely, shall be admired at the Day of Judgment. And therefore you do ill to accuse him of reading *Johnson's* and *Shakespear's* Plays, which, it seems, you have more been in your self to much worse Purpose, else you had never hit so right upon the very Dialect of their railing Advocates, in which (believe me) you have really out-acted all that they could fancy of passionate and ridiculous Outrage.

For certainly, Sir, I am so charitable to believe it was your Passion that imposed upon your Understanding; else, as a Gentleman, you could have never descended to such Peasantry of Language, especially against such a Person, to whom (had he never been your Prince) no Law enjoins (whatsoever his Offences were) the Punishment of Ribaldry. And, for the Laws of God, they absolutely condemn it; of which I wonder you, that pretend so much to be of his Counsel, should be either so ignorant, or forgetful.

Calamity is the Visitation of God, and (as Preachers tell us) a Favour he does to those he loves; where-ever it falls, it is the Work of his Hand, and should become our Pity, not our Insolence. This the antient Heathen knew, who, believing Thunder came from the Arm of God, revered the very Trees it lighted on.

But your Passion hath not only misled you against Civility, and Christian Charity, but common Sense also; else you would never have driven your Chariot of Reason (as you call it) so far out of the Road, that you forgot whether you are going, and run over every Thing that stands in your Way; I mean, your unusual Way of Argument, not only against Reason, but your self, as you do it at the first Sally; for after your Fit of Raving is over, you bestow much Pains to prove it one

of

of the Fundamentals of Law, That the King is not above the Law, but the Law above the King. And this you deraign, as you call it, so far, that at length you say, the King hath not, by Law, so much Power, as a Justice of Peace, to commit any Man to Prison; which you would never have done, if you had considered from whom the Justice derives his Power, or in whose Name his Warrants run; else you may as well say, a Man may give that which he hath not; or prove the Moon hath more Light than the Sun, because he cannot shine by Night as the Moon doth. But you needed not have strained so hard, for this will serve you to no Purpose, but to prove that which was never denied by the King himself; for if you had not a much worse Memory than Men of your Condition should have, you could not so soon have forgotten, that immediately after the reading of that Charge, the King demanded of your High Court, by what Law they could sit to judge him (as offering to submit if they could produce any) but then Silence, or Interruption, were thought the best Ways of confessing there was no such Thing; and when he undertook to shew them both Law and Reason too, why they could not do it, the Righteous President told him plainly, he must have neither Law, nor Reason; which was certainly (as you have it very finely) the most comprehensive, impartial, and glorious Piece of Justice that ever was played on the Theatre of *England*; for what could any Court do more than rather condemn itself, than injure Truth.

But you had better have left this whole Business of the Law out of your Appeal to all Rational Men, who can make no use of it, but against your self: For if the Law be above the King, much more is it above the Subject. And if it be so heinous a Crime in a King to endeavour to set himself above Law, it is much more heinous for Subjects to set themselves above King and Law both. Thus, like right Mountebanks, you are fain to wound and poison your selves to cheat others, who cannot but wonder at the Confidence of your Imposture, that are not ashamed to magnify the Power of the Law, while you violate it, and confess you set your selves really above the Law, to condemn the King but for intending it.

And indeed Intentions and Designs are the most considerable Part, both of your Accusations and Proofs, some of which you are fain to fetch a great Way off, as far as his Coronation Oath, which you next say, he, or the Archbishops, by his Order, emasculated, and left out very material Words, (which the People shall chuse.) Which is false; for these Words were not left out, but render'd with more Sense, (which the Commonalty have) and, if you consider what they relate to, (Customs) you will find you cannot, without open Injury, interpret. *Elegerit*-(in the Latin Oath) shall chuse, not hath chosen; for if you will have *Consuetudines quas vulgus elegerit*, to mean Customs, which are to be not only Use, which must be often repeated before it become a Custom, but Choice, which necessarily precedes Use.

But suppose it were as you would have it, I cannot see with what Reason you can presume it to be a Design to subvert the Laws, since you know he had sworn to defend them before, in the first Article of the Oath, from which I wonder how you can suppose, that so wise a Prince (as you acknowledge him to be) could be so irrational to believe himself absolute by this Omission. But you are not without farther Contradiction yet, for if he were so perfidious a Violater of Oaths, as you would have the World believe, what Reason had he to be conscientious of taking them? Certainly he hath little Cause to be nice what Oaths he takes, that hath no Regard what Oaths he breaks.

Nor can I possibly understand your other Construction of his Refusal to take the Oath, as his Predecessors had done, which you will have a Design to refuse his Assent to such good Laws, rather than bad Ones, as the Parliament should tender; for besides the absurd Conceits, that he must still like the bad better than the good, if you consider what you say afterwards, the chaitable Sense will appear, by your own Words, to be the truest; for you confess he gave not his Assent to any bad one, else you had not been fain, for want of such, to accuse him of a few good ones, as you do there; which of these is most probable, let every rational Creature judge.

Your next Argument to prove the King's Design to destroy the Law, is thus order'd: Those Knights that

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were by an old Statute to attend at the King's Coronation, being promised by his Proclamation (in regard of the Infection then spread thro' the Kingdom) a Dispensation for the Absence, were after fined at the Council-Table; no doubt by the Procurement of some of your own Tribe, where they pleading the Proclamation for their Indemnity, were answer'd, that the Law of the Land was above any Proclamation: Your Conclusion is therefore, the King had a Design to subvert the Laws: Sure there is no Man in his Wits, but would conclude the contrary; such Arguments as these are much like the Ropes that *Oeneus* twisted only for Asses to devour.

But if this should fail, you know you were provided with another, not less substantial, and that is, his Alteration of the Judges Commissions, who heretofore had their Places granted to them during their good Behaviour, but he made them but during Pleasure, of this you make a sad Business of a very imaginary evil Consequence; but if you had considered before, what you say presently after, that the King, and not the Judges, is to be accountable for the Injustice and Oppression of the Government, &c. you would have found it very just that he should use his Pleasure in their Dismission, as well as Choice; for Men of your Profession, that have lived long enough to be Judges, are not such Punies in Cunning, to play their Feats of Iniquity above-board; and if then, may sit 'till they can be proved to have mis-behav'd themselves: The Princee that is to give an Account for all, may sooner know he is abused, than how to help himself.

All the Inconveniency which you can fancy possibly to ensue it, is only to such bad Judges as buy their Places; of whose Condition and Loss you are very sensible, as if they had too hard a Bargain of Injustice, believe they may have Reason enough to give unjust Judgment, rather than lose their Places and their Money too, if they shall receive such Intimation from the King. But you forget yourself, when you put this in your Appeal to all rational Men; for they will tell you this was a bold Affront done to your High Court of Justice; for if it were potential Tyranny (as you will have it) in the King, to have but a Design to indure the Judges to give Sentence against the Law, which you say brings the People the
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next Step to Slavery : What is it in those who presume to give Sentence themselves, not only contrary to Law, but the declared Opinion of all the Judges, and those of their chusing too ? And, I beseech you, whither by your own Doctrine, does this bring the People that submit to it ? Certainly, if you that can accuse the King of this, had been a *Jew* heretofore, you would not only have stoned your Fellows, but your Saviour too.

But if all your Arguments should miscarry, you have a Reserve left that does (as you say) irrefragably prove the Design ; what's that ? He is restless to destroy Parliaments, or make them useless. Believe me, this is right *Ignotum per Ignotius*, excellent Consequence to prove his Design by his Desires ; you should have proved his Desires first, if you would prove his Thoughts by his Thoughts, for certainly if ever he design'd it, he desired it first. You had better have concluded plainly he did it, because he designed it, for that is all one in Sense : But if I might be but half so bold with your Designs, I should, with more Reason, guess you have one to make us believe your familiar Acquaintance with the secret Councils of God, which you so often pretend to, else certainly he has given the Desires of Men so private a Lodging, that, without his own Discovery, which you can give us no Account of, you have no other Way to know them. You'd do well, and if I may advise you, you shall give over this unlucky Thing called Reason, and betake yourself wholly to Revelations.

How these Arguments might prevail with your High Court of Justice I cannot tell ; but, in my Opinion, they had little Reason to thank you for this last, for while you make the King a Traytor, and prove his meer Desire to destroy the Parliament, or make it useless, on Purpose to subvert the Laws, you do but tell them what they are that have already done it ; and the People, what a Deal of Law they are to expect hereafter. All you can justly, in your own Sense, accuse the King of, is but Discontinuance, or untimely Dissolution of Parliaments, which I wonder with what Sense you can interpret a Design to destroy the Parliaments, since all the World knows he parted with his Power to dissolve the Parliament too. But see how doubly unjust you are ; you accuse him for not calling

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ing Parliaments so often as he was bound to do by the Law, once a Year, (as you say) or oftner, but never consider how that is impossible to be done without dissolving them as often; for doing which, notwithstanding, with so much Clamour, you condemn him. Thus you charge him with Inconsistencies, and may with much more Reason accuse him for calling of Parliaments, because if he had not called them, he could never have dissolved them, which is very like your Way of Argument.

But much better than you commonly use; for your next, to remove an Objection out of your Way, is thus managed: The King, and not the Judges and evil Counsellors, ought to be accountable for the Male-Administrations, Injustices, and Oppressions of the Parliament. Your Reasons are, because he made such wicked and corrupt Judges: Were they not his own Creatures? And ought not every Man to be accountable for the Work of his own Hands? Believe me, this were something, if you could prove he made them wicked, as well as Judges. But if this Plea hold, you have argued well for your honourable Clients, the People; for they made the King, as you say they did, you have cleared him of all such horrid Crimes, Murders, and Massacrees, which you take so much Pains, to no Purpose, to accuse him of; and, like a right Man of Law, have undone your Clients, upon whose Score you set them. Your next Business will be to prove God guilty of the Sins of wicked Men, for they are his Creatures, and the Work of his own Hands, I take it. But this is your perpetual Method of doing him Right, to make him sole Author and Owner of all his ill-ordered, or unhappy Actions, and not allow him a Share in any good Deed, or Act of Grace.

And these are the Fundamentals of the Charge, only Suppositions of Intentions and Designs, which how far you have proved just, or profitable, let any Man but your self judge. The Course you take afterwards, is much worse, in my Opinion, for you make your own Grounds, and either not prove them at all, or, which is worse, prove them upon their own Bottom, as when you take upon you to state the Ground of your Ways, and prove the King to be the Cause of it, you do it thus,

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The King (you say) set up his Standard of War for the Advancement and Upholding of his Personal Interest, Power and pretended Prerogative, against the publick Interest of common Right, Peace and Safety. How do you prove this? Because he fought for the Militia, for a Power to call and dissolve Parliaments a negative Voice to make Judges, confer Honours, grant Pardons, make Corporations, inhanche, or debase Money, and, avoid his own Grants. These you call his Personal Interest, Power and Prerogative, which, you say, he fought for: Now, put the Position and Proof together, and see what Sense it will make; truly none but this: That he made War for his Prerogative, because he fought for his Prerogative: Is not this fine Logick! But suppose it were Sense, how do you prove he fought for his Prerogative? To this you have not one Word to say; and why then should we rather take your Word than the King's, who protested he took Arms in Defence of the Protestant Religion, the Liberty of the Subject, the Privileges of Parliament, and Laws of *England*? Certainly there is no Man in his Wits, but would rather believe his Words, than your Arguments, if he does but consider that the most improbable Part of all, (he protested to fight for the Defence of the Privileges of Parliament) is found, by Experience, to be no Paradox: How true the Rest is, Time will instruct you. But yet I cannot see, why we should not rather believe them, than the Pretences of the Parliament, which were more to fight in Defence of his Person, and their own Privileges, which, how they have performed, your self can tell; but all this while you mistake your own Question, which was not the Right of the Cause, but the Cause, or, as you have it, the Occasion of the War; and if you had a Purpose to know that Actions had been the only Guide of your Enquiry; for Intentions and Words are uncertain, and if they make no Assaults in private Quarrels, I know not why they should in Publick; and therefore, since we can never agree about the Truth of more remote Causes, 'tis most just for us to place the Cause of the War, where we find the first Breach of the Peace. Now, that the King was cleared of this, all indifferent Men, who had the Unhappines to be acquainted with the Method of their own

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Undoing, can very well testify. And if the Parliament should deny it, their own Votes would contradict them, as well as their Actions; for when they first raised Horse and Arms, they pretended to do so, because it appeared, the King, seduced by wicked Counsel, intended to make War against the Parliament; whereby they confess he had not then done it, and they had so little Ground to make it appear he ever would, that they were fain to usurp the Right of his Cause, to justify their own; and, they say, took Arms for the Defence of the King; which, if we grant, it must follow, they first made War against him; for no Body else ever did, against whom they could possibly defend him; nor did their Actions, in offering the first Violence, less declare who began the War, when having an Army ready to invade him, before he set up his Standard, they both followed and set upon him, as they did at *Edge-Hill*. Go as far as you can, you will still find the *Scots* (whose Quarrel the Parliament took up at the Second Hand, as well as they followed their Examples) were the first Beginners of all.

This being granted, how the King could afterwards do less than he did, I cannot understand: *First*, he was bound by the Law of Nature (which you say is Legislative, and hath a suspensive Power over all Human Laws) to defend himself. *Secondly*, by his Coronation-Oath, which he took to keep the Peace. And how could he do that, but by his raising Power to suppress those who had already broken it? *Thirdly*, By the Laws of the Land, which you say, trusted him with the Power of the Sword. And how could he preserve that Trust, if he had fate still, and suffered others, not only to take it from him, but to use it against him?

But it is most probable that he never intended it, else he was very unwise to let them be before hand with him, seizing upon his Castles, Magazines, and Ships; for which there can be no Reasons imagin'd, but that he was fain to give them any Occasion (in securing them) to suspect he did but intend a War. And by all this, I doubt not but it appears plain enough to all Rational Men, that he was so far from being the Cause of the War, that he rather fell into it by avoiding it; and that he avoided it so long, 'till he was fain to take Arms at so great

great a Disadvantage, as he had almost as good have sat still and suffered. And in this you have used the King with the same Justice the Christians received from *Nero*, who having set *Rome* on Fire himself, a Sacrifice to his own wicked Genius, laid the Odium of it on the Christians, and put them to Death for it.

But this Way you found too fair and open for your Purpose, and therefore declined it; for having proved his Intentions by his Desires, and his Actions by his Intentions, you attempt a more preposterous Way yet to prove both, by what might have been his Intentions: And to this Purpose you have the Confidence, in spite of Sense, to make Contingencies the final Cause of Things, and impolitick, accidental, possible Inconveniences, which all the Wit of Man can never avoid, the intended Reasons of State. As when you will have the King fight for the Militia, only to command the Purse of the People; for a Power to make Judges, only to wrest the Laws; to grant Pardons, that publick spirited Men, as you call them, may be made away, and the Murderers pardoned, &c. All which being Creatures of your own Fancy and Malice, and no Part of his Quarrel, you are so far from proving what he fought for, that when you have strained your Ability, all you can say is but this, in your own Sense, That he fought for Power to do that which he never would do when it was in his Power; but if you take this Liberty, I can't but think how you would bestir your self, if you could but get your God, as you have done your King, before such an impartial High Court of Justice as this! How would you charge him with his Misgovernment in Nature, for which by the very same Logick, you may prove he made us all Slaves, in causing the Weaker to hold his Life at the Pleasure of the Stronger; that he set up a Sun to dazzle our Eyes, that we might not see; and to kindle Fever in our Veins, made Fire to burn us; Water to drown us, and Air to poison us, and then demand Justice against him; all which you may easily do, now you have the Trick on't, for the very same Reason will serve again, and with much more Probability; for it is easier to prove that Men have been burnt, and drowned, and died of the Plague, than to make it appear the King ever used you

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finer Device to remove publick-spirited Men; or can you, without extreme Injustice, suppose he ever would? For 'tis so much as very well known, he highly favoured and advanced his greatest Opposers, for such you mean, I know, whom he found Owners of any eminent Desert, as he did the Earl of *Strafford*, and the Attorney-General *Noy*, and for other honest Men, as you will have them, whom Frenzy, or Sedition, set against him, by your own Confession; he did not suffer those black Stars, very strange ones, to slit their Noses, and crop their Ears.

But now I think these honest publick-spirited Men, certainly some of them have not so good an Opinion of the Honesty of your publick Proceedings, but they would willingly venture, not only their Ears again, if they had them, but their Heads too, in defiance of your most comprehensive Piece of Justice, whose Cause, while you take upon you to plead against their Consent, as you have done your honourable Clients, the People; you deserve in Reason to be thrown over the Bar, by your own Party; for you but confess your own Injustice, while you acknowledge the publick Honesty of those that most oppose it.

How solid, or pertinent, those Arguments of yours have been, let any Man, that is sober, judge: But you are resolved, right, or wrong, they shall pass; to let us know how easily he that has the Unhappiness to be judged by his Enemies is found guilty of any Thing they please to lay to his Charge; and therefore satisfied with your own Evidence, you proceed to Sentence, and condemn the King with much Formality, by the Fundamental Laws of this Kingdom, by the general Law of all Nations, and the unanimous Consent of all Rational Men in the World, for employing the Power of the Sword to the Destruction of the People, with which they intrusted him for their own Protection. How you got the Consent of Rational Men to this Sentence, I cannot imagine; for 'tis most certain, by your own Confession, that he never employed the Sword, but against those who first sought to deprive him of it; and by that very Act declared they did not trust him, and consequently absolved him both from the Obligation that he had to protect them, and the Possibility too: For no Man can defend another longer than he defends himself; so that if you will

will have your Sentence to be just, you must confess it to be Nonsense; for you must not only prove, that those who fought against him, were the People that trusted him, not those who fought for him, but the lesser, or less considerable Part of the People, the People, as you have the Confidence to call your Honourable Clients, being not the twentieth Part of the very Rabble; which if you can do, you are much wiser than *Solomon*! For it is easier to divide a Child in two Parts, than to make one of those two Parts a whole Child; and if you have the trick on't you shall be next allowed to prove, that take four out of six, there remains six. Nor is there more Justice, or Reason, in the Sentence, than in the Course you take to uphold it; for while you deny the old Maxim of Law, That the King can do no Wrong, you maintain a new one much worse, that he may suffer any; and having limited his Power to Act only according to Law, expose him to suffer, not only without, but against Law. Truly it is hard Measure, but, rather than fail of your Purpose, you will make as bold with Scripture as you have done with Reason, if it stand in your Way; as you do when you interpret* that Place of the Apostle, *Where no Law is, there is no Transgression*, to mean, where there is neither Law of God, nor Nature, nor positive Law: I wonder where that is; certainly you had better undertake to find out a Plantation for *Archimedes* his Engines to move the Earth, than but fancy where that can be, which you must do before you can make this Scripture to be understood to your Purpose; and I cannot but smile, to think how hard a Task that will be for such a strong Fancy as yours, that cannot conceive what your self affirm; for when you deny it possible to suppose two Supreme Powers in one Nation, you forget that you had acknowledged much more before; for you confess the King to be Supreme, when you say, very elegantly, he made Head against the Parliament who acknowledged him to be Head thereof, and yet you say the Parliament is the Supreme Authority of the Nation. Thus you affirm that really to be, which you think is impossible to imagine.

But such lucky Contradictions of your self, as well as Sense, are as familiar with you as Railing; for beside

the many before-mentioned, and your common Incongruities of Speech, is as far from Construction as the Purpose: There are others which, for your Encouragement, ought not to be omitted, and when you would prove the King the most miserable Tyrant that ever People suffer'd under, yet you say he was beloved of some, and feared abroad: His Judges you compared to the Saints sitting in Judgment at the last Day; and yet, by your own Doctrine, they are more like Bears and Wolves, in sitting by a Commission of Force: Their High-Court is a Royal Palace of the Principles of Freedom; and yet, 'till the People voluntarily submit to a Government, which they never did to that, they were but Slaves. The Parliament (you say) Petitioned the King, as good Subjects; and yet, immediately after, you make them his Lords, and himself Servant; so they give him the Honour of his own Royal Assent, and yet they often petitioned him for it. His Tryal you call most impartial, and yet cannot deny all his Judges to be Parties, and his profess'd Enemies. But you hit pretty right, when you say he caused more Protestant Blood to be shed than ever was spilt either by *Rome*, *Heathen*, or *Antichristian*; for grant that partly to be true, and confess as much Protestant Blood as ever was spilt by the Heathen *Romans*, unless they could kill Protestants eight hundred Years before there were any in the World: which eloquent Piece of Nonsense we must impute to your Ignorance in Chronology, or Confusion of Notion, which you please. Nor are those Riddles of Contradiction only in your Words, but in the Whole Course of your Proceedings, for you never do the King any Right, but where you do him the greatest Wrong; and are there only rational, where you are most inhuman; as in your additional Accusations, to sentence his Death. For there you undertake to prove something, and give your Reasons (such as they are) to make it appear, which were fair Play, if you do not make an Advantage too unreasonable, to argue with the Dead. But your other Impeachments consists only of Generals, prove nothing, or Intentions, which can never be proved, or your own forc'd Constructions of Actions, what might have been Actions, but never were; all which

which you only aggravate with Impertinency and foolish Language, but never undertake to prove; and if we should grant all you would say, and suppose you said it in Sense, or Order, it would serve you to no Purpose, unless you have, by Proof, or Argument, applied it to him, which you never went about to do.

But if this were the worst, you might be born with, as a Thing more becoming the Contempt, than the Anger of Men; but who can preserve any Patience, that does but think upon that Prodigy of your Injustice, as well as Inhumanity, to accuse the King after his Death, of what you were ashamed to charge him with when alive? For what you say concerning the Death of King *James*, you will become the Scorn of your own Party, for they never used it farther than they found it of Advantage to some Design they had in Hand; as when they would move the King to grant their Propositions, they made it serve for an Argument to him; if he would Sign, he should still be their *Gracious King*, if not, he *killed his Father*. But when they found he would not be convinced with such Logick, they laid it utterly aside; for (without doubt) they had not lost an Advantage, so useful as they might have made it in the Charge, had they not known it would have cost them more Impudence to maintain, than they should need to use in proceeding without it; but let us consider your Student's Might, with which you first say you are satisfied, and yet after have it as a Riddle. First, he was observed to hate the Duke, but instantly, upon the Death of King *James*, took him into his special Grace and Favour, which you conceive this Art must be the Cause. Believe me, your Conjecture is contrary to all Experience, and the common Manner of Princes, who use to love the Traitor, but hate the Traytor; and if he had been a politick a Tyrant, as you would describe him, he would never believe his Life safe, nor his Kingdom his own, while any Man lived, (much less his Enemy, whom for a King would never trust) of whose Gift and Secret he held them both; nor is it likely that he, who would not spare the Life of his Father to gain a Kingdom, should spare the Life of his Enemy to secure it. As for his dissolving the Parliament, I believe not only all

Men, but all that ever heard of this will acquit him, whether he did it to avoid the Duke's Impeachment, you cannot prove; but if you could, you must consider that, in such Cases, Princes may as well protect their Favourites from Injury as Justice, since no Innocence can serve them, if they lie as open to the Question, as they do to the Envy of Men.

But for the better Satisfaction of those you appeal to, I shall add this: It is most certain, that this Humour of Innovation began to stir in the first Parliament of this King, and grew to an Itch in the Commons for the Alteration of Government; to which End, they first resolved to pull down the chief Instrument thereof, the Duke of Buckingham: But having then no Scotch Army, nor Act of Continuance, to assure their Sitting, all the Wit of Malice could never invent a more politick Course, than to Impeach him, and put this Article, true or false, into this Charge; for thus they were not only sure of the Affections of the People, who, out of the common Fate of Favourites, generally hated the Duke, and are always pleased with the Ruin of their Superiors, but secured from the King's Interposition, whom they believed, by this Means, bound up from protecting the Duke, tho' he knew his Innocency, lest the Envy and Fury of all should fall upon himself: But the King, who understood their Meaning, and knew this was but in order to their farther Attempts, which always begin with such Sacrifices, suddenly dissolved the Parliament, and, by his Wisdom and Policy, kept that Calamity sixteen Years after from the People, which the very same Courses and Fate of these unhappy Times, have since brought upon them. But you have taken more Pains to prove him Guilty, since his Death, of the Rebellion in *Ireland*, altho' with as little Reason, or Ingenuity, only you deal fairly in the Beginning, and tell us what to expect from you, when you say, as a Ground of all your Proofs, *If you meet a Man running down Stairs with a bloody Sword in his Hand, and find a Man stabbed in the Chamber, though you did not see this Man run into the Body by that Man which you met, yet if you were of the Jury, you durst not but find him Guilty of the Murther.* I hope not, before you knew whether the Man killed were sent by the King to

to fetch the Man you met, for then you may say it must be in his own Defence. Truly you are a subtle Enquirer, but let us hear some of the clear Proofs. First, *He durst never deny it absolutely*; besides the notorious Falshood of that, it is most senseless to imagin, that he who had Wickedness enough to commit so horrid an Act, should have the innocent Modesty not to deny it, when he durst not own it. He sent Thanks to *Muskerry* and *Plunket*, by *Ormond*, which you are confident his Height of Spirit would never have done, if he had not been as guilty as themselves; and may not *Ormond* that carried the Thanks, be by the same Reason, as well proved guilty as the King! What's next, *If he had not been guilty, he would have made a Thousand Declarations, and have sent to all Princes in the World for Assistance against such Hell-Hounds and Blood-Hounds, &c.* That was impossible to be done, without sending to the Pope, and then you would have proved it clearly indeed. But the Copy of his Commission to the *Irish* Rebels, is in the Hands of the Parliament. 'Tis most certain they never believed it themselves, else it had not been omitted in the Charge. But now for an Argument to the Purpose. After the *Irish* were proclaimed Traytors and Rebels by the King, their General Council made an Oath to bear true and faithful Allegiance to King *Charles*, and by all Means to maintain his Royal Prerogative, against the *Puritans* in the Parliament of *England*; which they would never have done, unless he had commanded, or consented to the Rebellion. But observe then what will follow. After the two Houses at *Westminster* were proclaimed Rebels and Traytors by the King, they made a solemn Covenant to defend his Royal Person, Rights and Dignities, against all Opposers whatsoever, and therefore by the same Reason he did command or consent to the War raised by the Parliament against himself. But did they not say they had by Commission, and call themselves the King and Queen's Armies? But then, you forgot who they were that said *Hell-Hounds, and Blood-Hounds, Fiends and Fire-Brands and Bloody Devils, not to be named without Fire and Brimstone*; do you think such are not to be believed (especially when they speak for their own Advantage) rather than the People of God, the faithful of the Land at *Westminster*.

minster, who likewise, when they raised Forces, said, they did it for the King and Parliament? Can any Man in his Wits deny but the King is to be believed before either of these? And yet you cannot be perswaded, but his Offer to go in Person to suppress the Rebellion, was a Design to return at the Head of 20, or 30000 Rebels, to have destroyed this Nation. That's very strange! but first, how shall we believe what you say before, to shew your Breeding? Never was Bear so unwillingly brought to the Stake, as he to declare against the Rebels, if he offered to adventure his Person to suppress them. When you have made this agree in Sense, let us know how you can suppose the same Person, the wisest King in Christendom, and yet so foolish, to study his own Destruction; for who could suffer so much in the Ruin of this Nation as himself? For his hindering the Earl of *Leicester's* going into *Ireland*, he had much more Reason to do so than the Parliament had to hinder him; and therefore you may as well conclude them guilty, as him, of the Rebellion.

That they sold, or exchanged, for Arms and Ammunition, the Cloath and Provisions sent by the Parliament to the Protestants in *Ireland*, you must either accuse the Parliament, which seiz'd upon his Arms first, and used them against him, or prove them above the Law of Nature, which, I believe, you had rather do, that commands every Man to defend himself. But the Rebels in *Ireland* gave Letters of Mart for taking the Parliament's Ships, but freed the King's, as their very good Friends. I see you are not such a Wizard at Designs as you pretend to be; for if this be the deepest Reach of your Subtilty, had you been a Senator in *Rome*, when *Hannibal* invaded *Italy*, and burnt all the Country, but that of the *Roman* Dictator, you would have spared no longer to prove him Confederate with the Enemy. But I fear I may seem as vain as yourself in repeating your Impertinencies. There is one Argument that might have serv'd instead of all, to convince you of Wickedness and Folly in this Business, and that is the Silence of the Charge, which, by your own Rule, ought to be taken *pro confesso*, there was never any such Thing.

I will not trouble my self nor any Body with your French Legend, as being too inconsiderable to deserve any

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serious Notice, built only upon Relations and Hear-says, and proved with your own Conjectures; which, how far we are to credit, from a Man of so much Bias and Mistakes, any of those you appeal to shall determine; to whom I shall say but this, that you do but acknowledge the Injustice of the Sentence, while you strive to make it good with such Additions; for if you had not believed it very bad, you would never have taken so much Pains to mend it: And, I hope, your High Court will punish you for it, whose Reputation your officious Indiscretion hath much impaired to no Purpose: For tho' we should grant all your Additions to be true, as you would have it, it does not at all justify the King's Death, since he did not die in Relation to any Thing there objected; and all you can possibly aim at by this pitiful Argument, is but to prove him Guilty, because he was punished; for you can never prove him punished because he was Guilty.

For your Epilogue, I have so much Charity to believe it, being of a different Thread of Language, none of your own; but either penn'd for you by your musty *Peters*, or else you writ Short-Hand very well to copy after the Speech of his Tongue. However you came by it, sure I am, it could come from no Body else; and having said so, I hope I shall need say no more; for I shall be loath to commit the Sin of repeating any of it. But since 'tis but a Frippery of common Places of Pulpit Railing, ill put together, that pretend only to Passion, I am content you should use them your self, and be allowed to say any Thing with as little Regard, as if you wore your Privilege: Yet lest you should grow so conceited as to believe yourself, I will take *Solomon's* Advice, and answer you not in your own Way of Railing, or Falshood, but in doing some Right to Truth, and the Memory of the Dead, which you have equally injured.





Mr. BUTLER's CHARACTER of King CHARLES I.



THAT he was a Prince of incomparable Virtues his very Enemies cannot deny, (only they were not for their Purpose) and those so unblemish'd with any personal Vice, that they were fain to abuse the Security of his Innocence, both to accuse and ruin him. His Moderation (which he preserv'd equal in the Extremity of both Fortunes) they made a common Disguise for their contrary Impalations, as they had Occasion to mis-call it, either an Easiness to be misled by others, or Obstinacy to rule by his own Will. This Temper of his was so admirable, that neither the Highest of Temptations, Adorations and Flattery, nor the Lowest of Misery, Injuries, the Insolence of Fools, could move him. His Constancy to his own Virtues was no mean Cause of his Undoing; for if he had not stated the Principles of Government upon unalterable Right, but could have shifted his Sails to catch the popular Air when it grew high (as his Enemies did) they had never undone him with empty Pretendings to what he really meant. His Wisdom and Knowledge were of so noble a Capacity, that nothing lay so much out of his Reach, as the profound Wickedness of his Enemies, which his own Goodness would never give him leave to suspect, nor his experienc'd Power to discover; for they managed the whole Course of his Ruin, as they did the last Act of it, in Disguise; else so great a Wit as his had never been circumvented by the Treachery and Cheat, rather than Policy, of Ignorant Persons. All he wanted of a King was, he knew not how to dissemble, unless concealing his own Perfections were so; in which he only deceived his People, who knew not his great Abilities, till their Sins were punished with the Loss of him. In his Death, he not only out-did the high Resolution of the antient Romans, but

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the humble Patience of the Primitive Martyrs; so far from the Manner of Tyrants, who us'd to wish all the World their Funeral Pile; that he employed the Care of his last Thoughts about the Safety of his very Enemies, and died not only consulting, but praying for the Preservation of those whom he knew resolved to have none, but what was built upon their own Destruction.

All this, and much more, the Justice of Posterity (when Faction and Concernment are removed) will acknowledge to be more true of him, than any of those Slanders you (or the mad Wickedness of his Age) have thrown upon his Memory, which shall then, like Dung cast at the Roots of Trees, but make his Name more flourishing and glorious; when all these Monuments of Infamy you have raised, shall become the Trophies of his Virtue, and your own Shame. In the mean Time, as your own Conscience, or the Expectation of Divine Vengeance, shall call upon you, you will see what you have done, and find there is no Murther so horrid, as that which is committed with the Sword of Justice; nor any Injustice so notorious, as that which takes Advantage, both of the first Silence of the Living, and that of the Dead. In this last, you have been very sinful, and, in accusing the Dead, have not behaved yourself so like a Saint at the Day of Judgment, as the Devil, whose Office is to be Solicitor General in such Cases. I will not judge you, lest I should do worse, imitate you. But certainly you will find it the worst Kind of Witchcraft, to raise the Devil by sacrificing to your own Malice, especially to so bad a Purpose as you have done, that you might invade the Judgment-Seat of Christ, and usurp his Jurisdiction before his Coming, which you have presumed to do with more Rudeness than *Hacket* used, and less Formality, in not sending your Fore-runner to proclaim (in a Turnip-Cart) your coming to Judgment. But the worst of all is, you seem to Glory in your Sins, and assert the Martyrdom of your Wickedness; for having supposed a Possibility you may fall by the Hands of Violence: You arm yourself with a forc'd Resolution, which you may be confident you will never have need of; for you have no Reason to think any Man can believe you have deserved

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a violent Death, no, you have deserved rather to live; long, so long, 'till you see yourself become the Controversy of wild Beasts, and be fain to prove our Scare-Crow. Unless you shall think it just, that as you have been condemned out of your own Mouth, so you should fall by your own Hand, Indeed there was not a Hang-man bad enough for *Judas*, but himself, and when you shall think fit to do yourself so much Right, you shall be your own Sooth-sayer, and fall by the Hand of a *Raviliac*, to whom, with more Likeness, compare yourself, than to *Henry IV.* for you are no King. What *Raviliac* was is very well known; what you are, I leave to your own Conscience.

*A Thought upon DEATH, after hearing
of the Murder of King CHARLES I.*

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

I.



THE Glories of our Birth and State,
Are Shadows, not substantial Things:

There is no Armour against Fate,
Death lays his Icy Hands on Kings.
Scepters and Crowns

Must tumble down,

And in the Dust be equal laid,

With the poor crooked Scythe and Spade.

II.

Some Men with Swords may reap the Field,
And plant fresh Laurels where they kill,

But their strong Nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;

Early or late,

They stoop to Fate,

And must give up their murm'ring Breath,
Whilst the pale Captive yields to Death.

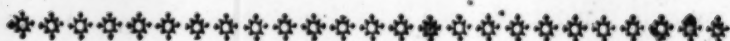
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III.

78 *A Thought upon DEATH, &c.*

III.

The Garlands wither on your Brow,
Then boast no more your mighty Deeds,
Upon Death's purple Altar now,
See where the Victor Victim bleeds.
All Heads must come
To the cold Tomb;
Only the Actions of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.



Good Advice in BAD TIMES.



Owze up, Great *Charles* ! Thy Courage show,
Or Faction soon will bring thee low !
Some must be banish'd, others swing,
Or thou must cease to be a King.
No Credit give to Villain *Oates*,
Be not amus'd with Popish Plots ;
No Foreign Troops of Pilgrims fear,
Nor Popish Armies in the Air ;
But guard thy Throne against the base
Designs of those that boast of Grace,
And plead thereby, as Times go now,
A better Right to Rule than Thou.
Take Care of *Tony* and his Party,
They are the Rogues that mean to hurt thee.
The Tories love thee and obey thee,
None but the Rebel Whigs betray thee,
The stubborn wicked Spawn of those
That struggl'd for the Good Old Cause,
'Till they thy Royal Sire subdu'd,
And in his Blood their Hands imbru'd ;
These are the only Snakes that sting thee,
And, if not crush'd, will soon unking thee ;
For thou hast warm'd them 'till they bite thee,
The Way they always will requite thee.
Therefore look round thy Court, good Prince,
And banish all such Serpents thence,
Mercy, that Attribute divine,
Hath been thy Father's Fault and thine ;

His

His Clemency and Goodness cost
Himself and Subjects all they lost ;
And thine, if thou wilt still restrain
Thy Justice, will abridge thy Reign ;
For Whigs believe that Mercy springs
Alone from Cowardice in Kings ;
And therefore but insult the more,
When Princes moderate their Pow'r.

Banish thy spurious Son the Land,
Let him no more thy Troops command ;
Withdraw thy fondness from the Fool,
Thy Darling, but the Party's Tool ;
A Fencing, Riding, Cringing Thing,
That Courts the Mob to make him King :
An empty, dancing, fiery Bauble,
Ador'd by Strumpets and the Rabble ;
The Ladies Idol at a Ball,
The Stallion of thy Court, *Whitehall* ;
Who got, great *Charles*, by thee, retains
Thy princely Lust, but wants thy Brains :
Which makes some think when you contented
His Mother, that your Head dissented ;
And that's the Cause the Foppish Ape
Has nothing of thee but thy Shape.

Beware of those that serve the Crown,
And yet in publick cry thee down ;
Who sneak and fawn about thy Person,
But tamper with thy foolish Whoreson,
And by false Arguments ensnare
The Youth to think he is thy Heir,
When thou thyself must own there's one
Much nearer than a Bastard Son.
Therefore, if thou art wise, in spight
Of Whigs, assert thy B——'s Right,
For if thou dost their Humours please,
They'll question thine as well as his.

Be watchful of the Factious City,
Who hate thee, tho' they often treat thee.

Hug close their Wives, get loyal Heirs,
For Sheriffs, Aldermen, and May'rs;
Make Cuckolds of the wealthy Crew,
And, like Sir *Robert*, Knight them too.
Thus kiss their Ladies like a King,
And keep 'em poor by borrowing;
A speedier Way to raise Supplies,
Than all thy Council can advise:
Now Faction rules the Commons House,
And swear they'll give thee not a Souse,
'Cause *Portsmouth* sends o'er Guinea Pies
To *France*, or else the Publick lies:
And *Nelly* lives in greater State,
Than thy own Royal Consort *Kate*:
Therefore, Great *Charles*! If thou would'st please
Thy Foes, turn off thy Mistresses,
And then the Parliament, they say,
Will grant thee Sums without delay.
But sure thy Wisdom must fore-know,
That if you condescend so low,
To Live, or Reign, as they would have thee,
They'd make such Laws as should enslave thee;
Still keep thee poor, be finding fault,
Complain, but give thee not a Groat.
Be therefore careful how you grant
Too large Concessions in your Want;
No Branch of Royal Power sell,
Give 'em an Inch they'll take an Ell.
Thou know'st they only want to bring thee
To what will ruin and unking thee;
And then thou'l't, like thy Father, find
The sad Effects of being kind
To Faction, who intend no other
Than to destroy thee and thy Brother.
Since these are the rebellious Drifts
Of those that put thee to thy Shifts:
Exert thy Pow'r deriv'd of God,
And make them tremble at thy Nod;
Boldly assert thy Right Divine,
And lop those Heads that aim at thine;
Or thou wilt find the Sons of those
That were thy Father's restless Foes,

Will to Destruction drive, or lead thee,
And all the *Stuarts* that succeed thee ;
For *Root and Branch* Work is their Aim
Which they'll compleat, unless the same
Severity be us'd with them.
Then learn of *Harry* to chastise
Thy stubborn factious Enemies,
And keep thy P——s in Awe,
With Stamp of Foot and Threat'ning Hau.
Or else the C——s will in Time
Above their Royal Sov'reign climb:
And *England* boast, when thou'rt undone,
Five Hundred Kings instead of one.

The Character of a FANATICK
drawn to the LIFE.



N London Streets is often seen
A Hum-drum Saint, whose Holy Meia
Denotes the proud Enthusiastick
To be Religiously Fantastick ;
His Looks most primitively wear

An antient *Abrabamick* Air ;
And, like bad Copies of a Face,
The good Original disgrace :
A Hawks-bill Nose divides his Cheeks,
And tunes his Cant whene'er he speaks ;
Whilst on his Breast one Hand he lays,
That Fools may credit what he says ;
Tho' Int'rest always bribes his Tongue,
To represent Things right, or wrong,
And is the Loadstone that attracts
The Saint to all he speaks, or acts ;
As Beauty draws the am'rous Youth
To swear repugnant to the Truth,
And, Zealot like, to grace his Lies
With upcast Looks and feigned Sighs.

His Head stands mounted on a Neck
 As stubborn as a Post, or Stake,
 That will not suff'r 'im to bow down
 To Altar, Mitre, or the Crown;
 Affirming stiffly, they're no more
 Than Trappings of the Scarlet Whore.
 Yet has a Joint that always bends,
 When 'tis to gain his own bye Ends.
 Thus when there's nothing to be got,
 Submission is a deadly Fau't;
 But upon e'ery new Occasion,
 When Int'rest is the grand Temptation,
 Then Conscience gives a Dispensation. }

His Coat, whose Colour is most grave,
 Yet carries in its Sleeve a Knave;
 Tho' new, derives its antient Fashion
 From good old Times of Reformation,
 When Blunderbus and Basket-Hilt
 More Blood than Fire and Faggot spilt;
 And Zealots, by Dissention Civil,
 Got th' upper-hand of Pope and Devil.
 His Hat, whose Pent-house Brims secure
 His formal Weeds from rainy Show'r,
 Hangs on his *Occiput* most quaintly,
 To make the Knave appear more faintly;
 And from the sight of Back Beholders,
 Screens his long Neck and stooping Shoulders.

His Hair in greasy Locks hangs down
 As strait as Candles, from his Crown,
 And shades the Borders of his Face,
 Whose outward Signs of inward Grace,
 Are only visible in spiteful
 Grimaces, very stern and frightful;
 As if he thought no Man could be
 A zealous Foe to Popery,
 Except his Looks declare his Malice
 To Altar, Candlesticks and Chalice.

The Band he wears is very broad,
Exceeding far the common Mode ;
Just such as *Kniperdolin* wore
On Doublet-Collar heretofore ;
When e'ery Madam that could cent
Of Saving-Grace, was thought a Saint,
Provided he could cry aloud
But Reformation to the Crowd,
That some arch Villain, by his Craft,
Like *Noll*, might raise himself aloft,
And under that deceitful Curse
Of mending, make all Matters worse ;
As Tinkers, when they undertake
To stop one Hole, two bigger make,
That e'ery Piece of Work may end
In something that is new to mend.

His Head is full of Fears and Fictions,
His Conscience form'd of Contradictions,
Is therefore never long content
With any Church, or Government,
But fancies e'ery Thing that is,
For want of mending, much amiss ;
So consequentially would vary
All Things to something quite contrary,
As if he thinks whate'er we crave
Is better far than what we have ;
And therefore still is disagreeing
With e'ry Thing that is in Being.
Thus, like the Moon that's always ranging,
Seems destin'd to perpetual changing,
And restless as the sublune Tide,
In crooked Channels loves to glide.

His stubborn Pride and zealous Folly
Arise from Temper melancholy,
Which in his Looks imprint a Sadness,
That shews him near ally'd to Madness:
Therefore he does not chuse, or cull,
His Faith by any Scripture Rule ;

But by the Vapours that torment
 His Brains, from Hypochondria sent,
 Which into Dreams and Visions turn,
 And make his Zeal so fiercely burn,
 That Reason loses the Ascendant,
 And all within grows independent.
*So when the Lees of Ale, or Wine,
 Condense below, the Liquor's fine ;
 But when the nauseous Dregs break loose,
 They sour and spoil the nobler Juice.*

The quaint Deportment of the Knave
 Is always wonderfully grave,
 And e'ery Sentence that he says
 Digested into Scripture Phrase :
 His Actions so demure, as if
 To be a Saint was to be stiff ;
 And that Religion must agree
 The best with dull Formality.
 Regeneration, Reprobation,
 Election and Predestination,
 Are the chief Points on which he cants
 When mix'd among his Brother Saints ;
 In which Fanatical Discourses,
 He summons all his Scripture Forces,
 To prove all such as do accord
 With him, the Chosen of the Lord ;
 But that the *Papists* are accurs'd
 'Tis plain in *Canticles* the first ;
 Therefore he joyns their Holy Father,
 The Pope and Dev't so close together,
 That both may equal Terror strike,
 And by the Saints be fear'd alike.

His Christian Charity is such,
 He ne'er thinks what he gives too much,
 'Tis plain, because he ne'er is known
 To give one Farthing of his own ;
 Therefore as nothing is no Charge,
 It can't be thought a Gift too Large.
 His Dealings are so just and plain
 He never cheats but when he can ;

And where he finds he cannot bite ye,
 He'll prove so honest to outwit ye;
 But if your Judgment you postpone,
 And to his Conscience trust alone,
 No human Justice will he do,
 But use you worse than *Turk*, or *Jew*;
 Yet Vow, Protest, and Scripture plead,
 As if he was a Saint indeed.
 Such are that old Fanatick Strain
 Of Whigs that envy *Charles's* Reign,
 Insatiate Rebels, whom no Law
 Can govern, or good Monarch awe;
 A stubborn restless Generation,
 O'ercome with Dogstar Zeal and Passion,
 Impatient of the highest Place,
 To which they plead a Right by Gaace;
 Cruel in Pow'r and restless out,
 When most rebellious most devout,
 Making Religion a Disguise,
 Or Cloak to all their Villainies;
 As if they thought the same design'd
 For nothing but a Holy Blind;
 Therefore, like Harlots, seldom use it,
 Altho', for Gain, they do abuse it.
 From such implacable Tormenters,
 Fanaticks, Hypocrites, Dissenters,
 Whigs, Roundheads, call 'em what you please,
 I say, from Rebels such as these,
 May God preserve the Church and Throne,
 And *Charles the Wise* that sits thereon:
 Nor may their Plots exclude his Heirs
 From Reigning when the Right is theirs:
 But may the *Stuarts* trample down
 Those Enemies of Church and Crown:
 For should the Foot the Head command,
 And Faction gain the upper Hand,
 We must expect a ruin'd Land.



*A Morning CONFERENCE between a
Putitan Preacher and a Family of his
FLOCK, upon the 30th of January.*

By Mr. BUTLER.

Preacher.



GOOD Morrow to thee : How dost do ?
I only just call'd in to shew
My Love, upon this Blessed Day,
As I, by chance, came by this Way.
Grace. Peace and Faith be unto thee,
And all this chosen Family.

Husband.

My Soul does very much rejoyce
To see thee, and to hear thy Voice :
I blefs the Lord to find thee thus
Abound in Health as well as us,
And hope thou art dispos'd to stay
A while, and comfort us this Day.

Preacher.

I think I shall not stay to dine,
But the Lord's Will be done, not mine.
Where's thy good Wife ? Methinks I want
To see her, she's a pious Saint ;
In Wedlock thou art truly blest,
Of Women she's the very best.
Pray let her know that I am here,
And tell her I desire to see her.

Husband.



The Morning Salutation 4.



Husband.

The Lord preserve her ! here she comes,
Sh'as just been sweeping out her Rooms,
You must excuse her Housewife's Dress,
She's always doing I profess.

Wife.

I'm very happy, worthy Sir,
To see so great a Stranger here.
I hope good Madam Cant is well,
And pritty Mrs. Abigail.
Dear Sir, I wish I could have seen
Them here, how bless'd should I have been ;
Tho' I'm asham'd, I must confess,
T' appear in such a homely Dress.

Preacher.

Thou'rt a good Woman, thou hast Grace,
That best adorns a beauteous Face :
I think thy Weeds become thee well,
Thou would'st not dress like *Jezabel*.
To tell the Truth, I've seldom seen
A Wife more lovely, or more clean.
Give me thy Hand thou fruitful Bride ;
The Lord at all Times be thy Guide :
How do thy little Comforts fare,
Those tender Twigs, their Parents Care ?
Pray call 'em hither, let me bless
Those pretty hopeful Babes of Grace.

Wife.

Here, *Aram*, come, my little Saint,
Where's your low Bow to Mr. Cant ?
Daughter ! Where art ? Come hither *Ruth*.
Fie ! pull your Fingers from your Mouth.
Look up, my Dear, hold up your Head.
Where's your fine Curts'y ? There's my Maid.

Preacher.

Lord sanctify these Lambs, and grant
That they thy Grace may never want :

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88. A CONFERENCE *between a*

Shew 'em thy Way, that they may be
A Comfort to thy Spouse and thee;
The Lord sufficiently hath shew'd
His Love to both in such a Brood.
May they still greater Blessings grow
To thee that brought 'em forth in Woe,
And as their Years encrease, inherit
A double Portion of th' Sp'rit.

Wife.

Thanks to you, Rev'rend Sir, may Heav'n
Reward the Blessing you have giv'n.
Rebecca, take my Closet Key,
And fetch that Bottle unto me
Thy Master brought me Home last Night
For Palm, and said he knew 'twas right;
And with the Bottle pray bring in
A Glas. Take care you wash it clean.

Preacher.

I hope thou dost not think that I
Drink Wine, except I'm sick, or dry;
I ne'er take any Thing that's strong,
One Glas, I fear, will do me wrong.
E'en let it rest upon the Shelf.
Thou'dst better keep it for thy self.

Wife.

Good Sir, vouchsafe, at my Request,
To drink this Glas, 'tis but a Taste,
It holds but half a Pint at most,
Will you be pleas'd to have a Toast?

Preacher.

No, by no Means, if I must take
So large a Dose, 'tis for thy Sake.
Good Lord give thou a Blessing to it,
That when it's down I may not rue it.
Well, 'tis exceeding good indeed,
I wish it mayn't offend my Head.
May'st thee, at all Times, for thy Ease,
Abound in Comforts such as these.

'Tis

PREACHER and a FAMILY. 89

'Tis a prime Cordial, I protest,
This ought not to be drank in waste.

Husband.

Alas, one Glas, Sir, will not warm ye.
I'm sure a Second cannot harm ye;
Cold Weather does strong Wine require;
Fill out, my Dear,——A little higher;
Pray give the Glas to Mr. Cant,
So long a Walk may make him faint.

Preacher.

Thou best of all good Women! hold
Thy Hand, consider I am old.
Thou art too bountiful, I vow,
Thy Love is too abounding now:
Lord sanctify this Cordial Juice,
And make it wholsom for our Use.
Well!—'tis a comfortable Creature,
In Truth I think I ne'er drank better.
I can but thank ye for your Love,
'Tis now, I doubt, high Time to move.

Wife.

Nay, Sir, I hope you'll stay and dine,
Besides, here's almost half the Wine:
Pray, Sir, accept before you go,
Of t'other Glas, and don't say no.
And if you're not engag'd elsewhere,
You're welcome to our homely Fare.

Preacher.

Thou art so kind, I needs must say,
I scarce know how to go, or stay,
What Dinner hast thou, friendly Creature?
Alas! I'm but a pidling Eater.

Wife.

I must confess we have not drest
What's worthy of so good a Guest;
Yet 'tis a Dish that we may say
Is suited to the present Day:

'Tis

90 A CONFERENCE between a

'Tis a Calf's Head, to tell you Truth,
I wish such Fare may fit your Tooth.

Preacher.

Bless me, the best and only Dish,
Upon this Day, that I could wish.
No Food besides could so delight
My Eyes, and eke my Appetite.
Good pious Saints, that you should join
Your Hearts so mutually with mine.
Well, give me now the other Glas,
I see that you abound in Grace;
The Lord of Mercy and of Pow'r
Hath Blessings for such Saints in store;
I cannot bid ye now farewell,
Thy Invitation must prevail.
Methinks from Heav'n I hear a Voice,
That bids me tarry and rejoyce.

Husband.

None can more truly welcome be;
Therefore, I hope, Sir, you'll be free.
This is a Day of Joy and Mirth
Among the Saints that dwell on Earth;
This, and the Fifth Day of November,
We're always careful to remember.
Both which deserve the utmost Rev'rence
For our remarkable Deliv'rance.

Preacher.

'Tis very true, we ought to praise
The Lord upon these Blessed Days,
And typify the Fall of him
That caus'd the Land in Blood to swim.
So good a Dish, on such a Day!
What Christian can refuse to stay?
But tho' I tarry here to dine,
Pray do not send for any Wine.

Husband.

A little, Sir,—Wife send the Maid
For two of Palm and two of Red:



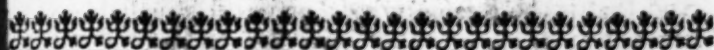


Audland and Prynne

This Day we always drink, you know,
To th' pious Hand that gave the Blow.

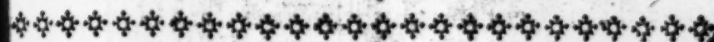
Preacher.

The Lord direct thee ! Prithee do
What thy own Mind inclines thee too.
But I must crave thy Leave to light
One Pipe to whet my Appetite.
When that is done, we'll shut the Door,
And praise the L——d for half an Hour



Two LETTERS.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



JOHN AUDLAND'S LETTER
WILLIAM PRYNNE,

William Pryne,

THOU perpetual Scribe, Pharisee, and Hypo-
cite, born to the Destruction of Paper, and
most unchristian Effusion of Ink; thou *Egyptian*
Taskmaster of the Press, and unmerciful
Destroyer of Goose-Quills, that dost plunder
and strip thy poor Kindred naked to the Skin, to main-
tain thy self in a tyrannical and arbitrary Way of Scrib-
bling against thy Brethren, even the *Independents* and
Quakers, over whom thou settest up thy self as an un-
righteous Judge ; for a Righteous Judge hath an Ear for
both Parties, and thou hast none for either. Verily,
William, thou dost Evil, and against the Light within
thee, to accuse thy Brethren of that, whereof thou art more
guilty thy self ; for tho' they break an Act of Parliament,
yet thou didst worse, when thou wouldst have made one
thy self, after thou hadst engaged thy Faith unto the
House, that thou wouldst never lift up thy Heel against
them

them more : Truly, thou shewest thy self in this, no better than a *Jew*, in throwing the first Stone at them unless thou wert innocent thy self ; and all thy Fundamental, Municipal, Common, Natural Law, will not serve to prove the other, who has^t been judged by the Laws of the Land, as a Pharisee, to wear a *Philatery* in Publick, and hast had thine Ears bored through, according to the *Mojaical* Law : And I fear thy pretended Conversion to Christianity is but in order to something else, even as the *Mahometans* (they say) will not admit a *Jew* to turn *Turk*, unless he first become a *Christian* : And that is the Reason why thou art so cruel (like a Renegado) to those of thine own Sect ; yea, even unto those in whose Quarrel thou hast lost Leather ; for as one of thy Ears was cut off for *Presbytery*, even so was the other for *Independency*. But now I speak of thine Ears, give me leave to ask thee one Question. I have heard, that those who have lost their Legs do sometimes nevertheless feel Pains in their Toes ; and I would fain know, whether toward Change of Weather, thou dost not feel a Kind of Itching and Tingling in those defunct-Parings of thine, especially when *Presbytery* and *Government* are like to peep out again ? For what else does thy railing against the Bishops (as well as us) hold forth, but that thou art the very same *Will. Prynne*, Utter-Barrister, that didst heretofore publish against them so many ridiculous Hat-cases and Band-boxes, in which thy Works are always bound up, and are to be sold on the South-side of *Paul's Church-yard*, where thy Stationers live ? Among those, I have seen thy Title-pages pasted, like Mountebanks Bills, in which thou dost always write *Reformation, Law, Religion, and Fundamental* in Capital Letters, even as those Quacks do *Pox* and *Running of the Reins*, and both to the same Purpose ; namely to deceive the Reader, and vapour of more than thou art able to perform. But O ! the Verbosity of thy Writings ! *Solomon* saith, *in many Words there is Folly* ; and thou hast prov'd it true. For thou writest perpetually in the Language of a *Conveyance*, and does not indite, but draw ; and when thou shalt answer for every idle Word, all the Bills and Answers in *Chancery* will rise up in Judgment against thee. For thou usest so many impertinent Tautologies, that thy

Reader

Reader can never understand what thou meanest, unless he should take the Pains to draw Breviats of thy senseless Repetitions, which is insufferable, and not to be endured by a Free-born *English-man*. And this serves thee to the same Purpose that *Hems* and *Habs* do thy Gifted Ghostly Fathers, that is, to lose Time, and put off thy Commodity, namely, Waste-Paper, whereof thou endeavour-est to obtain the *Monopoly*, and thereby undo hundreds of Families that live by writing lewd and prophane Plays: For when thou hast ingross'd the whole Commodity of Waste-Paper into thine own Hands, their Works will be left upon theirs; and in this thou takest a more wise and rational Course, than thou didst heretofore in writing Indentures against them; for thou knowest not how to write in any other Strain; and therefore to let thee see how easy it is to attain unto thy Gifts, I will now speak unto thee a few Words in thine own Way. Dost thou not remember *William Prynne*, when the long Parliament, according to the antient, known, fundamental, established Custom, Practice, Usage, Example of all Rebels, Traytors, *Cades*, *Tylers*, *Straws*, set open the Prisons, Goals, Dungeons, Cages, and took the Prisoners, Felons, Malefactors, Jaylbirds, into their Protection, Patronage, Safeguard, Tuition, and, among others, thyself, *William Prynne*, afore said, with thy Brethren, Companions, Copemates, Associates, *Burton*, *Bastwick*, *Lilburn*, *Poe*, &c. How the Saints, Brethren, godly, well-affected, rode out to meet thee, with the Sisters, Helpers, Damsels, Handmaids, behind them, on the Tail of the Beast, stuck with Antichristian, Superstitious, Idolatrous *Rosmary* and *Bays*, to celebrate, welcome, and congratulate thy Remitter! How they dawb'd, dash'd, de-iled and polluted thee the said *William Prynne*, with Dirt, Puddle, Greetings, Salutations, that thou didst look more like unto a Pimp, Pander, Bawd, newly Carted, than an Utter Barrister Triumphant; and with how dirty and filthy a Grace, Fashion and Demeanor thou didst bow, stoop, and lowt to thine Idolaters, the Rabble-Rout Croud on both Sides of the Street, or Streets, who made an Idol of the *Rings* of thine *Ears*, even as the *Jews* did of their *Earrings*. This, verily, *William*, thy perfect Style, and right Manner of Expression, in which

which thou art the Freer of thy Windy Stuff, because thou comest easily by it, for thou dost but turn over thy Concordances, and the Indexes of thy Books, and where soever thou findest any Thing of *Quake, Tremble and Shake*, from the Motion of the Heavens to the Wagging of a Dogs's-Tail, thou appliest it right, or wrong, unto *Us*; and that it may seem to be to some Purpose, thou dost always print it in *CAPITAL LETTERS*, because such were heretofore to very good Purpose, imprinted on thy Cheeks by the Ministrations of that Son of *Belial*, the Executioner. But I cannot understand how thou, or thy Rabble of Saints, could answer the Churches for committing the abominable Sin of *Bays* and *Rosemaryness*, which they had before, and have since so often condemned; for if it be idolatrous and superstitious (as they have determined) to stick those Creatures in the Windows of Steeple-houses, much more must it be on their own Vessels. All that they have (in my Opinion) to say for themselves, is, that they serv'd thee up (like a *Westphalia* Ham) with *Bays*, as thou art a *Pagan* Poet, according to the profane Custom of thy Forefathers the Heathen; tho' he that has the Patience to read thy vile untunable Ditties, will rather take thee for an *Irish* Rat-catcher, that is said to Rhime Vermin to Death, than the *English* *Prudentius*, or *Robert Wisdom*, Junior, as some of thine own Tribe style thee, according to the Flesh; for thou dost abuse Scripture most unconscionably, against its own exprefs Command, in casting Holy Things into Doggrel, which is worse and more abominable than unto Dogs; and this thou performest so dully, that some of the *Virtuoso's* have been puzzled to find out the Reason of it, 'till they were informed; but when thou writest thou dost use always to set a Death's Head on the Desk before thee, as one *Campanello*, a *Popish* Friar, is said to have done the Pictures of those he intended to address his Writings; and found it most certain, upon several Experiments, that the Person to the Resemblance of whose Countenance he could nearest force and screw his own, was always most pleas'd with his Writings: And this they are confident is the natural Reason why thy Compositions are so flat and dull, that they will hardly hold 'till the Ink is dry; and when they are printed, no

me of an Hundred will endure the Stitching, but turn
 to such homely Uses as they are most fit and proper for.
 Truly, *William*, if I were your Friend, I should advise
 you to leave this Freak of the Death's Head, lest the
 young Gentlemen of the House surprize you again, (as
 you know they once did at Midnight) and make you
 drink Health's-Sickness in it again, on your bare Marrow-
 bones. But I wonder in what Part of the World thy
 Readers live, if there are any such Creatures in Nature!
 Verily, they ought to have their Shoulders grow above
 their Heads (like *John Mandevil's* People in *Africk*) for
 there is more of Labour and Drudgery than Under-
 standing required, and they ought to have a large Mea-
 sure of *Patience*, *Long-suffering*, and *Ignorance*, that can
 endure to read one Page of thine: For as in the *North*,
 the more dirty and foul the Highways are, the larger
 Measure they allow to their Miles; even so dost thou to
 thy tedious dull Impertinencies; insomuch, that some are of
 Opinion, that thy Readers ought to be dieted like Run-
 ning Nags, before they can be in Breath to read thy long
 winded Periods, which none but such as thyself will sub-
 mit to; for, if few Words, do best with the Wise, none
 of those will ever endure to have any Thing to do with
 thee. And yet I have heard, that thou dost not a little
 glory, that thy Works have past thro' all Sorts of Times,
 but only those wherein they were refuted by the Hand
 of thy old Anatagonist the Hangman) without Dispute,
 or Question.

It is very true indeed, they are utterly incapable of
 Confutation, as some Places are rendered impregnable by
 their barren rocky Situations, or by being fortified with
 Muddwalls and Ditches. He that should venture to en-
 counter thee at thy own Weapon, might be said to revive
 the old Way of fighting with Sandbags, the true Types
 of thy dry disjointed Stuff; and besides, must of Necessity
 cite so many Sorts of Wares from *Plumbs* and *Sugar*, to
Mundungus and *Ratsbane*, with which thy Works are
 always bound up, that his Writings will be charged with
 Quotations, as full and dull as thine own: But since so
 many *Cbandlers* and *Haberdashers* of *small Wares* have
 undertaken to confute thee, and proceeded so far therein
 already, it were an Act of great Imprudence to take the

Task

96 *The QUAKERS against, &c.*

Task out of their Hands who are best able to go through with it: And therefore I shall leave it to them to determine, whether thou hast substantially and solidly prov'd the *Quakers* to be Jesuitical, Romish, Capuchin Frogs, with Masks on their Faces, put on by the Jesuits, and pull'd off by thee, as thou dost confidently undertake to perform in the Title Page. Truly, *William*, I do confess those Jesuits are dangerous Fellows, thou hadst best look about thee, and have a care, for it is verily believ'd by many knowing Persons, that they have always set thee on Work no less than the *Independents*; and have receiv'd a better Return from thy Horse-like Drudgery, tho' thou hast no more Wit to perceive than a Fool has to know by what Hand it is set on Work. And if they bewitched the *Quakers* (as thou dost confidently affirm) it is most certain they have drawn thee into that Feat too. For if it be true, as some carnal Learned Men aver, that Witches fetch the Materials of their Medicines from Gibbets and Pillories, the Parings of thine Ears have been among their Ingredients, and thou art guilty thereof.

But I fear I begin to be like thee, that is, tedious to no Purpose, for I do not expect that any Thing can do good upon thee, who hast been so often incorrigible to the Laws; for as the Strength of two Men in their Wits is not sufficient to hold down and quiet one Mad-man, even so art thou Proof against all Reason and Light, and therefore I will cast away no more upon thee, but leaving thee to thine own Darknes, with the old Saying, bid thee twice Good-night.



WILLIAM



WILLIAM PRYNNE'S ANSWER.

John Audland,



THOU Quaking Quack, Jesuitical Romish Franciscan Frog, see my *Quaker unmasked*, page 1. 13. Thou art the Devil's Dice-Box, which he Shakes, Rattles, Wags, to gull, cheat, delude, and seduce the intoxicated giddy-headed *English Nation*. Thou art sick of thy Church, and hast catch'd thy Religion like a Palsy, Epilepsy, Ague, and art taken with Tertian, Quartan, Quotidian cold Fits, at thy superstitious, idolatrous Jesuitical Meetings, Assemblies, Conventicles. See my *Healtb's Sicknes*, p. 150. *The Northern Blast*, p. 90 *The Pope crossing the Cudgels*, p. 297. Where thou say'st I have no Ears, &c. therein thou shewest that thou hast no Light, Reason, Understanding; for as a House is judged to be a House in Law as long as any Part is standing; and a light Piece of Gold is good and lawful *English* Coin, current with Allowance, altho' it be clipt, filed, wash'd, or worn; even so are my *Ears* legal, warrantable, and sufficient *Ears*, and good in Law, however they have been clipt, par'd, cropt, circumcis'd; and I have a better Title to the Remainders than thou hast to thine, for they have been twice adjudged to me by the Laws of the Land, which thine never were: For those Parcels, Scraps, Shreds, that I was deprived of, did but confirm my Right to those that are (see my own Abridgment at large, pag. 29. *Liste upon Gerrard*. pag. 26. *The Legality of Treason*, in two Parts, S. G. upon both, pag. 666.) lest for, *exceptio firmat legem in casibus non exceptis*.

This shews that the Light within thee, of which thou dost vapour, brag, vaunt, and extol thy self so much, is but a kind of dusky Owl-light, a trembling twinkling,

F

stinking

stinking Snuff, which thou carriest in thy Paunch, Guts, Bowels, as an Ox, Bull, or Cow, doth Tallow to make Candles of, or the Cattle of *Lincolnshire* do the Fewel of the Country; and thou knowest who it was that looked over *Lincoln*, and cried, *All's mine*, as he will in time do over ye *Quakers*, Frogs, Vipers. See my *Hidden Works of Darknes*, pag. 400. *A Looking Glasse for a blind Guide*, pag. 79. *Fryers a Fry of Frogs*, pag. 220, &c.

Whereas thou sayest, urgest and objectest, that I would have made an *Act of Parliament*, therein thou art mistaken, deceived and deluded, for I would rather have marred, spoiled and perverted one, according to the Sense, Judgment, and Opinion of the House, (and *ejus est interpretari cujus est condere*; see *Braſton*) by putting in, adding and inserting some Thing, or Things, of my own Invention, Wit, Contrivance, that had not passed their Votes; and putting out, erasing, and expunging other Things, which had, which cannot be said, held, or judged to be a Breach of Law, because it was before it was made one; and if it had been so, yet it would have proved no great Crime, Fault, Offence, for *Exchange* (thou knowest) is *no Robbery*. See *The Foot out of the Snare*, pag. 53. *Prynne's Principles*, pag. 200, which is more than you can say, produce, or allege for yourselves, who are a Generation, Spawn, Litter of Vipers, Frogs, Serpents; so obstinate, peremptory, incorrigible, that you break the Act of Parliament, at the same Time that it is put in Execution against you, like unto a Cutpurse that picks a Pocket when he is going to be hang'd; for you croud, thrust and intrude yourselves into Prisons by Shoals, that you may, in Defiance of Law, Government, Authority, meet more than five together, although it be in the Goal. See my *Sword of Christian Magistracy suppressed*, pag. 550. *The Sectary dissected*, pag. 82.

Whereas thou say'st, I write in the Style, Form, Language of a *Conveyance*, therein I do according to my Profession, Calling, Vocation, and if thou hadst done so too, thou hadst been but a Mechanick still, and hadst not ordained thy self a Hedge Sir *John*, of an orderless Order and unruly Rule, the Original, Rise, or Beginning whereof, is as uncertain as the Head, or Heads, of *Nile*, or the hatching of Woodcocks; for no body can tell

from

from whence it came. (See *Truth triumphing*, pag. 79. *The Jesuit a Jebusite*, pag. 904.) a Church, or rather Chapel indeed, that is built upon a *Quaking Bog*, (mark that) or flat Quicksand, without Superior, or Inferior, in it, like the Knights of King *Arthur's* (See the *Seven Champions of Christendom*) round Table, or the Serpent *Amphisbæna* (of which see *Pliny*) that has a Head at both Ends.

Mahomet, the false Prophet of the *Turks*, was the first Prophet, Patriarch, Founder of the *Quakers*: For he had Trembling Trances, and frantick Fits of the *Falling-sickness*, in which he had Revelations, Dreams, Visions, whisper'd into his Ear by a Dove, Pidgeon, or Widgeon, that he had instructed and taught, used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, or Ears; which Seeds are the Seeds of your Church as well as his, for they produce the very same Fruits, Effects, Workings in both, and both equally hope to be saved by him. And hence it is, that all your Wishes, Longings, Desires, are in the *Turks* over-running of Christendom; for as both they and you account Fools, Ideots, Madmen, Saints; you do not doubt but to pass easily for such with them, for you great Abilities in those Gifts. And therefore as your Brethren, the afore-said *Turkish Mahometan Fanaticks*, devote, destine, damn themselves to Destruction, meerly to tire, weary, make Work for, and put a stop to the Christians in their Wars; and fill up Ditches, Grafts, Trenches with their Bodies, Carcases, outward Men, for their Fellow Mussel-men to march over, even ye also think to weary out the Officers of Justice, with your numberless Numbers, and render yourselves as hard to be cast out as *Legion* the Devil incorporate did, of whom ye are a Type. See *The Stationers Beacon fired*, 1200. *The Sectary in Sippets*, pag. 202.

By all which it appears, that ye have a *Turk*, as well as a *Pope*, in your Bellies, and that ye delight in Persecution, in Affliction, Tribulation, as some old extravagant fantastick Fornicators find a Pleasure in being whipp'd; and out of these Sores ingender one another, by equivocal Generation, as Flies blow Maggots, which afterwards become Flies, and blow others. See my *Rome's Master-piece*, pag. 808. *Settle brain for a Sectary*, pag. 9. *A Syringe for a sore Sinner*, pag. 78.

That you are Jesuitical, Romish, Franciscan Frogs, Witches, Sorcerers, appears in that ye meet to quake, tremble, quiver, and converse with your Spirits, Imps, Familiars, and that ye came from *Rome* out of the *North*, from whence Evil and Destruction cometh, as I have proved, cleared, demonstrated, and evinced in my *Quaker Unmask'd*, p. 84. *Light's Darknes*, p. 26. For as the Needle in the Mariner's Compass *Trembles*, (mark that) and points to the *North*, even so do ye, ye trembling, quivering, shivering *Quakers*. And as Witches are most frequent in the *North*, and the colder the Climate is, the apter are the Inhabitants thereof (see my *first Answer to thy self*) to quake, &c. it follows, that *Quakers* and *Witches* are of the Growth of the same Place, and both of the same Nature, Quality and Condition: For as *Witches* swim upon the Water like light Scum, even so are *Quakers* the Scum of the Earth, that shake themselves like Water Dogs when they come out of a Pond. See my *Popish Royal Favourite*, p. 800. *Sweet Sips of Soul-savingness*, p. 53. Lastly, As *Witches* liquor their Staves and fly through the Air, even so do *Quakers* liquor their Throats with enchanted Potion, and gape to suck in the Air that it may fly through them, and blow the Light within them. (See *Emmot and Gilpin*, p. 7. *Aldermanbury Bottle opened*, p. 10.) at their Exorcisms rather than Exercises of Devotion.

Whereras thou say'st I was branded, burnt, or stigmatiz'd in the Cheek, 'tis true, I was so, nor am I at all asham'd of, or sorry for, or abas'd thereat, but rather set a greater Value on my self therefore, as I believe I have very good Cause, Consideration to do, for I was only us'd like a sealed Measure, burnt, branded for being true. See my Verses written on this Occasion in the Tower of *London*, in *hac Verba*.

*Of this Opinion William Prynne was the
Sixth Day of March, six Hundred thirty three.*

Now was it improper, unfit, or unbecoming a Man of my Profession, Cloath, Vocation, that is to measure equal Law, Right, Justice between Man and Man. See *Truth Triumphant*, p. 10. *The Pricking Provender of Prelacy*, p. 907. As

As for the Jesuits, who thou say'st made use of the Scraps of my Ears, to bewitch the *Quakers*, &c. If they did so, it was no Fault of mine, nor am I bound to answer for it; for when the aforesaid Parings, Scraps, Shreds, were sever'd from my Freehold, they were no longer mine, nor am I to be accountable for the evil Administration of them, when they were out of my Power, Charge, Tuition. But if they had been in my own Possession, and the Jesuits had stolen them to bewitch the *Quakers* to listen to their Enchantments, it is not just that I should answer for their Ears and my own too. See *Speculum Insect.* p. 95. *The Frantick Franciscan*, p. 700. *A Hole pick'd in the Pope's Coat*, p. 30. Whereas thou say'st the *Brethren*, *Godly*, &c. rode out with the *Sisters*, *Helpers*, &c. I do confess, thank, acknowledge their Loving-kindness therein; and if they did Evil in sticking *Rosemary* and *Bays* upon their Vessels, Bodies, outward Folks, as thou say'st, against the Doctrine and Discipline of the *Presbyterian Church*, it is no more than the Members, Tools, Limbs of the Devil and thy Synagogue did to the Patriarch Patron, and Founder of them, *James Naylor*, whom they exalted above his Brethren upon an Ass, and ran bare before both, against the fundamental, known, establish'd Rule, Canon, Constitution, of their disorderly Order. See *The Buckle of the Canonical Girdle turn'd*, p. 63. *The Quaker Quasb'd*, p. 4.

Whereas thou say'st my Works are bound up in Hat-cases, &c. If thou would'st but buy one of those, and put thy Hat therein, it would operate upon, and instill in thy Noddle, sconce Logger-head, more Sense, Reason, Understanding, and teach thee better Manners than to keep it on before a Court of Justice; by which thou dost but shew, declare, demonstrate, that thou hast a Crack, Flaw, soft place in thy Skull; and in that Respect art very careful to keep it warm, lest thy sickly Brains (if thou hast any) should take cold, and as for those Chandlers and Haberdashers of small Wares, &c. which thou say'st have undertaken to oppose, answer, confute me: Verily, they will find it a harder Task than they are aware of, for I have already Written, Printed, Published 160 odd Works, Books, Labours; and before they have done with those, do not doubt to have as many more in

a Readiness, and to find Employment, Work, Business enough for them all ; as long as Church and State can furnish, store, supply me with Subject-Matter : Provided I may have Process enough to carry on the Work, and can but procure, induce, engage our *Presbyterian* Brethren, the *Nonconformists*, to help, aid and assist me, which (it being so much for their own Advantage, Interest, Concernment, and they having, at present, nothing else to do) I do not doubt to obtain.

!XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX!

The GENEVA BALLAD.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

I.



F all the Factions in the Town Wheels,
Mov'd by *French* Springs, or *Flemish*,
None turns Religion upside down,
Or tears Pretences out at Heels,
Like *Splaymouth* with his brace of Caps,
Whose Conscience might be scann'd perhaps,
By the Dimensions of his Chaps.

II.

He whom the Sisters so adore,
Counting his Actions all divine,
Who, when the Spirit hints, can roar,
And, if Occasion serves, can whine ;
Nay, he can bellow, bray, or bark,
Was ever *sike a Beau*-learn'd Clerk,
That speaks all *Lingua's* of the Ark ?

III.

To draw the Hornets in like Bees,
With pleasing Twangs he tones his Prose ;
He gives his Handkerchief a squeeze,
And draws *John Calvin* thro' his Nose ;
Motive on Motive he obtrudes,
With slip-stocking Similitudes,
Eight Uses more, and so concludes.

IV.

IV.

When Monarchy began to bleed,
And Treason bad a fine new Name ;
When *Thames* was balderdash'd with *Tweed*,
And Pulpits did like Beacons flame ;
When *Jeroboam's* Calves were rear'd,
And *Laud* was neither lov'd, nor fear'd,
This Gospel-Comet first appear'd.

V.

Soon his unhallow'd Fingers stript
His Sov'reign Leige of Pow'r and Land :
And having smote his Master, slipt
His Sword into his Fellow's Hand :
But he that wears his Eyes may note,
Oft-times the Butcher binds a Goat,
And leaves his Boy to cut her Throat.

VI.

Poor *England* felt his Fury then
Outweigh'd Queen *Mary's* many Grains ;
His very Preaching slew more Men,
Than *Bonnar's* Faggots, Stakes and Chains ;
With Dog-Star Zeal and Lungs like *Boreas*,
He fought and taught, and what's notorious,
Destroy'd his Lord to make him glorious.

VII

Yet drew for *King* and *Parliament*,
As if the Wind cou'd stand *North-South*,
Broke *Moses* Law with blest Intent,
Murther'd, and then he wip'd his Mouth.
Oblivion alters not his Case,
Nor Clemency, nor Acts of Grace,
Can blanch an *Ethiopian's* Face.

VIII.

Ripe for Rebellion he begins
To rally up the Saints in Swarms,
He bawles aloud, *Sir, leave your Sins*,
But whispers. *Boys, stand to your Arms.*

104 *The GENEVA BALLAD.*

Thus he's grown insolently rude,
Thinking his Gods can't be subdu'd,
Money, I mean, and Multitude.

IX.

Magistrates he regards no more
Than *St. George*, or the King of *Colon*,
Vowing he'll not conform before
The old Wives wind their Dead in Woollen.
He calls the Bishop *Grey-beard Coff*,
And makes his Pow'r as meer a Scoff
As *Dagon*, when his Hands were off.

X.

Hark! how he opens with full Cry,
Hallow my Hearts, beware of ROME!
Cowards that are afraid to die,
Thus make domestic Broils at Home.
How quietly Great *Charles* might Reign,
Would all these Hot-spurs cross the Main,
And preach down Popery in *Spain*.

XI.

The starry Rule of Heaven is fixt,
There's no Dissention in the Sky;
And can there be a Mean betwixt
Confusion and Conformity?
A Place divided never thrives,
'Tis bad when Hornets dwell in Hives,
But worse where Children play with Knives.

XII.

I wou'd as soon turn back to Mass,
Or change my Phrase to *Thee* and *Thou*:
Let the *Pope* ride me like an Ass,
And his Priests milk me like a Cow!
As Buckle to *Smectymnian* Laws,
The bad Effects o'th' *Good old Cause*,
That have Doves Plumes, but Vultures Claws.

XIII.

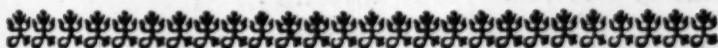
For 'twas the *Holy Kirk* that nurs'd
The *Brownists* and the *Ranters* Crew;

Foul

Foul Error's motly Vesture first
Was coated in a Northern Blue :
And what's th' enthusiastick Breed,
Or Men of *Knipperdolin's* Creed,
But Cov'nanters run up to Seed.

XIV.

Yet they all cry they love the King,
And make boast of their Innocence :
There cannot be so vile a Thing
But may be cover'd with Pretence :
Yet when all's said, one Thing I'll swear
No Subject like th' old Cavalier,
No Traytor like *Jack-Presbyter*.



The ROUND-HEAD.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER, *Author of*
HUDIBRAS.



HAT Creature's that with his short Hairs,
His little Band, and huge long Ears,
That this new Faith hath founded ?
The Saints themselves were never such,
The Prelate ne'er rul'd half so much,
O ! Such a Rogue's a Round-Head.

II.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,
And counts their Calling Reprobate,
'Cause by the Pope propounded :
And thinks a zealous Cobler better,
Than learned *Usher* in ev'ry Letter ?
O ! Such a Rogue's a Round-Head.

III.

What's he that doth High-Treason say,
As often as his *Yea* and *Nay*,

106 The ROUND-HEAD.

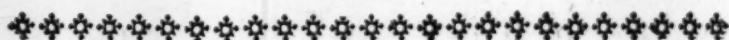
And with the King confounded;
And dares maintain that Mr. Pim
Is fitter for a Crown than him?
O! Such a Rogue's a Round-Head.

IV.

What's he that if he chance to hear
A little piece of *Common-Prayer*,
Doth think his Conscience wounded;
Will go five Miles to Preach and Pray,
And meet a Sister by the Way?
O! Such a Rogue's a Round-Head.

V.

What's he that met a Holy Sister,
And in a Haycock gently kiss'd her?
O! Then his Zeal abounded:
'Twas underneath a shady Willow,
Her Bible serv'd her for a Pillow,
And there he got a Round-Head.



The TURN-COAT.

To the Tune of, *London is a fine Town.*

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER, Author of
HUDIBRAS.

I.



Lov'd no King since Forty One,
When Prelacy went down,
A Cloak and Band I then put on,
And preach'd against the Crown.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat is a cunning Man,
That cants to Admiration,
And prays for any King, to gain
The People's Approbation.*

II.

I shew'd the Paths to Heav'n untrod,
From Pop'ry to refine 'em,
And taught the People to serve God,
As if the Devil were in 'em,
Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

III.

When *Charles* return'd into our Land,
The *English* Church Supporter,
I shifted off my Cloak and Band,
And so became a Courtier.
Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

IV.

The King's Religion I profess,
And found there was no harm in't;
I cogg'd and flatter'd, like the rest,
'Till I had got Preferment,
Chorus.

A Turncoat, &c.

V.

I taught my Conscience how to cope
With Honesty, or Evil;
And when I rail'd against the Pope,
I sided with the Devil.

Chorus.

*A Turncoat is a cunning Man,
That Cants to admiration,
And prays for any King, to gain
The People's Approbation.*





*The CHARACTERS of the FIVE
SECTARIES, the Presbyterian,
Independent, Anabaptist, Quaker, and
Fifth-Monarchy-Man. Concluding with
Advice to King CHARLES, II.*



OUR antient Poets sung of Crowds
Of Gods that dwelt beyond the Clouds,
And of the Goddesses they bedded,
As Mortals do their Wives when wedded:
Which shews, that in those pious Days,
The World did many Altars raise,
And taught by Poet, well as Priest,
Ador'd the Gods they lik'd the best;
Yet ne'er disputed unto whom
They paid a publick Hecatomb;
Or why one Great Immortal Brother
Was more respected than another:
But all were mutually agreed
To worship with most solemn heed,
The Gods of whom they'd greatest need:
As Flatterers adore those Friends
At Court, who best can serve their Ends,
And cringe to him whose giving Hand
Has most Donations at Command:
The Ambitious Man apply'd to *Jove*,
Th' Am'rous to the God of Love,
The Soldier to victorious *Mars*,
To keep him safe from Wounds and Scars;
The Poet to *Apollo's* Shrine,
The Toper to the God of Wine,
The Whore to *Venus* for Gallants,
To cool her Lust and ease her Wants;
The Hunter and abstemious Maid
Oblations to *Diana* paid,

And

The CHARACTERS of, &c. 109

And Mariners in all Distress,
Apply'd to *Neptune* for Redress :
A Thousand Deities beside,
And Demi-Gods to Gods ally'd,
Were worshipp'd in the Times of old,
As were by antient Authors told :
Nay, some ador'd, for sundry Reasons,
The Sun, that gives the World its Seasons ;
And to the Moon, that shines by Night,
Paid equal Homage for her Light ;
Whilst others were such pious Fools,
To worship even Geese and Owls ;
And without Cavils, or Disputes,
Oblations made to Birds and Brutes,
And with rich costly Banquets serv'd
Each wooden God themselves had carv'd :
Altho' they knew the Log divine
No Stomach had to Meat, or Wine ;
But in those Days they'd Priests that us'd
To pick up what their Gods refus'd,
Wisely considering 'twas not fitting
Good Food should spoil for want of eating.
However, in those Pious Times,
Mankind were conscious of their Crimes,
And would not bluster, rave and bicker
For Dame Religion in their Liquor,
As roaring Bullies do when tipsy,
For this fair Punk, or that lewd Gypsy.
Then Garlands were on Maypoles hung,
Where Nymphs and Shepherds danc'd and sung,
And rural Swains with Pipes and Tabors
Delighted both themselves and Neighbours,
Enjoy'd their Bread in Peace and Quiet,
Without Contention, Feud, or Riot ;
Obey'd their Princes unmolested,
And pay'd due Rev'rence to the Priest-hood ;
But in these Days of Reformation,
When Faith depends on Revelation,
And we but one Great God adore,
The giddy World is plagu'd with more
Religious Whims than heretofore :

}

As

110 *The CHARACTERS of*

As if each dreaming *Tom-a-doodle*,
 With crop-ear'd melancholy Noddle,
 Had right to tease, misguide and bait us
 With some new holy *Ignis fatuus*,
 And putting on a sober Face,
 That outward Sign of inward Grace,
 Pretend without a Page of Learning,
 To be more knowing and discerning,
 In all mysterious holy Matters,
 Than half a hundred *Pauls*, or *Peters*.

The first of these that undermine
 The Church and all that is Divine,
 Is prick-ear'd *Presbyterian Jack*,
 That preaching, praying, whining Quack,
 Who does more harm 'mong Female Plackets,
 Than old *Ponteus* with his Packets.
 A King he hates, tho' for no Reason,
 But for the Love he bears to Treason;
 The very best of God's Vicegerents,
 By him are represented Tyrants:
 All Loyalty, but flatt'ring Knav'ry,
 And true Allegiance, down-right Slav'ry.
 Yet none can more imperious be,
 Or claim more Reverence than he.
 To Bishops he's a Foe most spiteful,
 The very Name to him is frightful;
 And Lawn he scorns, because his Merit,
 He knows can never reach to wear it.
So he that travels thro' the Streets
On Foot, derides the Coach he meets,
Not for its rattling thro' the Town,
But 'cause himself has ne'er a one.

When e'er in boarded Booth he teaches,
 The only Doctrine that he preaches,
 Is loudly railing 'gainst his Betters,
 And binding Kings in Chains and Fetters,
 That all within his Holy Place,
 May suck Rebellion in with Grace,
 And when Occasion serves, be ready
 To pull down Sov'reign Lord, or Lady.
 The Church he wickedly blasphemes,
 And shews his Malice in Extreams;

Condemns

Condemns her to his gaping Hearers,
 For holding many Popish Errors;
 Calls her the *Babylonian Whore*,
 And gives her fifty Titles more,
 Deriv'd from *Calvin*, *Knox*, and others,
 That justly may be deem'd their Brothers.
 His Morals are entirely such
 As held and practis'd by the *Dutch*,
 Extracted from *Geneva College*,
 Where callow Saints improve their Knowledge,
 And learn, when young, to cover base
 Opinions with a godly Face :
 And as some wise Observers tell us,
 To be religiously Rebellious,
 And misapply, like mad Divines,
 The Word of God to bad Designs.
*So pious Matron that beguiles
 Her Husband, and her Bed defiles,
 To shew her undigested Goodness,
 Talks Scripture even in her Lewdness.*

The next Reformer of the Nation,
 Who cants and Prays by Inspiration,
 Affects the Name of *Independent*,
 In vile Hypocrisy transcendent ;
 This Saint receives his Ordination
 From th' Elders of the Congregation,
 They give him Pow'r to first conduct 'em,
 Then does he bless 'em and instruct 'em ;
 And by Long Lectures ill collected,
 Direct 'em as they'd be directed :
 Learning and all Degrees of Schools
 They hold unnecessary Rules,
 And think, by Grace, a Cobling Zealot
 May prove as wise as Priest, or Prelate,
 And expound Scripture to their Hearers
 By Inspiration without Errors,
 As well as he who has at College
 Chopt *Logic* to improve his Knowledge.
 Church Matters they debate by Laymen,
 And give great Privilege to Women,

Allow

Allow their Teachers, who can Stitch
 A Shoe, perhaps, as well as preach,
 To mind their Works all Days but one Day,
 On which they cant, and that's the *Sunday*.
 Their Teachers have no Pow'r supream
 O'er those they teach, but they o'er them;
 And for the meanest trivial Things
 Depose them as they would their Kings:
 First taught by Jesuits in disguise,
 To foster what the Church denies,
 And to maintain such heath'nish Points
 As make 'em such rebellious Saints:
 From them and other Priests of *Rome*,
 Who, to confound us, hither come,
 The Independing Saint derives
 Those wretched Tenets he revives,
 And all that stiff-neck'd holy Pride
 The Zealot shews in e'ery Stride:
 His quaint Grimace, as full of Spight
 As pamper'd Horse just going to bite:
 His Cloak, his Collar, and his Band,
 That do more Mischief underhand
 Than fifty Guides of Parish Flocks
 Do good by drumming Orthodox.
 Among these rank rebellious Weeds,
 The *Anabaptist* next succeeds;
 These Saints derive their way of fooling
 From *Sutor*, *Humour*, *Knipperdoling*,
Hut, *Hetzer*, *Hofman*, and a Crew
 Of frantick Fools, the Lord knows who:
 Some Botchers, others Cobling Zealots,
 That follow'd neither Priests nor Prelates,
 But roar'd at both, like Bear, or Dragon,
 And preach'd sometimes without a Rag on,
 Which made the Women flock to see
 The Tokens of their Sanctity,
 And to behold the naked Truth,
 As well as hear it from the Mouth.
 These Sons of Grace and of Adoption,
 Refin'd from Sin and all Corruption,

So cross-grain'd, holy and morose,
 Love Coin, altho' they hate the Cross;
 Are therefore full of idle Scepti'sm,
 Concerning of its Sign in Baptism;
 Nor can his Intellects conclude
 The Type of Sprinkling to be good;
 Yet will in solemn Words assert,
 He loves the Church with all his Heart,
 And cou'd conform with a Proviso,
 She'd into *Bapto* change *Baptizo*.
 His Doctrine chiefly is upon
 The antient Use of *Baptist John*,
 Whose sacred Customs the Enthusion
 Prefers t'our Saviour's Institution;
 And rather than with God comply,
 Will upon mortal Men rely,
 Who was not worthy to unloose,
 The Latchets of our Saviour's Shoes.
 The Font he will not hear a Word on,
 But flies away to th' River *Jordan*;
 And tho' no sprinkling will go down,
 He'll dip you there until you drown.
*Thus many at a Straw will stumble
 That leap o'er Logs and never grumble.
 So the stiff Conscience of those
 Who are the Church's greatest Foes,
 With little Sins are apt to struggle,
 But swallow great ones without boggle.*

The *Quaker* next, that Quirpo Saint,
 In Dress and Speech so very quaint,
 Whose holy Pride would chuse much rather
 To hazard Hell than say, *Our Father*;
 Or sooner bend to Psalm, or Psalter,
 Than bow his Head before the Altar:
 Among the rest promotes the Notion
 Of Pop'ry and of Persecution,
 And in his groaning Fits abuses
 The Church for what she never uses;
 Cries out the Horned Beast, the Dragon,
 The Scarlet Whore, the Pope, the Pagan.

When

When all the Whims that cause his Sadness
 Proceed from Folly, Zeal and Madness,
 Which in his crazy Crown unite,
 And kindle what he calls the Light,
 An *Ignis fatuus* that betwitches,
 Like that which springs from marshy Ditches,
 And leads him into foul Mistakes,
 As t'other into thorny Brakes.

Much Conscience he pretends to use,
 But deals with Churchmen as with Jews;
 And tho' he will not swear, will play
 The cunning Knave, by *Yea* and *Nay*,
 With sober *Verilies* out-wit ye,
 And in a solemn Manner cheat ye;
 Defies the Wicked to deceive him,
 Yet cozens all Men that believe him,
 And costly Sins, for which he cares not,
 Makes up with lying, tho' he Swears not,
 Which shews his Conscience can detest
 All Vice but what he likes the best.

*As Women who reserve their Kisses,
 Because they value not Love's Blissess,
 Compound for the neglect of Joy,
 And to the Closet-Bottle fly.*

The next pretending Son of Grace,
 With formal Mein and solemn Face,
 Is the *Fifth Monarchy* Enthusion,
 The Pink and Pattern of Confusion;
 A stubborn Rebel who to tease us,
 Will own no other King but *Jesus*;
 And him, was he on Earth to reign,
 The Saints would crucify again,
 Or serve him as themselves and Fellows,
 Who were a Scandal to the Gallows,
 Did the best King, the bravest Sov'reign,
 That e'er had Right Divine to govern.
 These, if the Devil e'er possess
 One wicked Sect above the Rest,
 Are surely those whose Words and Actions
 Are under *Belzebub's* Directions.
 In this Enthusiastick Herd
 The maddest of the Saints appear'd,

Those

the FIVE SECTARIES. 115

Those sacred Rogues who were the proudest
Of Deeds the blackest and the bloody't,
And had the saving Grace to boast
Of the worst Villanies the most,
As if they wanted to excel, —
On Earth, the Wickedness of Hell,
And vilely hop'd, by dint of Blood,
To turn all Evil into Good.

*As Rebels when they win the Day,
O'er lawful Pow'rs usurp the Sway,
And by new Precepts of their own
Charge all the Crimes themselves have done,
On these they've wrong'd and overthrown.* }

Of these and all the other Saints,
Who've given the Christian Church such Rents,
Murder'd their King, usurp'd the Throne,
And turn'd the Kingdom upside down:
O England ! England ! have a Care,
No Mercy shew, or justice spare,
To whining holy Cheats that pray,
As Witches do the backward Way,
And ne'er invoke the God of Peace,
Except to bless their Villanies.

O England ! look a little back,
Behold how daring and how black
A Progress they had lately made,
When all was in Confusion laid,
And no Man's Life, or his Estate,
Secure from their rebellious Hate ;
The Churches they to Stables turn'd,
And Prisons, where the Loyal mourn'd ;
The Pulpit to a sinful Box
Of Treason, 'stead of Orthodox ;
Whitehall, where Princes us'd to meet,
Transform'd into a Rebel's Seat,
Where Pious Knaves, with one Accord,
Together kneel'd to seek the Lord ;
The Nation to a Field of Blood,
Where Taytors triumph'd o'er the Good ;
And make the profitable Toils
Of others their continual Spoils ;

The

Those

116 *The* CHARACTERS of, &c.

The Laws against the Church and Crown,
 Were turn'd to pull and keep 'em down,
 And all Religion into base
 Hypocrisy and dull Grimace.
 Therefore, O King ! let e'ery Sect.
 By wholesome Laws be duly check'd !
 Thy just Prerogative extend,
 Assert thy Throne, the Church defend,
 And timely pare the *Hydra's* Claws,
 Or thou wilt find the *Good old Cause*
 New Strength will of a sudden gather,
 And serve thee as she did thy Father.

A Key to the COURT of King
 CHARLES II. A Burlesque Po-
 em on the Lords and Ladies, written
 by Mr. Butler.

The Court Mistresses.

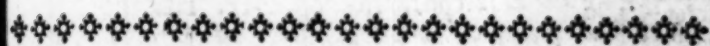


<i>THE Character of Nell Gwin.</i>	Page 9
<i>The Character of Moll Davis.</i>	10
<i>The Character of the Countess of Castlemain,</i> <i>afterwards Dutchess of Cleveland.</i>	11
<i>The Character of the Dutchess of Portsmouth.</i>	12

The Statesmen.

<i>The Character of my Lord Chancellor C——don</i>	15
<i>The Character of the Earl of D——by, Lord Treasurer</i>	16
<i>The Character of George Villiers, late Duke of Bucking-</i> <i>ham.</i>	18
<i>The Character of James Duke of Monmouth.</i>	22
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<i>The Character of John Wilmot, late Earl of Rochester.</i>	26

*The Second VOLUME of the Posthumous
WORKS, of Mr. SAMUEL BUT-
LER, Author of HUDIBRAS, writ-
ten in the Time of the Grand Rebellion,
and at the Beginning of the Restoration,
Being a Collection of Satyrs, Speeches
and Reflections upon those Times.*



To His Grace JAMES, Duke of Ormond.

S I R,

YOUR Illustrious Name, being an
Ornament to the former *Volume* of
Mr. Butler's *Posthumous Works*; the
same Editor having, with a great
deal of Difficulty, procur'd another *Volume*,
humbly begs you would be pleased to take
this likewise into your Protection, that the
scattered Remains of the inimitable Author
of *Hudibras* may not be turned naked and de-
fenceless into a censorious, stubborn and bi-
gotted Generation.

'Tis upon that Account they fly to Your
Lordship for a Passport, which will not only
be an effectual Security to them; but withal,
the greatest Honour that can be done to,

Your Grace's

Most obedient, and

most humble Servant.



T H E P R E F A C E.

THE Reputation of Mr. Butler's Writings is so effectually establish'd, that it would be both Presumption and Impertinence in me to attempt any additional Recommendation; nor would there be any Occasion for this Preface, if it were not necessary to give the Reader a few Introductory Cautions.

The most Part of the Pieces, of which this Volume is compos'd, are taken from their Original Manuscripts.

The Fable of the Lyon and Fox, and Hudibras at Court, I obtain'd by the Interest of an eminent Clergy-Man in Buckinghamshire, who had been sometime Chaplain to the old Earl of Carnarvan, who inform'd me, that Mr. Butler us'd to make long and frequent Visits to Asket, the Name of that Lord's Seat; and that at Intervals, when he was disengag'd from my Lord's Company, he writ these two, with several other Papers of the same Nature.

The Fable of the Lyon and the Fox, he believes to be his first Essay in this Kind of Poetry, and that after he had finish'd it, he dislik'd it, and threw it by, 'till Mr. Ditchfield, that was then Domestick Chaplain

Chaplain to the Family, happened to get a Copy, which he shew'd to the Clergy and other Gentlemen that came to visit my Lord, who generally took Copies of it also; some of which are to be met with in their Families at this Time; and the Applause and Credit Mr. Butler gain'd by this Fable induc'd him soon after to begin his Hudibras.

The Memoirs are Observations upon the Managements of the Regicides in the two first Years after the King's Murder. Indeed I am the more inclin'd to believe this, because I have seen several of Mr. Butler's Letters to his Friends, in which was a Part of these Memoirs, together with the Verses, as they are now interspers'd and printed with them.

The Earl of Pembroke's Speeches, as he spoke 'em in the House of Lords, were the common Talk and Sport of the Kingdom, and many of the Wits, at that Time, turn'd them into Lampoons and Ridicule; among which Mr. Butler was One, who put 'em into the Dress you now see 'em in, and sent 'em inclos'd in Letters to his particular Friends and Acquaintance; from whose Copies they were afterwards printed without Mr. Butler's Knowledge, and, as I have been told, very much against his Inclination.

The Speeches of Alderman Atkins, Pennington, Hugh Peters, &c. were written to represent the intollerable Prophaneness and Stupidity of the Faction. Mr. Butler, who was the best Master of Ridicule and Mimickry in the World, is said to have done them in Obedience to the Commands of the Lord Carbury, who, in Recompence, made him first his Secretary, and afterwards Steward of Ludlow Castle.

Hudibras

Hudibras at Court, was, without doubt, intended for a fourth Part, as it is very obvious to any Person that compares that with the other Three. How he came to drop the Design, and to conclude the first Canto with a severe Satyr upon the Court, is differently reported ; but the most general and probable Conjecture is, that after a long and fruitless Dependance upon the Promises of the King and the great Courtiers, full of Resentment, he resolves to leave the Court, to which he could never again be reconciled to the Day of his Death.

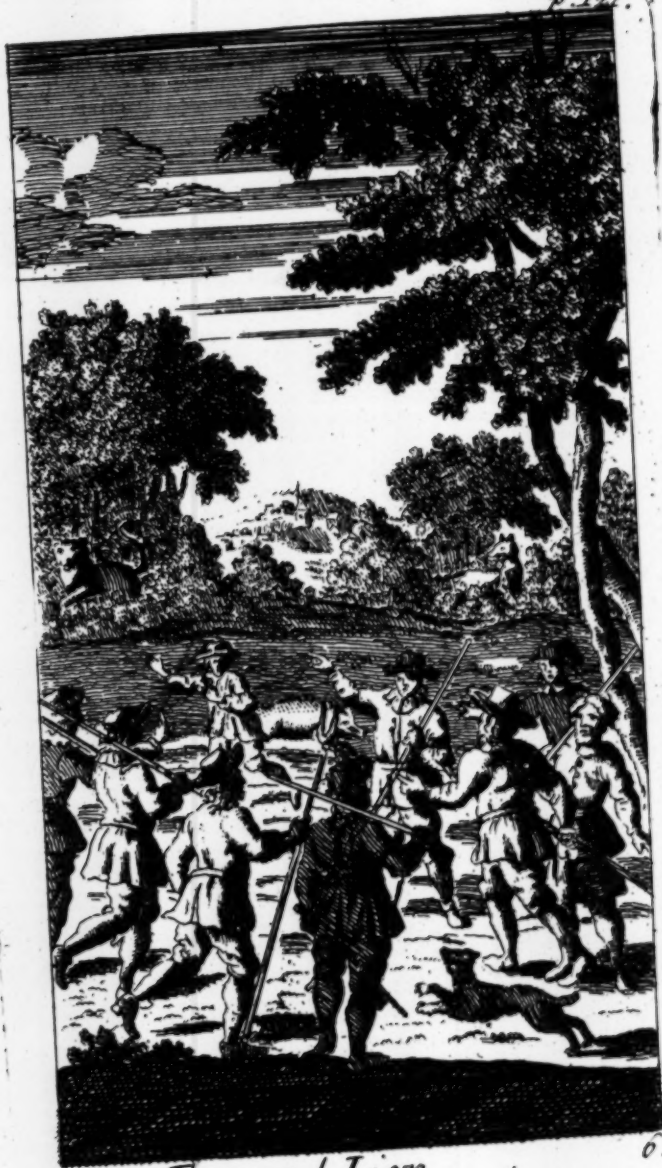


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Fox and Lion

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T H E
Second Volume
O F
Mr. *BUTLER*'s
Posthumous Works.

*The Fable of the LYON and the FOX.
Alluding to the Cause and Manner of the
Great Rebellion in the Year, 1641.*



Lyon who had uncontroul'd,
O'er many Woods and Forests roll'd,
Hearing his Subjects oft complain
Of many Hardships in his Reign ;
Resolves to go from Place to Place,
To try if he could learn the Cause.

A subtle *Fox* who near him kept,
And us'd to dog him Step by Step ;
Fearing that he, amongst the Rest,
Might be found out to be a Beast,
Whose daily Study was to bring
Contempt and Ruin on his King,
Rowls in his crafty Mind a Way,
How he his Sov'reign might betray ;

G

And

And that the Matter he might nick,
He pitch'd upon this cunning Trick.

There was a Common near a Town,
Where he had frequent Robb'ries done,
Oft kill'd young Lambs, broke open Pens,
And stole the good Wives Cocks and Hens ;
So ravenous and bold he was,
That not a Goose could go to Graze,
But he both Night and Day would watch 'em,
And by some Stratagem dispatch 'em ;
Which made the Villagers determine,
Both One and All to slay the Vermin.

Thinks he, if it shou'd happen so,
This thoughtless Brute should thither go
I'd bark and howl, and raise the Town,
That they might come and pull him down,
By which Contrivance I avoid,
To be, perhaps, my self destroy'd.

Now, as he thought, so it fell out,
For as he rang'd the Woods about,
Not dreading any Sort of Harm,
For Innocence is still a Charm,
He comes to that unlucky Place,
Where *Reynard* thus obnoxious was.

The crafty Vermin when he saw,
That he by no Means could withdraw,
Begins to yelp aloud and cry,
If you would save your Life, Sir, fly :
And still he howls with all his Might,
You have no Remedy but Flight.

The Royal Brute, whose noble Heart,
Was never known to flinch, or start,
Looks round, and seeing no one near,
Judg'd some officious Beast was there ;
Or that some Stragg'ler was that Way,
Lurking about to catch his Prey ;
Who seeing him so unexpected,
And fearing he should be detected,
Made this audacious Outcry purely,
That he might 'scape the more securely.
These were his Thoughts, until he sees
Great Crowds appear among the Trees ;

Whom

Whom to avoid, and try th' Event,
To an adjacent Brake he went,
Where he propos'd so long to lie,
'Till all the Rabble were gone by.

But as it was by Fate decreed,
That he in nothing should succeed,
A Rustick leading of a Sow,
To th' Parson's Boar, as they do now,
Happen'd to see the very Place,
Where the poor Beast secreted was.

The Fellow, who had ne'er before
Seen any Thing that went on Four,
Look half so fierce and formidable,
With all the Speed that he was able,
Throws down the Cord with which he led
The Sow to lose her Maidenhead,
And runs with all his Force and Might,
(For Fear, they say, adds Wings to Flight)
To tell that he had seen a Creature,
Of dreadful Shape and monstrous Stature;
But he but little Way had gone,
Before he saw his Neighbours come
With Clubs and Spits, Hedge-Bills and Prongs;
Nay, some, for haste, had brought the Tongs,
And some had Swords, and some had Guns,
One this, another that Way runs,
Resolving all, alive, or dead,
Reynard to bring before the Head-
Borough, who was oblig'd to pay,
Five Shillings, if they won the Day.

The crafty Fox, who was no Stranger,
Or to the Place, or his own Danger,
Steals to a Thicket that was near,
Where he what pass'd might see and hear;
And pleas'd the Virmin was to find,
All Things succeed as he design'd.

The Rustick, who did lead the Sow,
Had so much Breath recover'd now,
And seeing all his Neighbours near,
Had so far Respite from his Fear,
That he first scratch'd his Head, then hum'd,
And thus the Matter to them sum'd.

Neighbours, says he, why ; what the Pox,
Can you suppose a little *Fox*,

Tho' he was ne'er so great a Thief,
Could do us all this damn'd Mischief?

I am no Conjurer, yet know,
It cannot be, nor is it so.

Some Creature, whom the Gods imploy,
Is sent among us to destroy

Our Flocks and Herds, and will, at-last,
Upon the very Owners feast.

I will not keep you in Surprise,
I saw, just now, with both my Eyes,

So strange a Monster, that a *Fox*,
Is no more like him than an Ox.

Upon the Arms of our good King,
I've pictur'd seen just such a Thing ;

His Beard, his Tail, his Mane the same,
Only the Picture looks more tame ;

And that may well enough be said,
For one's alive, the other dead.

By this Time all the People came,
And in a Ring inclose the Man ;

And as a nice Observer finds,
That many Men have many Minds ;

Such were their different Thoughts and Notions,
Some swear, some fall to their Devotions :

Some doubt the Truth of this Relation,
Whilst others, with less Sense than Passion,

Affirm, it was a burning Shame,
They should their honest Neighbour blame,

Whose Probity had oft been seen,
When he a Juryman had been,

Both at Court-Baron and Court-Leet,
When they their Landlord's Steward meet ;

And sometimes too at Quarter-Sessions,
Where Justices for hard Expressions,

Punish poor Rogues and Whores, and Try
Some Thieves for petty Robbery.

Upon the Whole, their Doubts and Fears
Had almost set them by the Ears,

And if the Cöbler had not broke
The Ice, and with some Fury spoke,

There

There had been Bloodshed ; but, says he,
Neighbours, for shame, agree, agree ;
For, to be plain, as Cases stand,
I think we should go hand in hand :
This is no Matter of small Moment,
Then why should we our Danger foment,
By quarrelling with one another ?
I'll tell you, if he was my Brother,
Should he distrust our honest Neighbour,
I'd call him Blockhead for his Labour.
Why, what the Devil can we think,
He's neither mad, nor yet in Drink :
Nor was he wont to laugh, or scoff,
To lye and flatter, and so forth ;
Therefore, in short, I must believe,
He'd not himself, or us deceive.
Says **Desborough**, for that his Name was,
Who afterwards grew very famous,
And, as his Neighbours all can tell,
I'th' Civil Wars was Colonel ;
Nay, some there be that will not stick
To say, he was so Politick,
Or, if you will, so great a Rogue,
That when Rebellion was in Vogue,
Then he among the rest was one,
That doom'd his King to Martyrdom.
But to proceed, if any dare
Go to the Place, I'll shew you where,
Quoth he, this Monster now lies lurking,
And like some Cavalier is working,
In his mischievous Pate, some Way
Our Cattle and our selves to slay.
To this, replies the Clerk o'th' Parish,
I'd go if I was sure to perish ;
And yet, to make a little Halt,
Soft Fire doth make the sweetest Malt.
And soft and gently too go far,
The Proverbs say, 'tis so in War.
Then give me Leave, I think 'tis best,
Before that we attack the Beast,
To call a Council, and devise
To fall upon him by Surprise.

You know when Civil Broils grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why,
That I was one of those that went
To fight for King and Parliament.
When that was over, I was one
Fought for the Parliament alone;
And tho' to boast it argues not,
Pure Merit me a Halbert got,
And as Sir *Samuel* can tell,
I us'd the Weapon passing well.
This Leader was of Knowledge great,
Either in Charging, or Retreat;
Could pray and fight, and fight and pray,
Could stand it, or could run away;
And, as 'tis said, found out the Thing
To make the King oppose the King;
Of him that thus was famous for
His Courage and Success in War,
I needs must say, to be no bolder,
I learnt, in part, to be a Soldier.
But this is not a proper Place,
Nor Time, t'enlarge upon the Case.
The Foe is very near at hand,
And if we long consulting stand,
We slip an Opportunity,
Perhaps, to slay an Enemy,
That, if he had it in his Power,
Would us and all we have devour.

Here is no Room for Mediation,
Nor Treaty, nor Accommodation;
No Terms this Matter can compose,
But it must come to downright Blows,
Our very Liberties and Lives,
Our Cattle, Children, nay, our Wives,
Are all at Stake, and that's enough,
I'm sure, to make us Danger-Proof:
But as among the Saints we know,
Before they did to Battle go,
Nay, tho' they only went to plunder,
Or bring some bold Malignant under,
They always sung Staves two or three,
Until they met the Enemy.

So let us now, with one accord,
Lift up our Voices to the Lord.

'Tis true, they fought to free the Nation
From Pop'ry and Abomination,
And evil Counsellors to bring
To Justice, that seduc'd the King.
They fought to get into their Hands,
Of King and Bishops, all the Lands;
'And did,' at length, by Prayer and Fighting,
Obtain the Whole that they had Right in.

Thus far the Clerk; he that spoke next,
Was *Jeremiab* Mumble-Text;
And he was one could preach & weave,
Both others and himself deceive:
Had such a burning fiery Zeal,
For Anarchy and Commonweal,
That he could howl, and grin and cant,
Act both a Devil and a Saint.

This Minister of Reformation,
When first Rebellion came in Fashion,
Could as his Shuttle shoot his Tongue,
And Lawyer-like, prove Right was Wrong.
He'd prove Resistance was no Treason,
But grounded on the Law of Reason.
And for to kill the King, no more,
Than 'twas to rub out an old Score;
To swear, forswear, lye, and recant,
Was but the Duty of a Saint,
And that to sequester and plunder,
Did but the carnal Man bring under;
A Sort of gentle Moderation,
To save a vile malignant Nation.

He'd prove the Priests and Bishops all,
Were Servants to the Idol *Baal*,
Drones, idle Belly-Gods, and so forth;
A Crew of useless Things of no Worth.
To sum up all he would averr,
And prove a Saint could never err;
And that let Saints do what they will,
That Saints are Saints and were so still.

After this worthy Babe of Grace
Had three Times hem'd and set his Face,

He thus begins : By Inspiration.
 I find we are a sinful Nation,
 And since the Spirit gives me leave,
 I'll not my self, nor you deceive.
 And here he blew his Nose and hem'd,
 This *Item* should not be contemn'd,
 This Monster must in Course be sent,
 To warn us of our Punishment ;
 For Whoring, Drunkenness and Swearing,
 Or more ungodly Cavaliering ;
 The Cavaliering is, my Friends,
 The Cause to which our Ruin tends.
 That wicked Creature, call'd a King,
 In an abominable Thing ;
 And 'till that Monster be remov'd,
 We shall be neither blest, nor lov'd ;
 Nay, I believe, this very Brute,
 O'er all the Beasts is absolute,
 And, like the King, by Right Inherent,
 In all the Woods and Plains, Vicegerent.
 I would not carry Things too far,
 Nor overstretch the Metaphor ;
 But if we safely may rely on
 Desborough, then he's a *Lyon*,
 As arbitrary and despotick,
 As is the *Vandals* King and *Gotbick* ;
 And rules the Beasts with such a Sway,
 That if they chance to disobey,
 Off goes their Ears, as was of late,
 Of our three Worthies the hard Fate.
 Says he, for Saints to fight and jar,
 May well be call'd a Civil War ;
 But for the Saints to kill the King,
 And all his Friends, 'is no such Thing ;
 For there's a Diff'rence 'twixt the Blood
 Of Royalist and Brother-hood.
 Suppose the Beasts, for we'll suppose
 The Thing, tho' it for nothing goes,
 Should Rise at once, both one and all,
 And on this headstrong Monster fall,
 And should destroy the Branch and Root
 Of Him, and all his Whelps, to boot ;

Now

Now can a Man that is not stark
 And staring mad, or in the dark,
 Conclude the Beasts commit Offence,
 By murd'ring him they call a Prince;
 One that would worry 'em and tear 'em,
 And not for petty Crimes would spare 'em.
 What signifies the empty Word
 Of King, of Bishop, or my Lord?
 They're only common Words of course,
 And, in themselves, of little Force,
 Meer Linsey-Wolsey, Stuff and Nonsense,
 Compar'd with Liberty, or Conscience:
 There is in these two Words alone,
 More Force and Virtue, ten to one,
 Than is in all that Paultry Book,
 That is by some for Pray'rs mistook;
 Nay, the whole Bible can't afford
 A better and more useful Word,
 Than Conscience: To be plain and brief,
 Conscience of all the Words is Chief:
 I cannot name it without Passion,
 At least some secret Agitation;
 Conscience is an Internal Light,
 That ne'er goes out by Day, or Night;
 It may, perhaps, a little vary,
 As Things succeed, or Things miscarry;
 For by the Saints 'tis held, Success
 Is a sure Guide to Consciences:
 Success and Conscience are the same,
 And differ little but in Name;
 Some Consciences indeed may winch,
 Like Jades that ill stuff'd Saddles pinch;
 And we may have, spight of our Ears,
 Some inward Qualms, some Doubts and Fears,
 But then Success takes off their Sting,
 And does the Man to Temper bring.

If Conscience and Int'rest differ,
 Conscience in course will grow the stiffer;
 On th' other hand, if they agree,
 Conscience is pliant, frank and free.
 It must be own'd that any Saint,
 May boggle at the Covenant,

130 *The Fable of the LYON*

And seem a little shy and loath,
To take, for nothing, a false Oath ;
But when Success and Int'rest force,
These Things are only Things of course.

And thus went on this Holderforth,
Till a fresh Outcry stop'd his Month.
A Knight there was, of passing Worth,
Who with his Neighbours sally'd forth,
A Sportsman keen, as ever set
A Snare, or Springe, or drew a Net ;
Could find a Rabbit, or a Hare,
The best of any that was there :
And what was more, he understood
Each turn and winding of the Wood :
To speak his Character in brief,
He was among the *Poachers* chief.

As Gen'als when they go to fight,
First view the Ground, e'en so our Knight
Rid round and round about the Place,
In which the Lyon shelter'd was :
But as it happens now and then,
We fall by our own Stratagem,
So by the Sequel you will see
Th' Event of *Reynard's* Treachery.
Reynard, as you before were told,
Lay close enkennel'd in strong Hold,
Expecting when they would assail
The Royal Brute with Tooth and Nail ;
But as that Things, do often slip
The Proverb says, 'twixt Cup and Lip,
Just so it happen'd in this Case,
For Chance brings many Things to pass ;
A Beagle of the Knight's Retinue,
Coming, by chance, to an Avenue,
Did by unlucky Instinct find,
That *Reynard* lay full in the Wind ;
The Dog no sooner took the Scent,
But forward he with Fury went,
And as he runs he Opens too,
As all stanch Hounds by Nature do.
The Knight impatient of Delay,
Bawls, Hark to *Jowler*, hark away ;

For *Fowler* was a Dog, he knew,
 Ne'er cry'd it, but it must be true;
 And not to do his *Worship* wrong,
 Of Dogs none better knew the Tongue;
 Nor was a Tongue e'er better known
 Among the Dogs, than was his own.
Reynard, who heard the Cry was coming,
 Knew now there was no way but running,
 And what was worse too, he must pass
 Just where the Mob assembled was.
 About the Brake he made some Doubles,
 But that did but augment his Troubles:
 The Scent lay high, and ev'ry Round,
 To th' Dogs himself he nearer found,
 And so, before he lost more Strength,
 He thought it best to run at Length,
 And try if he could reach that Earth
 From whence he could not be got forth.

The *Lyon* who had quiet lain,
 But not, perhaps, without some Pain;
 For let a Beast be ne'er so stout,
 'Tis dangerous to engage a Rout;
 And he that will with Rabbles fight,
 Whether he be i'th' Wrong, or Right,
 Will find his Blood and Courage wasted,
 And must expect to be well basted.
 This Royal Brute, whose gen'rous Breast,
 With Doubts and Fears, tho' ne'er oppress'd,
 Yet seeing Tumults and a Hurry,
 Judg'd it unsafe for him to tarry,
 So to his Den, unseen, repairs,
 And left the *Fox* to stand the Bears.

The *Fox*, tho' subtle, strong, and swift,
 Was now reduc'd to his last Shift;
 And, as 'tis said, that Wit is best
 In sudden Causes, so the Beast
 Concludes, his Ruin to prevent,
 To try this bold Experiment.
 Near to a Plain there dwelt a Lord,
 Whose Park did store of Deer afford,
 And had all Sorts of other Game,
 For some were wild and some were tame.

Thinks he, if I could thither get,
 I should these restless Curs defeat.
 Thither, with all his Force and Might,
 The crafty Vermin took his Flight;
 And finding in the Pale, a Hole,
 Press'd, by his Danger, in he stole.
 But this had likewise been in vain,
 And he inevitably slain,
 Had not the Passage been so small,
 That not a Dog could thro' it crawl;
 And thus we see, as Stoicks hold,
 That *Fortune still doth help the Bold*,
 And the most daring subtle Knave,
 Doth often from Destruction save,
 Whilst those of Worth, and better Sort;
 Are but her Merriment and Sport.
 But to let small Adventures pass,
 Proceed we next to tell the Case,
 How *Reynard*, like a Politician,
 That had more Heads than Beast in Vision,
 And in each Head had some Design,
 The Royal Brute did undermine.

Have you not heard of one of late,
 A potent Stickler for the State;
 One that could break his Faith and Troth,
 With as much ease as eat his Broth,
 Play'd fast and loose; for and against,
 'Till he had got himself advanc'd;
 Had seen three Governments run down,
 And had a Hand in ev'ry one;
 Could sail With ev'ry Wind and Tide,
 And be on both, or either Side.
 Such was the *Fox*, such was the *Man*,
 One Beasts, the other Men trepan;
 And both alike they did enjoy
 That useful Maxim, to destroy
 Both Friend and Foe, without remorse,
 That hinder'd their rebellious Course.

New Spite and Rage the *Fox* inflame;
 To see that he had miss'd his Aim,
 And nothing less than Root and Branch
 Can ease the Tumults in his Paunch.

Accord-

Accordingly he casts about
How first to find the *Lyon* out,
And with a Look demure and civil,
That would almost deceive the Devil,
To draw him into some Adventure,
In which his Ruin needs must center.
And as the crafty Vermin thought,
So Chance about the Matter brought ;
For it fell out upon a Day,

When all the Beasts were gone away,
That to the *Lyon's* Den he posted,
And thus the pensive Brute accosted :

Health to my Prince, long Life and Peace,

May with his Age, his Power encrease,

And may he be for ever free

From Danger and from Treachery :

May no false Tales, or groundless Fears,

Disturb his Thoughts, or reach his Ears,

That he may judge and truly know,

Who is his Friend, and who his Foe,

And be no more trick'd and misguided,

And from his Subjects Hearts divided.

The Gods can witness what I say,

None can with greater Ardour pray

For the Prosperity of Master,

Than *Reynard*, tho' by sad Disaster,

H'as been traduc'd, and represented

One of the Party discontented.

Great Sir, I should not be so rude,

To trespass on your Solitude,

If both my Conscience and my Duty

Did not engage me to be true t'ye ;

Nor should I at this Time presume,

Into this Sacred Place to come,

If Business of the last Import,

Were not, in truth, my Warrant for't.

The *Lyon*, tho' he knew the Creature

Was dangerous and false by Nature,

And had been very oft found out

The chief Abetter of the Rout ;

Yet, as the wisest Princes use

No Informations to refuse,

Gave

Gave him his Paw to kifs, in token
That he was pleas'd with what h'ad spoken.

The cunning *Caitiff* quickly finding,
The *Lyon* thought him worth the minding,
With all the formal Art and Spite
Of an accomplish'd Hypocrite,
Proceeds : Dread Sir, the Time is lost,
When we of our own Merits boast :
I therefore shall avoid Recital
Of what I've done, since you requite all ;
Nay, more than all, in granting me
This unexpected Liberty,

To this replies the Royal Brute,
I will not enter a Dispute,
What is your Merit, or Demerit ;
What Vice, or Virtue you inherit :
But since your Duty, as you say,
And Conscience too brought you this Way,
And, as I think, you hint moreover,
That you have something to discover ;
I should be glad and thank you too,
If that Proposal you'd pursue ;
And if I find it Truth, depend,
I shall esteem you as my Friend.

Quoth *Reynard* then, my Leige, may't please you,
I will with no Preamble teaze you.
You must remember, not long since,
That you alone walk'd out from hence ;
And, I believe, have not forgot,
That 'gainst your Life there was a Plot.
In this Case, Sir, I must speak plain,
You'ad then undoubtedly been slain,
If I my self had not been nigh,
And caution'd you aloud to fly.
I was that treacherous Beast, I own,
To save your Life, expos'd my own ;
Which I should now forbear to mention
Were I not under Apprehension,
That you're in Danger, for I'll prove,
That you can neither stir, nor move,
But you have some about you lurking,
And are for your Destruction working.

The generous Brute, tho' prepossess'd
With the true Character o' th' Beast ;
And knowing that the formal Saint,
Would lye and swear, cant and recant ;
Yet having Knowledge and Foresight,
That something that he spoke was right,
Thought it adviseable to hear,
The utmost he could make appear.

Reynard, says he, I cannot doubt,
But you some Secrets have found out,
And wont believe, as Matters stand,
That you will now act underhand :
The Time and Place I recollect,
When I my Safety did suspect ;
And heard some Beast, with all his Might
Cry out, you have no Way but Flight,
To save your Life ; yet, to speak true,
I least of all suspected you ;
Who, by th' Accounts I've often had,
Would of my Ruin be right glad.

Says *Reynard*, 'twou'd, my Lord, be dull,
And argue me a very Fool,
To spend my Time and Breath to stop,
Of ev'ry senseless Mouth, the Gap ;
And therefore, Sir, to let that pass,
And come directly to the Case :
When you ran to the Wood for Shelter,
I saw the People, Helter Skelter,
Come from the Town, with each a Club,
Design'd your Royal Hide to drub.
On this Occasion, Sir, I must
To you and to my self be just,
My Lord, I thought no Remedy,
But either you, or I must die ;
And as yours is a Life divine,
And worth ten thousand such as mine,
I thought in Conscience I could do
No less, than venture it for you.
The Manner how I 'icap'd and how
I found the Plot, you must allow
Miraculous, but as I scorn
'Gainst Fellow Creatures to inform,

I beg you will no Questions ask,
For that's the most ungrateful Task.

And thus to cover his Design,
Did this deceitful Varlet whine :
'Till the poor Beast, whose only Fence
Was an unguarded Innocence,
Began to think his artful Tongue
Went with his Heart and Thought along.

Hard is the Fate of that poor King,
When Traytors Informations bring,
And harder yet, when they must trust
A Villain that they know unjust ;
Such was this *Lyon's* desp'rate Case,
He knew this *Fox* a Traytor was,
Yet he had cook'd his Information,
In such a formal handsome Fashion,
And back'd it with such Facts to boot,
He could not help but listen to't.

Reynard, says he, upon my Credit,
If any other Beast had said it,
I should not have believ'd a Jot,
Or the least Tittle of a Plot ;
But you so plain have made it out,
That I should be too blame to doubt :
And if for me you've that Obedience,
As you are bound to by Allegiance,
I do expect that you'll declare
The Plot, and who the Plotters are.

Here the perfidious Sycophant,
Begins again to howl and cant :
On you our Liberties depend,
And with your Safety ours must end,
And he's a false unworthy Brute,
When you're in Danger will be mute ;
But as some Things are better done
By other Hands than by our own,
Some other Beast should make th' Attack,
And I'll be ready him to back :
Or, if you think't a safer Way,
I can you to a Place convey,
Where you unseen may hark and see
The Heads of this Conspiracy.

Saith the good Beast, I like your last
 Proposal better than your first ;
 And therefore, *Reynard*, I determine
 To go my self and seize the Vermin.
 You say you can conduct me to
 A Place, where I unseen may go,
 And view this *Juncto*, at a Season,
 When they are met to hatch their Treason :
 If so, and I can find 'em sitting,
 I can take Measures that are fitting,
 To frustrate, without Loss of Time,
 Whate'er these Traytors may design.
 The *Fox*, who saw the Beast so greedy
 To take the Bait, replies, I'm ready :
 Let Loss of Life, or Limbs betide,
 My Leige, to go and be your Guide,
 The Worst that I can apprehend,
 The Way is rough and may offend
 Your Majesty : But for the Rest,
 Depend upon your faithful Beast.

The *Lyon*, whose too gen'rous Heart
 Was free from all Designs and Art,
 To all he spoke gave as much Credit,
 As if the Oracle had said it.
 Hypocrisy, that cursed Sin,
 Most often takes the best Men in ;
 A Gift it is, not only able
 To tantalize and chouce the Rabble,
 But has a strange magnetick Power,
 To draw the Great Ones to its Lure ;
 And therefore 'tis among the Saints,
 The only Sin not pray'd against.

But to proceed, that we may come
 Nearer to our Conclusion :
 The cunning *Fox* the *Lyon* takes,
 Thro' unfrequented Woods and Brakes ;
 As Thieves do Passengers, which they
 Intend to bind and strip, or slay ;
 Just so it happen'd, as you'll hear,
 For as they travel'd, without fear,
 He leads him to a Place they call,
 In Country Language, a *Trapfal* :

He had no sooner step'd upon
This Engine of Destruction,
But through he falls into a Pit,
From whence he no Ways out could get.

The *Fox* no sooner saw him in,
But he began to bark and grin ;
To rail, demand, and more to move
The Royal Beast, did thus reprove :
'Tis doubtless for your Punishment,
This Judgment by the Gods is sent.
You've been, I fear, too oft unjust;
And with your Subjects broke your Trust.
Have stretch'd Prerogative too high,
And trespass'd upon Property :
All which must be restor'd and mended,
'Ere this Calamity be ended.

The Beast, whose noble Heart and Soul
No Dangers, no Distress controul,
To the base Varlet thus replies :
I thee and thy Advise despise :
Tho' by my own Distress, and thy
False Vows, and Oaths, and Flattery,
I'm hither brought, yet I determine
Not to betray my Trust, false Vermin,
Nothing shall make me do a Thing
Below the Glory of a King.

Quoth *Reynard*, since you are so stout,
I won't attempt to bring you out :
If you don't think a Composition
May be of Use in your Condition,
Here you may lie and starve and rot.
So to the Brink o'th' Pit he got,
And in his filthy Tail he piss'd
And gave it in his Face a twist.

The Royal Brute, altho' a Creature,
Adorn'd with all the Gifts of Nature,
One that could suffer Persecution,
And Martyrdom with Resolution,
To be thus piss'd upon and treated,
You must suppose was something heated.
He would have spoke, but as 'tis vain
For Kings in Prison to complain,

So the poor Beast had no Permission,
To represent his hard Condition :
For *Reynard*, like an artful Traytor,
Had so contriv'd and fix'd the Matter,
That all the Tygers, Wolves and Bears,
Already were about his Ears.

His Tryal, Sentence, and his Death,
Another Fable shall set forth,
Which I intend to shew my Art,
To call this Fable's Second Part.

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An Epitaph upon King CHARLES I.



Tay, Passenger, stay here, and see,
Intomb'd lies injur'd Majesty ;
Why tremblest not ? here's that would make,
All but a harden'd Rebel quake.
A King ! O ! starts thou not to hear,

A murder'd King lies bury'd here ?
Search all the Records of old Times,
And muster up all Ages Crimes,
And roll 'em up in one great Mass,
'Twill fall far short of what this was.
A Monarch sentenc'd to his Death,
By vulgar, base *Plebeian* Breath,
A Lawgiver, by Laws unknown,
Condemn'd to lose his Head and Throne ;
Nay, and to make the *Odium* more,
This must be done at his own Door,
And all under the false Pretence,
Of Liberty and Conscience.

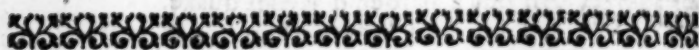




A Short LITANY for the YEAR, 1649.



From all the Mischiefs I shall mention here,
 Preserve us Heaven in this approaching Year;
 From Civil Wars, and those uncivil Things,
 That hate the Race of all our Queens and Kings:
 From those who, for self-ends, would all betray;
 From Saint's that curse and flatter when they pray;
 From those that hold it Merit to rebel,
 In Treason, Murthers, and in Theft excel;
 From those new Teachers have destroy'd the Old,
 And those that turn the Gospel into Gold;
 From a High-Court, and that rebellious Crew,
 That did their Hands in Royal Blood imbrue;
 Defend us Heaven, and to the Throne restore
 The rightful Heir, and we will ask no more,



*Upon the late Storm at the Death of the
 Usurper OLIVER CROMWELL,
 revers'd out of Mr. WALLER's fine
 Piece of Flattery, by Mr. BUTLER.*



Then take him Devil! Hell his Soul doth claim,
 In Storms as loud as his King murdering Fame.
 His cheating Groans and Tears have shook this
 (Isle,
 Cleft Britain's Oaks, for Britain's Funeral Pile.

Now, at his *Exit*, Trees uncut are tost
 Into the Air, so *Faustus* once was lost.
Rome mist her first, so *London* her last King,
 Both kill'd than wept, and fell to worshipping.
 We in a Storm of Wind our *Nimrod* lost,
 King'd him, and fainted him, than curst his Ghost.

In *Oeta's* Flames thus *Hurcules* lay Dead,
In *Worcester's* Flames, he on his raving Bed ;
He some scrag'd Oaks and Pines from Mountains rent,
This stole two brave Isles from the Continent ;
Ravag'd whole Towns ; and that his *Spanish* Theft,
As a curst Legacy to *Britain* left.

The Seas, with which our Hopes God had confin'd,
The Devil made too narrow for his Mind ;
Our Bounds Enlargement was his greatest Toil,
He made our Prison greater than our Isle.
Under the Line our enslav'd Cries are spoke,
And we and *Dunkirk* draw but in one Yoke.
From Broils he made, he best could disengage :
From his own Head diverts our purchas'd Rage :
And by fine State-art, to his Country show'd,
How to be Slaves at home, and Thieves abroad.
Confederate Usurpers quake to see,
The Grave not under Pow'r of Tyranny :
Nature shrunk up at this great Monster's Death,
And swell'd the Seas with much affrighted Breath ;
Then to the bounding Shore her Billows roll'd,
The approaching Fate of *Europe's* Troubles told.



An Epitaph on WILLIAM PRYNNE,
a late Bencher and Barrister of Lin-
colns-Inn.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



Under this Stone lies *William Prynn*
A Bencher late, of *Lincolns-Inn*,
He restless ran thro' thick and thin.
This grand Scripturiant Paper Spiller,
This endless, needless Margin filler,
Was strangely tost from Post to Pillar.
His Brain's Career was never stopping
But Pen with Rheume of Gall still dropping,
His Hand o'er Head brought Ears to cropping.

But

But while he this hot Humour huggs,
And for more length of Tedder tuggs,
Death fang'd the Remnant of his Luggs.



Memoirs of the YEARS 49 and 50.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



SINCE the Liberty of the Subject, and free Quarter; since new Lights, and selling Malignants by an Inch of Candle, the World hath produced seditious *Mercuries*, as fast as * *Derby-House* spawn'd Committees, or Committees started Delinquents: For why do *Westminster-Abby* Lubbers sit so long, but only to have their Pictures drawn? But yet no Ink could represent them black enough. The fittest Emblem of the Parliament House is a *Turkey-Pie*; the Heads without will inform you what Birds are within.

But alas! poor Infants! We must be whipt, yet not have leave to cry: Kiss the Rod that scourged you. Women in some Countries never love their Husbands till they be well beaten by them: And certainly our Reformers would have us be as good natur'd as their *Spaniels*, and indeed to what Purpose is Hue and Cry sent after a Troop of Horse? 'Twere ridiculous for a Constable to charge the Peace upon *Cromwell*, or make privy Search into *Lental's Exchequer*! especially since the Kingdom was reformed into a *Lacedemonian State*: For when *Lycurn* was *Lycurgus*, Plundering must needs be statutable. What other Laws can we expect from him and *Newgate*? Felony already is a Crime only in some silly Wretches who are punished for it; but Parricides are still above the Reach of Justice. While two Armies murder, and in prison, an honest Man may be *Burleigh'd* for beating up a Drum. As if in a Country of *Cannibals*, a poor innocent

* *A House famous for their Meetings.*

cent Cutler should be hang'd for grinding a *Stilletto*. Pillories are more cruel than Scaffolds, or perhaps *Prynne's* Ears were larger than my Lord of *Canterbury's* Head.

But Lord! To what an Height were May-Poles grown? And could they be reformed without Sequestration and Excise? Nay, the primitive Zeal had almost melted the Bells, and made them ring backwards for themselves. A Psalm of Mercy is even deny'd the Chimes; and Masculine *Tom of Lincoln* must be gelded into a roaring Meg. Roundheads and Atheists hate Superstition, only *Cromwell* and the Devil are afraid of Crosses.

'Tis well Churches survived thus long; for since my Lord *Brook's* Groom and Coachman propagated the Gospel, Christians were born in Stables only. So *Job* came to be a Saint, but upon a Dunghill; and why may not a sanctified Whipster be a Heaven-Driver, as well as *Brereton* and *Harvey* Bishops; Who would have thought that Snaphaunches and Baskethilts were of Apostolical Institution? Or that Buff and Feather were *Jure Divino*? *Croyden* and *Fulham* are not inhabited, but haunted; nor do they lodge Inmates, but Apparitions and Goblins. Thus have Christian Churches been converted into *Turkish* Mosques, and Abbies have been made Nests for Rooks and Daws. The Devil is an Enemy to all Hierarchy, and therefore Holydays must be abolished, and so farewell Saints and Angels; all renounce *Whitsuntide*, and yet boast the Holy Ghost. *Simon* and *Jude* are vanquished by *Lilly* and *Booker*, and *Michael* is subdued by another Devil. Time's Scythe was turned into a Saw, nor was he bald enough to be a perfect Roundhead. But an Execution must have some Reprieve. All stickle for *Powder-Treason*; the 'Prentices rescue *Shrove-Tuesday*, and the Suters must be indulged a *Valentine*. What need any other Observations? They can feast themselves without a *Christmas*, and starve others without a *Lent*.

Well then, adieu *Frydays*, and welcome Monthly Fasts: Adieu *Idolaters*, and welcome *New Moons*. This still Sow hath devoured more than all the Bishops Hospitality. Their Idol Humiliation, like *Bell*, consumes all, and yet eats nothing. But all this is merciful. Their too much Fasting hath made them *Cannibals*. They can say Grace over *Mummy*, and give Thanks for my Lord of *Strafford*;

as if they had abstained only as Beasts tyed up, that they might devour poor Martyrs more greedily, savagely; nay, they eat up one another. Both the *Hotbams*, like two Thieves, wait upon their crucified Bishop. The Parliament, like *Sejanus*, is Destruction, both to their Friends and Enemies. My Lord *Brook's* new Light at last blinded him: He was first made a Mole, and then earth'd; a fit End for the Underminer of a State! *Lucas* and *Lisse* were both revenged, since the Vice-Admiral and *Rainsborough* were levelled. For as he was regenerate, so he dyed twice. 'Tis thought his Sea-Sickness purged the better Half away: The *Haddocks* had as good Breakfast as the *Worms*. *Craffus* built a Sepulchre to his deceased *Lamprey*: And what was all his Funeral Pomp dedicated to but an *Otter*? To be Mourners at the Death of a *Water-Rat*, is a Vanity beyond being Maudlin drunk. Why all these ridiculous Attendants? A single Sculler is good enough to carry a Dog to *Wapping*. The numerous wild Gang is exceeded every Execution Day. We see a fuller Appearance at *Newgate*. The Worthy was but two Wheels above an ordinary Villain, and differed only in the Blackness of his Soul, and his Wardrobe.

And most of the Heroes are such twisted Pieces, one knows not from which Part of the *Centaur* to name them. Whom their *Alchoran* writes Prophets, others think Impostors. The Devil will still be black, though the *Indians* paint him white. All their Patrons die, like *John Hufs*, both Hereticks and Saints; nor can we discern whether 'tis a Martyr, or a Witch that burns. My Lord *Say's* Sanctity is somewhat like his Son *Nat's* Valour. The Jewel hath too much of *Bristol* in it. The Dog in the Tower, though Proof against *Lyons*, is no *Daniel*. O what a godly Thing is the Sign of the *Hand-Bible*! What a devout Company of Saints are *Rebecca*, her Book, her Pattens, and her Stool? For all must together: Nor would you think her going to Church, but removing House. I wonder she is never apprehended for carrying Rurthens on the Sabbath-Day. Well, this Coif and Cross-cloth, this blew apron'd Saint, is as much in the Church as a Parson's Hour Glass, the Hassocks, or the People that are buried there. Nor will she tire with a
single

single Hearing, but trudge from *Tantlin's* to *Tillin's*, and hold out killing of a Brace, or two, and all long Courses. Thus are they carryed from Ordinance to Ordinance, like Beggars, from one Church to another, that they may ply at both Places.

And what are their *Levites*, but their *Friers-Mendicants* for both the Houses? Not a *Sunday* since the Combustion past without a Brief. How oft have they pick'd our Pockets with the Relief of *Ireland*? This Knack hath been as beneficial as their Plundering: As much hath been gotten by a *Good Your Worship*, as by *Stand and Deliver*. We could never get out of the Church without a Composition: The Parson's Application was certainly directed to our Purse: Every Motive strain'd our Pockets, and the last Use was an Use of Sequestration. See how the Pulpit-Duelist fights with *Bellarmino*; how he sweats and toils, play out all his Weapons, (and you may be sure) hath got the better; but after with an Address to the Spectators to throw him some Money.

Well, who's for *Aldermanbury*? You would think a *Phoenix* preached there; but that Birds will flock after an Owl as fast; and a Foot-ball, in cold Weather, is as much followed as *Calamy* by all his rampant *Dog-Day Zealots*. But its worth the Crouding to hear the *Baboon* expound, like the *Ape* taught to play on the *Cittern*. You would think the Church, as well as Religion, were inverfed, and the Anticks which were used to be without, were removed into the Pulpit. Yet these Apish Tricks must be the Motions of the Spirit; his Whimsy Meagrimus must be an Extasy, and Dr. *Gooding* his Palsey make him the Father of the sanctified Shakers. Thus, amongst *Turks*, Dizziness is a divine Trance; Changelings and Ideots are the chiefest Saints; and 'tis the greatest Sign of Revelation, to be out of one's Wits.

Instead of a dumb Shew, enter the Sermon Dawbers. O what a gracious Sight is a Silver Ink-horn! How blessed a Gift is it to write Short Hand! What necessary Implements for a Saint, are Cotton, Wool, and Blotting Paper? These Dablers turn the Church into a Scrivener's Shop. A Country Fellow last Term mistook it for the fix Clerks Office. The Parson looks like an Offender upon the Scaffold, and they penning his Confession, or a Spi-

rit conjured up by their uncouth Characters: By his Cloak you would take him for the Prologue of a Play; but his Sermon, by the Length of it, should be a Taylor's Bill: And what treats it of, but such Buckram, Fustian, Stuff? What a desperate Green Sickness is the Land fallen into, thus to doat on Coals and Dirt, and such rubbish Divinity? Must the *French* cook our Sermons too? And are *Frogs*, *Fungo's* and *Toad-Stools*, the chiefest Dish in the spiritual Colation? Strange *Israelites!* that cannot distinguish between Mildew and Manna. Certainly in the brightest Sunshine of the Gospel, Clouds are the best Guides; and *Woodcocks* the only Birds of Paradise. I wonder how the ignorant *Rebbies* should differ so much, since most of their Libraries consist only of a Concordance. The Wisemens Star doubtless was an *Ignis fatuus* in a Church-Yard; and it was some such *Will o'th' Wisp* steer'd propheticall *Saltmarsh*, when riding Post to Heaven, he lost his Way in a Forest. Indeed their rare Gifts have one Property of the Spirit to be invisible, and so much of Revelation, as not to be understood, like the Musick of the Spheres, never to be heard.

But Cyphers may make an Assembly, though no Number: And what can we expect from an *ABC* Synod, but a Catechism? *Mount Sion* hath at last brought forth a Mouse, though it was long enough in Spawning to have been an Elephant. They have made Reformation, *Paul's* Work; and O may they have a Scaffold for their Pains! For what have they given us for Lawn-Sleeves, but Sackcloth and Misery? Instead of Liturgies they have brought upon us all those Afflictions we there prayed against. The Church, while beautiful, was *the Whore of Babylon*: Their Zeal was never hot enough, 'till it scorched them into *Black-moors*. Too much fair Weather, forsooth, has almost starved us. Seven Years Purging would kill an *Hercules*. To be always snuffing, must at last put out the Light. And what can be pure enough with them that dare article the Creed, and attempt to reform the Apostles? These will thrive the whole Bible, and have interpreted *Our Father*, &c. so long backwards, that they have made some believe 'twas Conjuring. The Synod was the Parliament's spiritual *Block-House*, and the Prolocutor was the

the Speaker's Echo. All the Divines, like Priests of old, were inspired from Vaults, and the Lower-House.

Oh ! how sweetly did the *Syren* Representative sing at first ? How quickly it brought forth Destruction, and proved a Monster ! *Nero* was pretty tolerable for five Years ; and this Butter-print Parliament was Gold in the Morning, and Lead at Night : For what have our precious States done, but cured and smother'd little Diseases with the Plague ? They have redress'd the Courtier, and by all their Reforms, made the Kingdom at last truly to want a Reformation. But Vengeance overtook them ; and by spinning backward they have made Ropes for their own Necks. Silly Conjurors ! who have rais'd a Devil, and now cannot lay him. The Lease of your Dominion is out. Face about ! Now the Fiend must be Master. Thus shall Anarchy revenge the King, and Conventicles punish the Synods Sacrilège ; Lice and Frogs plague the *Egyptians* for the injured *Israelites*.

Who would have thought there would have been a Reformation beyond Root and Branch ? Or that there should be such Antipathy between a Spider and a Toad ? Soldiers are omnipotent in Uncreating and Destruction. This *April* (they say) shall dissolve a Triennial Parliament, adjourn Eternity, and put an End to Perpetuity. *Cromwell* hath Wolves enough to silence the Speaker, and make *Lental* a Dumb-Dug. Alas poor Directory ! Thou must give up the Ghost too ; the Spirit must the Way of all Flesh. Now Law itself must be arraigned, and the new Judges to Execution. What a fine Humour would it be to see *Wild Burleigh'd* by a Drum and Soldiers, and *Rolls* coach it up *Holbourn*, instead of *Fleet-Street* ? O ! that they may have their Coifs all turn'd into Night-Caps ; and instead of old Women, become proper Men. Since the Members Regent were in Durance, the two Houses like the Representations of *Ludgate* and *Newgate*. What need the Distinction of the Upper and Lower ? *Cromwell* will serve both for *King of Hell*, and *Prince of the Air*. *Warwick* for all his Juggling, may, perhaps, suffer Shipwrack. *Xerxes* was a Leveller, he fetter'd the Seas : And why may not these put the Admiral in Chains ? *Prynne's* Head must after his Ears ; and the Speaker's Baggs will 'ere long prove him a *Judas* : My

Lord Say's white Powder is no longer silent and innocent but must submit to *Cromwell's* black : *Pembroke* may be visited, and *Manchester* univerfited ; one is not Fool, and the other is not Fool enough to be secure. And indeed these are Saints in Comparison of *Cromwell's* Life-guard. *Hammond* is a Christian compared with *Rolf*. The Head Quarters make *Newgate* a *Sanctum Sanctum*. The Soldiers are not good enough for Gibbets. In their Reformation the Gallows is under Persecution, and *Tyburn* suffers Martyrdom. Not one of *Peter's* 1500 Saints, but may with *St. Francis* give Place to the Devil. If these propagate the Gospel, it must be as the Painter finished his Picture, by defacing it, when the Spunge did the Work of his Pencil. To hope for Reformation from Levellers, is to gape for the Miracle of *Andromeda*, and to expect Beauty from a *Negro*. Agitators are as good *Physick* for a sick Church, or State, as *Chips* of the *Gallows* are for the *Ague*. There is not a Soldier but changes his Religion as often as his Shirt, that being sooner lousy than his Linnen. They void their Principles at every Sermon ; nor do they go to Church, but to Stool. And well may they part with them so easily, since their Religion is no better than toasted Cheese : Every Man is his own Cook ; each Trooper, like a Knight of *Malta*, is both Priest and Soldier : Revelations are so common, that the Spirit is become a meer Familiar. You may be of all Religions but the Protestant, as the *Pagans* worship all Gods, but the true one ; as if that Uniformity did not become the Church, as well as Confusion, and the Surplice was not as handsome as the Beggar's Coat. *Rossiter* is a Jew Extraordinary circumcised, Root and Branch. *Martin's* Paradise is the same with *Mahomet's*, his Heaven is only a *Seraglio*. *Cromwell* may pass for a *Pope Joan*, or the Where of *Babylon* ; and differs only thus much from a Papist, they torment themselves, he other Folks. He believes his Merits so far, that he thinks he shall be saved by Villanies, and go to Heaven, like *Hercules* and *Theseus*, because he hath been in Hell. Indeed all of them are religious Mimicks, devout Vizards ; and if Sanctity be Snot, or the Pox, and seated in the Nose, they are as perfectly God's Apes, as the Devil is. These zealous Pyramids always point at Heaven, as Fire, though in Hell, mounts upwards.

And

And thus we see who first began
 This Monster Reformation;
 A Set of vile amphibious Creatures,
 Of diff'rent Shapes and diff'rent Natures.
 For 'ere that civil Broils broke out,
 Religion spawn'd a numerous Rout,
 Of Vermin, that from Putrefaction
 Deriv'd their first and sole Extraction;
 Who now like Toads against wet Weather,
 Gender and croak, and sprawl together.

But they are Angels, only that they may be Devils.
 A Jew cannot be a Turk 'till he be a Christian. They
 put on Religion to murder the King, as that damn'd
 Monk poison'd the Emperor with the Eucharist. They
 bring in Reformation as the old Poets did their Gods,
 to conclude their Tragedy more easily. Bloody Con-
 spiracies are always shrouded under Leagues: When a
 Massacre is intended, they chime all into *Sicilian Vespers*.
 When they cry out, the Church! The Church! They
 mean our Grave. What Degrees of Misery are flung
 upon us! After a Parliament comes an Army: Rods
 are turned into Scorpions. We have all these Years been
 almost ridden to Death by Night Mare, and now must
 be tormented with Devils. Had we wak'd in Time,
 we might have dismounted that Load; but nothing now
 under a Miracle, can dispossess us of these Legions; these
 Turks shall enjoy the Holy Land, while we poor Jews
 sojourn at Home, and live Strangers in our own Coun-
 try. They level others, but advance themselves. An-
 gels descend, but 'tis the Devil's Posture to be raised up.
 All who have kept their Innocency, must be stript,
 whilst these Buff-Sinners flaunt it in Beast Skins.

The Saints in Masquerade would have us
 Sit quietly whilst they enslave us:
 And what is worse, by Lies and Cants,
 Would trick us to believe 'em Saints;
 And tho' by Fines and Sequestration,
 They've pillag'd and destroy'd the Nation,
 Yet still they bawl for Reformation.

But *Cromwell* wants neither Wardrobe, nor Armour
 His Face was natural Buff, and his Skin may furnish him:
 with a rusty Coat of Mail. You would think he had

been christen'd in a Limepit, and tann'd alive, but his Countenance still continues mangey. We cry out against Superstition, and yet worship a Piece of Wainscot, and idolize an unblanch'd Almond. Certainly 'tis no Human Vizage, but the Emblem of a Mandrake, one scarce handsome enough to have been the Progeny of *Hecuba*, had she whelp'd him when she was a Bitch. His Soul too is as ugly as his Body; for who can expect a Jewel in the Head of a Toad? Yet this Basilisk would King it, and a Brewer's Horse must be a Lyon.

In *Cromwell* Art and Nature strive,
Which should the ugliest Thing contrive;
First Nature forms an ill-shap'd Lump,
And Art, to shew how good Wits jump,
Adds to his monst'rous Shape and Size
All Sorts and Kinds of Villanies;
So that he was by Art and Nature
An ugly, vile and monst'rous Creature.

I wonder how Sir *Samuel Luke* and 'he should clash; for they are both Cubs of the same ugly Litter. This Urchin is as ill carved as that Goblin painted. The Grandam Bear sure had blister'd her Tongue, and so left him unlick'd. He looks like a Snail with a House upon his Back, or the Spirit of the *Militia* with a natural Snapack, and may both serve for Tinker and Budget too. Nature intended him to play at Bowls, and therefore clapt a Bias upon him. His Mother long'd for Pumpions; he was begotten in a Cupping-Glass, and engendered in a Tod of Hay. Some Earthquake hath disordered the Symmetry of the *Microcosm*, sunk one Mountain, and put up another. One would think a Mole had crept into his Carcass, because 'tis laid in a Church-Yard, and rooted in it. He looks like the visible Type of *Aeneas* bouldstering up his Father, or some Begg'ar Woman endorsed with her whole Litter, and with Child behind. You may take him for St. *Christopher*, with the Devil at his Back. O that Knot-Grass should purge the Kingdom! We must be ridden by a *Camel*, and reformed by the Sign of the *Dolphin*: You would think that he were levelled sufficiently. But *Harvey* will have him lower yet, and down with the Wall, though it be built with a Buttress,

Sir

Sir *Samuel*, whose very fight wou'd
 Entitle him Mirrour of Knighthood,
 Was one of those who first march'd out
 To raise a Regimental Rout.
 Have you not seen an old Baboon,
 From Chain broke lose leap up and down,
 Such was our Champion's antick Zeal
 For Parliament and Commonweal.

But *Harvey* is not so much for levelling the Men, as
Martin the Women. Look to your *Jane Shores*, you
Lumbard-Street Men. He brings no Maiden Troops:
 This is no Eunuch General. The Stallion is of so pro-
 digious an Itch, you would think he had been gotten of
Lot's Wife, after she was turned into a Pillar of Salt.
 He is the Bane of *Guaiacum*, and the Despair of *Syringes*:
 So excellently gifted for a Conventicle, that he will edifice
 you out of *Cornelius* his Tub. Are the godly Ones like Sa-
 crifices, never accepted 'till they are burnt? Is there no
 way to destroy the Whore of *Babylon*, but by a Town
 Bull? Strange that none of the *Luthers* can reform with-
 out Nuns! Dr. *Burgefs*, forsooth, must have his *Hagar*:
 And *Peters* cannot propagate the Gospel without Mar-
 rowbones, without the help of Lamb-stones, and the
 Butcher's Wife

Harvey, that sneaking, senseless Elf,
 Would level all Men but himself;
 And there's that Stallion-*Martin*, who
 Levels both Men and Women too.
Burgefs and *Peters* Day by Day,
 For Marrow-bones and Lamb-stones pray;
 A very hopeful Reformation,
 When such as these must Rule the Nation.

Martin is not so great a Sinner against one Command-
 ment, but my Lord of *Pembroke* will overthrow him
 half a Bar at another. One you would take for *Aretine's*
 Pictures moraliz'd, the other for the Covenant incarnate.
Martin for a Knight of the burning Pestle, and *Pembroke*
 for a Knight of the Post. This *Hercules*, instead of a
 Worthy, is nothing but an Adverb of Swearing. He
 swallows the Covenant as easily as an ordinary *Dam-me*.
 This Landskip, this Map of Nobility, differs as much
 from a true *Britain* as a *Montgomery* Beacon from a Star,

or

Or a *Welch Leak* from Saint *David*: Yet rather than not be famous for somewhat, he will murder the Universities, like that Villain who burnt *Diana's Temple* to get himself a Name. This is the second Part of *Manchester* on the same Tune, *Kimbolton* of the second Edition. One made the Kingdom a Lord *Brooks*, and the other a roasted Pig. He carries a dull, foggy Ignorance about him, would blind the Kingdom, though it were an *Argus*, and is more unlucky in an University, than Monks in a Glass-Shop. He would make an excellent *Chancellor* for the *Mews*, or were *Oxford* turned into a Kennel of Hounds, and the *Sheldons* and *Hammonds*, *Motleys* and *Fowlers*. His own House is an *Academy* for Hawks and Spaniels, and an Hospital for many Cures, Glanders, and the Fashions. This *Nero* keeps a Wilderness at Home, and is so much given to his brutish Society, that you would take him for a *Nebuchadnezzar* turn'd Beast. *Oldsworth* is his Crony, because his Four-Legged Animal: For what are *Michael*, and his Lordship, but a blind Man and his Dog? Any kind of Creatures would make as good Subjects as such Earls. Some Dogs scorn *Cromwell's* Health, and will not eat but for King *Charles*. Though Parrots may be taught Allegiance, and Crows have been storied Loyalists, and Linguists too, the blind Whelp hath not Docility enough to know his Master. Yet shall he be the Peoples Idol too, and a Reprobate *Welch* Goat one of the Elect, though he is not so much a Christian as the Thorn at *Glassenbury*.

Pembroke's a Covenanting Lord,
 That ne'er with God or Men kept Word:
 One Day he'd swear he'd serve the King,
 The next was quite another Thing;
 Still changing with the Wind and Tide,
 That he might keep the stronger Side.
 His Hawks and Hounds were all his Care,
 For them he made his daily Prayer,
 And scarce would lose a hunting Season,
 Even for the Sake of darling Treason.
 Had you but heard what Thunder-Claps
 Broke out of his and *Oldsworth's* Chaps,

Of Oaths and horrid Execration,
Oft with, but oftner without Passion,
You'd think these Senators were sent
From HELL, to sit in Parliament.

But why may not my Lord billet in Heaven, as well as *William Lilly* and *Booker*, and take *Bedlam* for a Paradise, rather than make a Saint of the Man in the Moon? Indeed, for these that change Religion every Year, the fittest Gospel is an *Almanack*. But who would take these Star-gazers for the wise Men? Well, wise Men they must be: But the Question is, Whether of *Greece*, or *Gotham*? O the Infallibility of *Erra Pater Lilly*; The Wizard, perhaps, may do much at Hotcockles, and guess well at Blindmans-Buff; but I durst undertake to pose him with a Riddle, and stand his Intelligence in a Dog in a Wheel. An over-turned Salt is a surer Prophet. The Sieve and Sheers are Oracles to him. A whining Pig sees further into a Storm. Rats will prognosticate the Ruin of a Kingdom with more certainty. And as for Palmistry, a Gypsie, or Derrick, may be his Tutor. The Wittal is Cuckolded over and over, and yet the *Oedipus* is blind. Like the old Witch, who being consulted to discover a Thief, could not discover who had snit at her own Door. Indeed he is excellent at foretelling Things past, and calculates the *Deputy's* Nativity after he is beheaded, and than by starting a Prophecy, he excites the credulous Vulgar to fulfil it. Thus can he antedate *Cromwell's* swift Malice, depose the King five Years before hand, and instruct *Rolf* how to be damned. Impious Villains! To make the Spheres like the associated Counties, and the Heavenly Houses, so many lower Houses, fix a Guilt upon the Stars, and persuade the Planets are Rebels, as if it were a Sequestration-Star, or any Constellation looked like a Committee. Away with your Bulls and Bears! Should we be subject to their Influence, each Constellation would make a Man a Beast, every Planet a wand'ring Jew. What fit Instruments are Astrologers for Rebels! Heaven as well as *Pauls* is made a Stable. Their Prophecies are, like Pictures, commendable, because they look every Way. They are calculated for every Meridian, and are as much Truth to the *Turks* as the *States*: They are all born under *Gemini*; every

H 5

Prediction

Prediction is a Twin. Oracles must still speak double: Sure the Devil is always drunk, or treats with his Foot, or the Serpent must have his Tongue cleft too. *Lilly* has christened him an Ape of Hell. *Merlinus Anglicus* is nothing but an *English* Devil. He might ken all *Phenomenas* upon Earth better; would he for Prey, like the Kite, descend. What are all our new Lights, but so many prodigious Meteors exalted, perhaps from Dunghills, admired a while for Stars, and are found only Slime and Jelly? *Cromwell's* Nose is a Comet in Grain, and the grand Eclipse certainly is no *Common Council*.

Hooker and *Lilly* with their Lies,
Are hir'd to blind the Peoples Eyes,
And cast a mist before their Reason,
That they might not distinguish Treason;
The Stars all o'er the Firmament,
Are call'd to vouch their black Intent,
And to denounce the speedy Doom
Of the whole Race of Kings to come.

If the *Londoners* have not by this Time enough of Parliament, may they still fight with Images, and adore a Representative; still quarrel with Superstition, and worship the Host of Heaven: They will at least perceive what kind of Physick is Reformation, and being drunk once a Month. Sure all the Women in the City are with Child by *Martin*, and so long'd for Libellers. For were Altars Plea enough to offer up the Bishops? Must *Abel* still suffer for his Sacrifice? Sure his Holiness was the Pope, and Justice on *Prynne's* Ears a Piece of *Auricular Confession*. Their Deputy, forsooth, hath made away their Churches, and was executed like the poor As for drinking up the Town Moon. Proceed, proceed, my fine Reformers! So may your *Conduit Knight* vanquish his *Idol Grove*: So may the *George* on Horseback subdue the *Green Dragon*, and after all their victorious Gambols, both Man and Horse become Reformers Laureat. But what have you got for *No Plumb-Pottage*? Nay, What hath all your Plate got you but Iron Sides? Examine all your Pressures that contain Pluralities of Monopolies. Patents for Rags are not so rank as Excise for T—s. The Dunghil is sweeter than the *Jakes* and *Atkins*. Since the offended Soldiers were your Masters, the Livery Men walk as if they

they ran the Gauntlet. Now the City is turn'd Delinquent, what doth the Lord Mayor but ride the Horse? And what are Aldermen but ordinary Red-coats? Thus the Parliament, like the *Spaniards* fatal Room, instead of Treasure hath coined Destruction and Invasion. Like silly Mariners, you have adored that *Pharos* for a Star, and so split your selves on your own Security.

And will you *Londoners* be still
Cuckolds and Rebels 'cause you will;
What have you for your Wealth and Pains,
But broken Bones and knock'd-out Brains?
You see this blessed Reformation,
At last, must end in Desolation;
And that to take you Man by Man,
Your're ten Times worse than you began.

But the States have redeemed all their Treaty: Yet that was but a Death-bed Repentance; they laid down their Commission just before they were to be cashiered. The *Turks* imprisoned their Emperor, or King: *Turks* are Reformers, or Reformers *Turks*. But *Charles* must suffer more than any one single Person can inflict. Levellers heat the Fire seven times hotter. No Money, no Act of Oblivion; they can admit of any Thing from Hell but *Letbe*. These *Medes* and *Persians* are unalterable: *Daniel* must to the Lions Den, *Hurst-Castle*. What can succeed the Dungeon, but Execution? What can a King expect but Death, who is already buried alive? The next Enlargement translates him out of the World. *Caesar's* Tragedy is best presented in the Senate. *Westminster*, alas! Is the ready Way to the Tombs.

But now the fatal Period's come,
Charles must prepare for Martyrdom:
These Levellers know no Remorse,
But he must murdered be in Course;
And to exalt the Crime the more,
This must be done at his own Door.

Cromwell must triumph with the Ax before him, though that, as of old, should be properly directed by the Conqueror. *Lilly* can prognosticate no fair Weather 'till the Sun set red. The Queen must submit to Mother *Shipton*, and *Charles* be murdered to fulfill old Prophecies. Thus still Rebellion is the Sin of Witchcraft. The

King can never please them 'till he looks, as in his Coin (their Idol) beheaded; and nothing can be too dear an Offering for their *Molech* Reformation. They build up Scaffolds (the Devils Altars) and Sacrifice Men for pure innocent Ones. They cry out against Idolatry, and yet are *Cannibals* in Superstition. As the Covenant was sealed from the Bishops Veins, so levelling-must be ratified by the *Blood Royal*. The *Presbyter* of the two proved the gentler Thief, and differed from the Independent as a Tinker from his more savage Trull. One stript and bound the King, that the other might cut his Throat: One silenced the Bells of his Nativity, and the other made them ring for his Funeral. Both are guilty of his Blood, only this *Pilate* would wash his Hands. *Presbytery* made him an Anchorite, and *Independence* a Martyr. This kills *Charles*, and that his King. To prepare the Ax is little better than to give the Blow.

The *Presbyter* and *Independent*

Had in their turns been both ascendant;
And tho' the latter got the Saddle,
The former did him first disable;
From whence upon the Whole we note,
One Bound him, t'other cut his Throat;
And 'tis in Law almost the same,
To lend the Sword as kill the Man.

Now we see what 'tis to be made a glorious King by Rebels; what the Devil's Landskip means, when it promises all the Kingdoms of the Earth. In the Trial, as at the general Dooms-Day, all appear naked. Now there is none disguised, but by *Gray*, or the Hangman; henceforth take heed of Vizards, though never so holy. Murthers are but committed in Musquerade, but yet all their Hands are the whiter for being washed in Blood. They must be thought *Isaacs* for offering up their *Abraham*. None are marked for true *Israelites*, but those that have the Blood of their *Moses* on their Door. Thus they can sin, and yet preserve their Saintships. As *Mahomet's* Paradise is both a Brothel-house and a Nunnery: His Virgins wore it, and yet continue Vestals; are heavenly Bawds, and yet may lead Apes in Hell. We perceive at last why Plays went down; to wit, that Murthers may be acted in earnest. Stages must admit

no Scaffolds, and personated Tragedies to real ones. Mock shews of Cruelty are but poor Feasts to their fleshed Appetites; Leeches will suck no Pictures. They hate all Images and Fables, but must murder the King in Sincerity and Truth: No need of height'ning Revels. These *Herods* can behead without the Allurements of a Dance. These Tragedians have outvied Invention, and acted what Monsters in their most monst'rous Wishes could hardly reach. The Head and Members have but one Neck; our compendious *Caligula's* have dispatched not only the King, but the Kingdom too at a blow.

A Thousand Ages yet to come
Shall mourn, great *Charles*, thy Martyrdom;
And if the Muse can ought foretel,
Thy Sons shall crush this Crocodile.
Oh! May I live to hail that Day,
And sing loud Pæans in the Way;
When their Return shall free this Nation
From future Fears of Usurpation.

The Thief's best Play is to kill the Judge; and great Robberies are seldom committed without Blood: Or else what Wolves but would have tended such a *Romulus*? Such an *Elias*, what ominous Ravens but would have fed? A Prince, whose Goodness might rather fear Idolatry than Injury; deserved rather to be prayed to, than condemned, made a Saint, than murdered. A Prince whose Merits were so much above all Flatteries, that the odliest Courtier was as scandalous as *Peters*; and *Encomiums* defamed as much as that *Rabshakeb* of no more *Addresses*. His Sight, his Wisdom was at first eclipsed, but the Cloud only made his Influence prove Light'ning; and whom he could not illuminate, at last he scared into a Belief: But still he shewed more of the *Dove* than the *Serpent*; and 'twas the Want of Gall that made him lose his Head. When Wasps and Hornets usurp the Hive, the Royal Bee suffers, because without a Sting. They turned Wolves, because the Lion was a Lamb. All his Tyranny was not to slay, but have his Throat cut; and he now must bleed for not bleeding seven Years before. Tumults forc'd him hence, and the last great Tumult murder'd him.

Thus,

Thus, thus he dies a Prince, whose Innocence had taught Poison Allegiance, made Pistols Royalists, and kept *Rolf* from being cursed: A Prince for whom *Hotbam* was a Martyr, *Brown* a Prisoner, and *Shimei Prynne* undertook a Vindication. *Hammond* at last becomes a Captive to his Charge. The good Apostle converts his Goaler. He disarms the Rebels, even with his Fetters, and like the Hand of Providence, is then most powerful when it is thought most weak. He subdues, as if the Castle were not his Prison, but his Fort. 'Tis a Question whether he was more miraculous for curing Disloyalty, or the Evil. *Hammond's* Blindness was as desperate as the Woman's. He dispossesses so fast, *Cromwell* can scarce find Devils enough to bait the Exorcist. Let the Vipers but kiss his Hand, and they are innocent. Had *Bradshaw* that condemned him been longer on the Bench, or single, that *Dagon* too had fallen before the Captive Ark. But O! At the Scaffold he engrosses Miracles. There he christens by Wholesale. That one Blow slew more Rebels than all these seven Years. Our *Sampson*, though shaved both Hair and Head away, killed more *Philistines* at his Death, than all his Life-time. Now they would swear Fealty to his Trunk, and Homage to a dipt Handkerchief. They adore his very Ghost, and will atone their Rebellion, by being Subjects now there is no King. And who cannot continue Loyal to such a King, that dies for the Sins and Safety of his People? Who would refuse to be his Subjects, who is their Martyr? He acted a Christian better than most Divines can describe one; and bled Doctrines more freely than they can speak them. He shewed Graces the Schoolmen scarce ever heard of. We might edify more from the Scaffold in an Hour, than from the Pulpit in an Age. His Passion was greater than all Queen *Mary's* Days; and he suffered more than all the *Book of Martyrs*.

If murd'ring Kings be meritorious,
And the right Way to make 'em glorious;
To shew the utmost they could do,
They murder King and Kingdom too;
And as they say good Deeds are best
That are more secret than the rest,

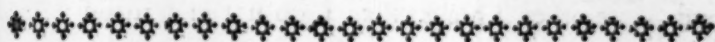
That.

That they in no respect might err,
 They mask the Executioner.
 But some give this a diff'rent Turn,
 And argue with Revenge and Scorn,
 That these immortal Rogues in grain
 Murder'd the King purely for Gain;
 That they might seize on his Dominions,
 And parcel it among their Minions.
 Others there are pretend to know,
 That Reprobate that gave the Blow,
 Had neither Modesty nor Grace,
 Altho' he had his Villain's Face.
 I rather think the Case lay here,
 He was afraid some Cavalier
 Might know him, and be so uncivil,
 To send him headlong to the Devil.



The Earl of PEMBROKE'S SPEECHES
in the Time of the Grand Rebellion.

Written by Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



His SPEECH in Parliament, on Monday the 19th of December, 1642, concerning Accommodation.

My Lords,



Have not used to trouble you with long Speeches, I know I am an ill Speaker; but tho' I am no Scholar, I am an honest Man, and have a good Heart to my King and Country.

I have more to lose than many of these who so hotly oppose an Accommodation: I will not forfeit mine Estate to satisfy their Humours, or Ambitions.

My

My Lords, 'tis time to look about us, and not to suffer our selves to be fooled out of our Lives, our Honours, and our Fortunes, to help those Men, who, when their Turns are served, will despise us, and begin to laugh at us already.

A Fellow here of the Town, an ordinary, scurvy Fellow, told me the other Day to my Face, that he cared not if I left them to Morrow; nay, if all the Lords (except three or four that he named, and said, he was sure would not leave them) went to the King, they should do their Business the better. Yet my Lords, I think we have helped them: I am sure they could never have brought it to this without us, if we had not joined with them: I think the People would not have followed the House of Commons. Now they can do their Business without us: 'Twill be worse shortly, if we do not look about us.

My Lords, we were told this Time Twelve-month, if we would put out the Bishops out of the Lords House, no farther Attempt should be made upon the Church: I am sure I was promised so, by some who would be thought Honest Men; and when I told them it was reported that they meant to take away Episcopacy, and the Book of Common-Prayer, they protested to me, that in the first they intended nothing, but to appoint some godly Ministers to assist the Bishops in Ordination, and some other Things that I do not understand: And for the Book of Common-Prayer, they who were strictest against it, and would never be present at it, assured me, that if it were once confirmed by Act of Parliament, (for they said many Things were put into it by the Bishops without Authority) they would be content; and on my Conscience so they would, if they had the Places they then look'd for.

Now nothing will content them, but no Bishop, no Book of Common-Prayer; and shortly it will be, no Lords, no Gentlemen, and no Books at all, for we have Preachers already that can neither write nor read.

My Lords, I wonder what we shall get by this War; we venture more than other Men: I am sure I venture more than Five Hundred of them; and the most I can look for, is to 'scape Undoing. What between being a

Traytor,

Traytor, and being a Malignant, we have but a narrow Way to walk in : We hear every base Fellow say in the Street, as we pass by in our Coaches, that they hope to see us a Foot shortly, and to be as good Men as the Lords; and I think they will be as good as their Words, if we take this Course.

They say they will have no Peace without Truth. Death! Have we no Truth? Have we lived all this while in Ignorance? I think our Fathers were as wise Men as they. Had we no Truth in Queen *Elizabeth's* Time? Have not all our famous learned Divines been able to teach us Truth, but must we learn it only out of Tubs?

My Lords, I am no Scholar, but I understand Men; and I had rather continue ignorant still, than enjoy the Truth these Men would have. I have served the King's Father, and Himself; and though I have been so unhappy as to fall into his Displeasure, no Body shall perswade me to turn Traytor; I have too much to lose.

I am a true Protestant, and I love the King and Kingdom; and I am sure War is good for neither of them. I would every Bodies Faults were forgiven them; and I think we should all then take heed how we committed new.

Good my Lords, let us have Peace; and if these Men will not consent to it, let us think of some other Way to get it.

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*The Earl of PEMBROKE'S SPEECH
to the House of Peers, when the Lords
were accused of High-Treason, 1647.*

My Lords,



O U know I seldom make Speeches, yet (my Lords) *Every Thing would fain Live*; and now I must either find a Tongue, or lose my Head: I am accused for sitting here, when your Lordships fled to the Army: Alas! My Lords, I am an old Man, I must sit: You may ride, or run any whither,

whither, but I am an old Man: You voted them Traitors who left the House, and went to *York*; they told us then, they were forc'd away by Tumults; Do not you say so too? Were they Traitors for going, and am I a Traitor for staying? 'S death, my Lords, what wou'd you have me do? Hereafter I'll neither go nor stay. I have served you seven Years; what have you given me, unless Part of a Thanksgiving Dinner, for which you made me fast once a Month? I was fed like a Prince at the King's Cost, twice every Day, long before some of you were born: And this King continu'd, nay, out-did his Father, in heaping Favours upon me; yet (for your Sakes) I renounc'd my Master when he had most need of me; voted against him, swore against him, hired Men to fight against him: I confess I my self never struck at him, nor shot at him, but I pay'd for those that did: I gave my Tenants their Leases Fine-free, if they would rise and resist the King; and yet, my Lords, after all this, must I be a Traitor? Have not I sworn for you over and over, and over again; You sent me on your Errands to *Oxford*, to *Uxbridge*, to *Newcastle*, to *Holdenby*; you hurried me up and down as if I had been a King; you made me carry a World of Propositions; I brought them all safe and sound; what you bid me say, I spake to a Syllable; and had the King ask'd me how old I was, without your Commission, I should not have told him; and yet, my Lords, I am an old Man: Remember how I stuck to you against *Strafford* and *Canterbury*; some of you shrunk at *Strafford's* Trial, so that your Names were like to be posted for Malignants; and for *Canterbury*, many of you would have had him live. My Lord of *Northumberland* and Others, would have no Hand in his Blood; but I gave you the casting Voice, that sent him packing into another World; and yet now would you send me after him? Have not I sat with you early and late? When the Parliament tumbl'd and tofs'd and roll'd it self on this side and on that side, still I was for the Parliament: Tho' I stay'd here with Presbyterian Lords, yet when you return'd, I was firm to you. All the other Lords left you in the House, when Sir *Thomas Chaplin* gave Thanks for your Return: But I stay'd and pray'd with you, and am (for ought I know) as great an Independent as any of you

all. I Rejoyc'd with you, Fasted, Sung Psalms, Pray'd with you, and hereafter will run away with you: Nay, I had done it now; but who knew your Minds? If you meant I should follow you, why did you not wink upon me? Think you I could run away by Instinct? My Lords, you know I love Dogs, and (tho' I say it) I thank God I have had as good Dogs as any in *England*. Now, my Lords, if a Dog follow me when I do not call him, I bid him be gone; if I call him, and he comes not, then I beat him; but if I beat him for not coming, when I never call'd him, you'll think me mad. 'S Death, my Lords, *'Tis a poor Dog is not worth the whistling.*

But, perhaps; my Fault is not meer staying here, but being active in your Absence; because in my Robes and Collar of S. S. I brought up Mr. *Pelham*, the Commons new Speaker. Why, what if I did? Is not Mr. *Pelham* my own Cousin? Would your Lordships have me uncivil to my Kindred? Why might not I entertain the new Speaker, as well as Sir *Robert Harley* entreat us to admit him? Mr. *Pelham* is none of Sir *Robert's* Cousin, and yet Sir *Robert* is an Old Man.

I hear some say, that I was forward to begin a new War; that my Hand is to all the Warrants for Lifting Men and Horse, and in order thereunto I voted His Majesty should come to *London*. 'Tis true, my Lords, I did give my Vote for the King's coming hither; but wherefore was it? 'Twas only to choose a new Speaker. What! Would ye have us dumb, and sit here like Ferrets? My Lords, I love to hear Men to speak; and all the Lawyers told me, *No King, no Speaker*; That either the Commons, must name their Speaker, and the King approve him; or the King name him, and the Commons approve him: *No King, no Speaker*. And so I was for the King, that is, for the Speaker.

Then (my Lords) observe the Manner of his Coming: The King was to come according to the Covenant; mark ye that. I was still for my Oaths: Let him come when he will; if the Covenant fetch him, he had as good stay away: And yet Men cry shame on the Covenant. Those that took it, cast it up again; and those that refuse it, have given a World of Arguments that it is unreasonable; which Reasons our Assembly (like a Company of Rascals) never

never yet answer'd. I know, my Lords, many of our Friends never took this Oath, but they refus'd it out of meer Conscience. Shall malignant Consciences be as tender as ours? Why, what do they think our Consciences are made of? But, my Lord, suppose this Oath be unreasonable: Can we do nothing but we must give a Reason for it? This is as bad as the House of Commons: who, when they deny to pass an Ordinance, presently send to know our Reasons, tho' themselves give no Reasons for demanding ours; and so Malignants would have reasonable Oaths: Only here's the Difference, the House of Commons do use to demand Reasons: Tho' I hold the Covenant is extream reasonable; for as some Malignants take it to save their Estates, so we give it to make them lose their Estates; both love their Estates, and both hate the Covenant. Thus, my Lords, we have Reason for this Oath, and your Lordships have no Reason to make me a Traitor, while I give my Vote according to Covenant.

As for signing Warrants to raise a new Army, I wonder you'll speak of it. Have not you all done it an hundred Times? How many Reams of Paper have we subscrib'd to raise Forces for King and Parliament? 'Tis well known, I can scarce write a Word besides my Name: Can't a Man write his own Name without losing his Head? If I must give Account for what I set my Hand to, *Lord have mercy upon me.* I see now my Grandfather was a wise Man, he could neither write, nor read; and happy for me were I so too. Come, come, my Lords, be plain, and tell me, Do I look like one that would raise a new War? I must confess, I love a good Army; but if there be none 'till I raise it, Soldiers of Fortune may change their Name. No, my Lords, 'twas not I, 'twas the Eleven Members would have raised a War. You see they were guilty, by their running away: I neither run with them, nor with you; I don't like this running away, I love to stay by it. And whether was for War, I that stayed in Town, or you that went to the Army? The Devil a Horse did I list, but in my new Coach, nor used any Harness, but my Collar of S S; and will you for this clap me in the Tower? You sent me thither six Years since, but for handling a Standish, and you'll commit me for writing my Name? What, my
Lords

ords, do you hate Learning ? Can you not end nor be-
in a Parliament without sending me to the Tower ? Do
our Lordships mean to make me a Lord Mayor ? If I
needs must go, pray send me Home to *Baynard's Castle*,
or *Durham-House*. : A damnable Fire burnt my House at
Wilton, just that Hour I mov'd your Lordships to drive
Malignants out of *London*. But why to the Tower ; am
a Company for Lyons ? Do you think me a Cat-a-moun-
tain, fit to be shown thro' a Grate for two Pence ? No,
my Lords, keep the Tower for Malignants, they can en-
sure it ; some of them have been Prisoners seven Years ;
they can feed upon bare Allegiance, please themselves with
Discourses of Conscience, of Honour, of a Righteous
Cause, and I know not what ; but what's this to me ?
How will these Malignants look upon me ? Nay, how
shall I look upon them ! I confess, some of them love my
son's Company ; They say, he's more a Gentleman, and
as Wit : 'S Death, my Lords, must I turn Gentleman.
I thought I had been a Peer of the Realm ; and am I
now a Gentleman ? Let my Son keep his Wit, his poor
father never got two Pence by his Wit. Alas ! my Lords,
what Hurt can I do you ? Or what Good will it do you
to have my Head ? I am but a Ward ; my Lord *Say* hath
disposed of me these seven Years : I am no Lawyer, tho'
the *Littletons* call me Cousin ; I am no Scholar, tho' I
have been the University's Chancellor ; I am no Statef-
man, tho' I was a Privy-Councillor. I know not what
you mean by the three Estates : Last *June* the Army de-
manded a Release for *Lilburn*, *Musgrove* and *Overton* ; I
thought they had been the Three. I thank God I have
a good Estate of my own, and I have the Estate of my
Lord *Bayning's* Children, and I have my Lord of *Car-*
arwan's Estate ; these are my three Estates, and yet, my
Lords, must I to the Tower ? Consider, we are but a
few Lords left ; come let's love and be kind to one another.
The *Cavaliers* quarrel'd among themselves, beat one ano-
ther, and lost all ; let us be wiser, my Lords ; for had
we fallen into their Condition, my Conscience tells me
we had look'd most wofully.

I perceive, your Lordships think better of me ; and you
would quit me, if I were not charg'd by the *Agitators*
and *General Council of the Army*. How, *Agitators* !
S'Death

'S Death, what's that? Whoever heard that Word before? I understand *Classical, Provincial, Congregational, National*; but for *Agitator*, it may (for ought I know) be a Knave not worth three Pence. If *Agitators* cut Noblemen's Throats, you'll find the Devil has been an *Agitator*. As for the *General Council*, I hate the Name of it, 'tis old and naught, and used to be full of Bishops: Those Fellows have troubl'd us ever since the Apostles Time; I thought we had made them poor enough, and is their Name come again to torment me? My Lords, I understand not these *General Councils*; those of old (they say) were Christians, and these are Independents: What a damnable deal of *Generalling* is here? *General Assembly, General of the Army, General Council of the Army*; we never had a quiet Hour since we had so many *Generals*. Well, my Lords, these are hard Times, and we make them worse with hard Words, which neither we, nor our Fore-fathers understood. Heretofore Bishops were *Jure Divino*; then Elders would be *Jure Divino*; and now *Agitators* would be *Jure Divino*: D—n me, I think nothing *Jure Divino* but God. Call you this a thorough Reformation? My Lords, if these *Agitators* must rule the Kingdom, why are not we our selves *Agitators*? Why may not I make *Oldsworth* an *Agitator*? His Abilities and Honesty are equal to most of 'em? But, for ought I see, *Agitators* will sooner be Earls of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, than we *Agitators*. For the Parliament leads the People, the Army leads the Parliament, *Cromwell* leads *St Thomas Ireton*, and *Ireton* leads *Cromwell*; *Agitators* will lead *Ireton*; whither the Devil shall we all be led at last?

My Lords, you see I have spoke my Mind; I hope every Week some of your Lordships will do the like, and the Commons in this (tho' in nothing else) will follow the House of Peers.

But I have done, I have done, my Lords; Remember I beseech you, that I am an old Man: I have been Grandfather Time out of Mind, (for I was so when the Parliament began) and now must I be Food for *Agitators*. O, my Lords, I have used the King so ill, and he loved me so well; and I have served you so well, and you used me so ill, that no Man is sorry for me. Therefore my Request is, that you would not think of sending me to the Tower, 'till somebody pities me.



The Earl of PEMBROKE's Speech in Parliament, on the Debate of the City's Petition for a Personal Treaty with the King in London, and also on the Debate of the Reasons given by the Lords to the Commons, for not sending the three Propositions before a Treaty, 1648.

The Citizens being withdrawn, his Lordship spoke as followeth.

My Lords,



Thank God you had no Reason to make me your Speaker: And truly (all Things considered) I have as little Reason to be a Speaker as any Man; and yet I will speak, for I have been learning this seven Years how to do it *extrumpere*; I have help'd

to bawl down Bishops, and Scholars, and Ministers, or dumb Dogs; and do you think I'll be a dumb Dog too? A Halter I will: If I should sit still and say nothing, and let his Majesty come to London, that were the Way to make me dumb indeed, for I can say no more for my self than a Dog. I hope the Door is fast, that the Citizens do not hear me, because I'll speak my Mind. What, tho' I do not know my own Mind, yet I'll speak as well as I can. 'Tis known I am a true English Man, tho' I cannot speak good English, and as honest a Man too as my Lord Say can make me; and therefore, my Lords, now I have lived long enough with you, I mean to die with the House of Commons; or else (they say) I shall be no Lord; and so say I to you: Grass and Hay, (my Lords) we are all mortal, and must be tied up to the Manger.

I have been for the City too in my Time, when they would pay their Money, hear Reason, and invite us to Dinners.

Dinners. Hang them, Rascals, they cannot say but we have given them their Belly-fulls too, (I pray God they do not hear me.) This Time Twelve-Month they made a young Man of me, and yet (as simple as you think me) I am an old Man : They drew me into a new War, and made me wait upon a new Speaker, and vote his Majesty's Coming to *London* : But I was a mad Man, I knew not what I did then ; for if the Army had not had the more Mercy, I had been a Traitor, as well as the Rest, for ought I know. Do you think then I'll vote the King Home again ? No, I warrant you, I am an old Bird, and scorn Chaff, or to be made a Traitor any more for any King in Christendom. I am an old Thing made new now : My Man *Michael* tells me I am an Independent. I think I am a good Christian ; ay, but Citizens and *Scots* are *Jews*, and who knows but that Personal Treaty may be a new Name for Popery ?

You may bring in Popery, and break the Covenant, if you please, my Lords, but I dare not. I am sure we have gotten well by it, we have Reason to regard it, for we have gotten the Crown-Lands, Church-Lands, the Cavaliers-Lands, every Man's Lands too, if we please, and the Devil and all : And how shall we keep them, if we do not keep the Covenant ? For my Part I'll keep to my Oaths, and rather than part with them. *D—e* I'll swear down all this Personal Treaty.

And good Reason too, for they say it will undo all that we have been doing these seven Years : And for my Part I thought all had been undone already, then what need any more undoing by a Treaty ? My Lords, if we must undo, let us undo as the House of Commons do, they do one Thing to Day, and undo it to Morrow : They voted they would never make any more Addresses to the King, and made us Vote so too, and then they made us unvote all again. And truly, I think this is a hard Chapter, for I cannot read the Meaning of it, but I am sure they do not mean a Treaty, if they can help it.

I like the Way of sending Propositions ; ay, for I love to go on Errands. I am sure it is an honourable Employment for an old Man to be the States half-penny Boy, and I am glad the Commons will not hear your Reason for the King's Coming, before he have signed the three Propositions.

Propositions. For, observe, my Lords, if they should hear Reason they might go whistle : Mistake me not. I mean if they should hear any Reason but their own, and I think that is all the Reason in the World, for it is Reason of State, or the State's own Reason. There I think I hit it ; for all other Reason is malignant and high Treason. Why then should we treat with the King ? For he'll talk malignant Reason, and Reason of State too ; but then here's the Matter, my Lords, he will not talk the State's Reason, and therefore judge ye, whether the State have any Reason to talk with him, when he will talk nothing but Treason, and by that Means, my Lords, make you, or me, or any of us all, Traitors to our Faces ? Trust him that will ; for my Part, I shall have as little to say to him as any of you all, and yet you see I am a good Speaker, according to the State's Reason.

I think we never had a good World since we had so much Reason : For my Part (I'll speak my Mind plainly) I never had any Reason of my own, nor will I own ever any but *Michael Oldisworth*, and the State's ; and, *By the Life of Pharaoh*, I think they two are as reasonable Creatures as any in the World. But to this Point of Reason, I mean to speak more, now I come to examine your Lordships Reasons of State, which the House of Commons have voted contrary to the State's Reason : For, as I take it, my Lords, they are the State, and you know we are all bound to submit to the State, or else we are Traitors : I am sure few of us but have been made so, for not submitting, and 'tis God's Mercy we are not all Traitors. However, I'll be one no more, if I can help it, but keep as well as I can to the State's Reasons, and I advise your Lordships to do so too, for they care not a Fig for all your Reasons. Nor I neither. 'S Death, I am sure some of you have no Reason to the contrary ; you know how you were whip'd with the black Rod lately, and I can tell you, there's a black Book too at the Head Quarters ; if you'll do Reason, ye may, but (mark ye, my Lords) it's very dangerous to talk Reason, it's the only Way to be put in the black Book, and then you know the black Rod follows. I am an old Man, ay, and some of you are old enough too ; but you see, we are not past Whipping, and you will not be Warning.

I

How

However, I shall have a Care of one, and in the mean Time see what Reason have you to venture to talk Reason to the State? If you were their Fellow-Commoners, you might have some Reason to make bold to give them Reasons; but being as it is, methinks you might know your Distance. You say you would not have the three Propositions offered to the King before the Treaty; First *Because the Citizens here, and divers Counties, have petition'd for it*: The Citizens! 'Tis true, they have brought us in a Petition here for it; but the more Rascals they: They may go Home and say their Prayers; for they are not like to be heard here. What, do they pray when they should curse? D——e, do they think the State's a *Camelion*, to live upon Air, good Words, and Petitions, and Treaties? They were all for a new War, and drew me in too this Time Twelve-Months, and now they are against a new War. Is there any Reason in this, when the States have not yet done their Business? Must they do and undo, as well as the State; and now by doing nothing, quite undo the State? They shall be hang'd first; D——e, they shall. I am somewhat the more eager against this, (my Lords) because you say 'tis Reason; but yet, I hope, the Citizens do not hear me. I would not have all that I spake, to be spoken on the House-Top, because usually, my Lords, I seldom speak, but I am o'th' Top of the House, before I am aware. But this, I say, why should they stand for Peace and Treaties, that first set a-foot the War? And now, when we expect they should serve another Apprenticeship to the State to maintain the War, they meant to leave Reformation like *Dun*, in the Mire, and are become so Popish as to cross us with Treaties. If they were for a new War this Time Twelve Month, 'tis all the Reason in the World they should be so now. What though the Case be not the same, nor the State the same now that it was then? I hope the Cause and the State are alive still, and will be as long as the King and the Cavaliers live; and out live them too; for they are the same still, and fitter for another World than the State's World. For the State's World runs round, and hath done so these seven Years, but the King and the Cavaliers are the same still: And therefore, my Lords, I shall conclude with good Logick as any I have left in the University. As long as the King and the Cavaliers are the same, the Cause must

needs be the same, though the State be not the same, but mangled, and rent, and patch'd, and new-modell'd, and the Covenant likewise crack'd all to Pieces. And where is your Reason now, my Lords? Doth it not follow then, that they ought to take the same Course to maintain the War against the King and the Cavaliers, and not trouble the State thus with Treaties? Especially seeing *Guild-Hall* is the same, the Excise, the City-Bags, and publick Faith too, are all the very same still, and as full and fluent as ever. And if these Fellows that come here to vex the State thus with Petitions, will not go Home in Peace, to forward a new War, and be the same Men again that they have been, I hope the Army will come and pickle them up in the Tower, and serve them the same Sauce their Fellows had this Time Twelve-Month; For what other End, I pray you, do we keep the Army, or the Army keep us?

And now, my Lords, that I have done with the Citizens, I shall fall upon the Counties. What have they to do with Petitions? They are out of their Calling; they should follow the Plough, and let the State alone to harrow and fetch in Harvest. I warrant you they had rather have a King, and see us Quarter'd, than endure any more Free-Quarters; but I think the State Guard quarter'd them sufficiently, and made drawn Cuts of 'em, I mean the *Surrey Men*; so that I think they, or the rest, will have little Stomach again to come a Petitioning. What Reason then, my Lords, have you to regard what they say for a Treaty? They can but talk (you see) and the State can fight, and be ne'er the more Traitors for it; but if these fight, they are Traitors presently, as soon as we have conquer'd them. I tell you, my Lords, if the State had voted me a Soldier, I would have no more Mercy upon these Fellows than if they were Traitors in Gingerbread. What though they would bite? I have ventur'd ere now the tender'st Member that I have, with a biting Thing, and lain in a Month for it under the Surgeon's Hands; and I'll venture my Tongue with any Biter of them all, but I'll be sure to have a Care of my Head for the Service of the State; and who know, whether I may keep it if there be a Treaty? But I wonder what Good my Head would do them? I am not weary of it

Yet, for I never much troubled it, nor have been much troubled with it, and yet I should be much troubled to part with it. 'Tis true, I for my Part never got any Thing by it, and I suppose no Body else will : Therefore they had as good let it alone. But neither you have any Reason to venture yours, nor I mine. And therefore to this Part of your Reason, my Lords, I say the Counties are as very Rascals as the Citizens, that would have us to pull an old House upon our Heads by a Personal Treaty : They would have a Disbanding of the Army too, would they ? But they shall snap short ; for I love the Army, D—e, I do dearly. Sink me, they would have us disband, I think too, and sit no longer ; but if the Army will love us, we will love the Army ; for why should the Counties be so much against the Soldiers, poor Wretches ! Consider, my Lords, an 'twere your own Case ; for it might have pleased God to have made some of us Soldiers. And so, my Lords, I think I have mauld your first Reason against the three Propositions.

Your second Reason is, *Because his Majesty hath often declared, that he will sign nothing 'till all Things be concluded, and therefore, that the sending those Three must needs cause Delay to the Treaty.* I would have you to know, my Lords, I am not for Delay, I hate them ; for I think I am as hasty as any Man ; but yet I care not, if we delay a Treaty with God, or the King, 'till Dooms-day, and that I think is a fair Time ; for it may be to-Morrow, for ought we know : And it is a very fit Time, I think, since his Majesty will agree to nothing 'till the Conclusion of all Things. I wish him well, he was my Master, but I care not much for seeing him, nor for kissing his Hand ; I can kiss my Lady May, and she is my Mistress, I care not for kissing of Men : I am an old Man, and it is not for me to be kissing : But if she be for a Personal Treaty, then indeed this Reason holds good against Delay, and I am of your Opinion.

Then you say too, *It is contrary to the Rules of Treating, to grant any Thing before the Treaty.* Have we done what we list all this while, and must we go by Rule now ? Then it will follow too, that we must let the King rule again. He is in a fine Condition to rule, is he not ? I thought we could have ruled one another better than he.

I am sure my Lord *Say* rules me, as well as ever I would desire ; and I believe he rules you as well as me ; and then we can never be against the Rules of Treating, as long as he rules the Roast, because he says a Treaty is out of all Rule, and none but unruly Fellows do stand for it, and it is not for our Honours, my Lords, to be unruly : But D — e, I think we cannot be unruly ; for we have as good a disciplin'd Army as any in the World to rule us.

But I say further, *That it was the Desire of the Scots to have his Majesty come to some of his Houses near London, and therefore we should yield to it presently, to keep a fair Correspondence with them.* D — e and sink me, my Lords, what have we to do with them now ? We had occasion to use them a while ago ; but now that they have helpt us to conquer the King, we have done with them. We, my Lords, must be ruled, but the *Scots*, you see, are the Lords of Misrule. For my part, I'll have nothing to do with them : I cannot abide a *Scot*, for a *Scot* switch'd me once, and crack'd my Crown with my own Staff, the Verge of my Lord Chamberlainship, and now they are all coming to switch you too. They say *Hamilton* is their General : He is a Duke ; I cannot abide a Duke, because I am not one my self, But do not I look as like a Duke as *Hamilton* ? Well, I might have been one, if I had had Wit enough to keep that Honour which I had : But I had Honour ; what then had I to do with Wit ? That's for poor Rogues, for Wit and Honour seldom meet together. I know many Men count Swearing to be Wit ; and if I had been so witty as to keep close to my Oaths at Court, and not broke them by playing false with the King, and forswear my self, by taking the State's Oaths, and the *Scots* Oath, D — e I had been as good a Duke before this Time, as any *Scot* of them all. But hang Dukes, we are Princes now, an't please the Commons.

As for the King's Coming to one of his Houses, I know not what that means, for he hath never a House : I say they are the State's Houses Time out of Mind, at least these seven Years, ever since his Majesty was turned out of Doors. I am afraid if he should come to any of his Houses, and we not agree with him, nor let him be King again, we shall be turned out of our House, and the

Commons out of their House; and then we shall not have a House to hide our Heads in. Mark ye too, my Lords, it must be to some one of his Houses near *London*: How d'ye like that? I am sure some of you have no Houses near *London*, and ye thought to make bold with his Majesty's. 'Sdeath, I thought ye had hous'd him for that Purpose, and will ye now give over House-keeping?

You say likewise, there is more Reason to offer a Treaty with him now, than there was heretofore at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. Well, my Lords, you may do what you will. Sink me, if I don't live and die with the House of Commons, I am for the State, ay: But if you'll undo yourselves with Reason, I cannot help it; you see the Cavaliers have undone themselves with it already. And if you'll beggar your selves with it too, and leave me to keep House here by my self, you may. You know the House of Commons and I are all one; and if you leave the House of Peers to me and two or three more, the Commons House and ours will soon be all one too. Hang Reason then, will you provoke the State, and leave my Company for a little Reason? You know whither my Lord of *Holland* is gone for his Reason, and what's become of my Lord *Francis* and the rest, and where I am that have Reason. You talk of treating at *Oxford* and *Uxbridge*. 'Tis true, his Majesty baffled us with Reason: But how hath he prospered after it? I believe it never did any Body any Good; and I am sure, though we had no Reason to get the better, yet we got the better with no Reason: And therefore, because we thrived so well then without Reason, I think 'tis wisely done to deal out of all Reason ever since. And so, my Lords, I think I have tickled you for all your Reasons, against our sending of the three Propositions before a Treaty.

Now, my Lords, in the next Place, I'll prove the Propositions themselves to be so reasonable, that I know you'll never trust to your own Reasons again. What though they are unreasonable, yet they are not so, if I keep to my former Distinction, that is, not according to Reason of State, but the State's Reason; for seeing a Treaty would quite undo the State, sure 'tis all the Reason in the World, they should propound Things out of Reason.

son, on Purpose to prevent Treating. Therefore I'll maintain the first Proposition is most reasonable, that the King should recal all Proclamations and Declarations against us, and well he 'scapes so too; for I am sure he shad'd us sufficiently with a Matter of Truth, though he called us out of our Names: 'S Death! which of all us are Rebels and Traitors? Do I look like one? What, am I a *Faux*, or a *Catesby*? I am sure I had no Hand in this last Powder-Plot; nor the first neither: I scorn to be a Traitor, ay, D—e. What Declarations and Proclamations to cut off our Heads, and not recal them? You may chuse whether you'll have 'em recal'd, or no; but, sink me, I'll have 'em recal'd. What shall our Heads be fitted with an Iron Capcase, and set a sunning these Dog-days upon the Top of the House here, to spoil our Complexions? D—e, we must all come to't, if we be Rebels and Traitors: Traitor then in his Face, if he will not recal his Proclamations; for they will make us Traitors, in spite of our Teeth, if we do not make them Treason against the State. What tho' the House of Commons have made us Traitors in many Things in spite of our Teeth, I hope the State may do any Thing, and be no Treason: Therefore, I say, these Proclamations are Treason against the State, and so not to recal them, is to be a Traitor against the State.

But the Cavaliers say, if the King recal's them, then he makes himself and them to be the Traitors. And all the Reason in the World, believe me; for do what we can, we cannot make them Traitors; why then should not he make them so to our Hands? For I am sure we use them like Traitors; and one had better be Traitors, I think, than us'd so: But they are stubborn Fellows; their Shoulders are broad enough to bear any Thing, and therefore the State hath Reason to make them the Traitors. I remember, when they proclaimed my Lord of *Essex* a Traitor, and my Lord *Say* here a Traitor, and all that stuck to them Traitors, I am sure I stuck to them close, and yet I think we are never the worse Traitors for being proclaimed. What's a Proclamation? I am sure there are some in the State that have torn his Majesty's Proclamations. How can they be Traitors then? But I'll tell you, my Lords, who are the Traitors. The

King's evil Counsellors are the Traitors; for they never left him 'till we shut him up close Prisoner, and put them away. We are the King's great Council now: What though we will not let him come amongst us; yet I am sure we are his best Council; for we save him a great deal of Trouble, and dispatch all Things for him, without a Hearing, and so, I hope, we shall dispatch him too, if he will not recal. Judge you then, my Lords, whether he had not best recal his Proclamations.

Now for the second Proposition, for settling of Church-Government, there is all the Reason in the World for it: For, I say, every Tub ought to stand upon his own Bottom: Why then should not the Church of *England* be settled upon a *Scotch* Bottom? Here's such a deal of do about a Church and Religion; I tell you plainly, my Lords, I am an Independent; I love it better than Presbytery; and yet I think they are both but a Tale of a Tub: But howsoever, it is an ill Tub that hath no Bottom: Therefore, my Lords, I keep my first Saying, the Church will never be settled, 'till every Tub stands upon his own Bottom. Judge you then, whether I am not fit to be a Reformer. The Assembly says, we must reform according to the Word of God. For my Part, I never trouble my self to read a Word of it, and yet you know I am an Assembly-man. What need I read the Word of God, when I keep a Chaplain to read it? Besides, they say the Reading of it would spoil my Oaths, and I'll not leave one Word of my Oaths for all the Word of God: But I am willing to be rid of the *Scotch* Oath, because they say 'tis taken out of the Word of God, and it may be so for ought I know. But yet I would fain keep the Covenant, because it hath kept many of us these hard Times, and because it keeps the Bishops away from us. I cannot abide Bishops, they have so much Learning and Antiquity: I hate Surplices too, ever since Mr. *Henderson* preach'd it up for the Whore of *Babylon's* Smock. It seems he had taken it up often, for he had many a Bout with her, (as Mr. *Sedgwick* says) now and anon too: But hang the Whore of *Babylon*; she is an old Whore, and I am an old Man, (I thank God) but I cannot abide old Whores, nor you neither, my Lords, I hope. Therefore judge you, whither his Majesty ought not to settle Church-

Church-Government presently, that all old Whores may be excommunicated.

As for our third Proposition, for the settling of the Militia, I know not well what to say to it. This Militia is a hard Word, and so is Publick Faith, but yet the Citizens made a shift to swallow it: The Devil's in their Guts, they will down with any Thing these hard Times; and they will-down with Militia too, if we would let them. Sure it is a very hard Word; for we have much ado to make his Majesty part with it, and we are as loth to part with it, as his Majesty. But I think we have made him part with it in spite of his Teeth. What though he will not give it us, we have it already; and we are Fools (I think) if we do not keep it. What, take away our Arms? Does he think to make the State cross the Cudgels, and be Popish again? The State shall order *Hammond* to trip up his Heels first, and if he cannot do it, *Rolpb* shall go and make him kick up his Heels. He is a Member of the State's Militia; he may do it, D——e, he may; for no body that I see dares Question him. Judge you then, whether his Majesty had not as good let us cut his Throat with the Militia as without it. And so, my Lords, I think the three Propositions are very reasonable, and that you will never trouble the State with any more Reasons against them.

Now, my Lords, for the City's Petition here before us, I have but one Word more to say. I say, their Petition is worse than your Reasons. They would have a Treaty too, and no Propositions; but they are all not half so mannerly to the State as your Lordships; for you give Reasons, but they bring not a Word of Reason that I can understand; and yet they will have no Nay to a Treaty. Hang 'em Rascals, it is to save their Purfes; they had rather save their Purfes, than themselves, or the State: But D——e, their Purfes and they are both Reprobates, and therefore, I say, the State must D——n them both. It's possible in Time the State may hang them for all their Services: I do not mean the Aldermen in their own Chains, for the Troopers will find other Ware for Execution: And well they deserve it; for the poor Army hath taken the Pains to conquer the Kingdom, and them too; and yet the Charles are so miserable, they ne-
ver

ver could find in their Hearts to give them so much as one Meal of Thanksgiving ; therefore, I think, after their Cold Breakfast before *Colchester*, they had best come and fall aboard upon the City. I am sure they have some Friends here that will bid them welcome: *Skippon* hath a thousand Horse for the Purpose ; and I think they will help pretty well to fetch Recruits out of these dogged Fellows of the City and keep out a personal Treaty.

Then mark, my Lords, they'll have this Treaty to be in *London* ; no other Place will serve them to have the King in but *London* : I thought they had Kings enough at *London* already : But they'll have King *Charles* ; that's a malignant Word if you put but God to it ; for, it is the Cavaliers Words, and I am for neither. I hope, my Lords, you will be so too, and not turn Cavaliers now at last ; for what should we do with King *Charles* ? Which of us can look him in the Face ? D — e, I think you have as little Reason to treat with him, as I. Well, my Lords, I have spoken my Mind ; I pray you do not order the Printing of my Speech ; for, I would not have every Body know my Mind before my Self. I should speak oftner if I might be less in Print ; for, a Speech in Print is near kin to Learning, and I hate Learning ; I hate a King, I hate King *Charles*. Do you do so too, and let's love one another, and be obedient to the State : For, D — e, Sink me, and Ram me nine Miles into the Bottom of a Hedge, we are undone, if we do not make Slaves of the City, and keep off a personal Treaty.

The Earl of PEMBROKE'S SPEECH.

Y Lord Mayor, and you Gentlemen of the City, I am commanded, and the Reason that makes me trouble you at this Time with saying any Thing, is by reason of a Letter I have received from the Committee, which I think is a Letter of some Consequence, and sitting for you to see ; otherwise I am so ill a Speaker, after such a Declaration

claration made to you, I have not the Boldness to say any Thing to you: But truly, tho' I say little, and have a bad Tongue, yet I ever had so good a Heart to this Business, that I shall ever live and die in it.

Gentlemen, You have shew'd your selves like brave and noble Citizens; you have done it with that Nobleness, with that Alacrity, with that Love to God, King and Parliament, that none of your Ancestors, before you never shewed more Love, nor Care, nor Zeal, nor performed that you have done better: I have only this to say to you, If the Times are such (not that I think there is any great Peril in the King's Army now, for they have told you nothing but Truth) yet when you have seen this Letter, you will find there is very good Cause for you to crown this Work, which must be by following it, with the same Zeal, Love, Care, and Nobleness, and Alacrity, which if you do, you may well crown your selves with the Name of a glorious City, and none more.

The LETTER.

For His Excellency the Earl of Cumberland, Lord General of His Majesty's Forces in the North.



Y very good Lord, your Lordship's of the twentieth of this Month I have received by Stockdale, and have read it to his Majesty; who willed me to signify to your Lordship, that he is well pleased with your Lordship's continuing of the Sheriff in his Place, albeit he sent a Writ for his Discharge: His Majesty takes a special Notice of your Lordship's Vigilancy and Care, in the Trust he hath reposed in your Lordship; as he hath by many very gracious Expressions declared at several Times openly, upon Conference of your Business in that County: Your Lordship's Care of my Lady Dutchess of Buckingham, is, I assure you, very well taken by his Majesty. Sir Ralfth Hopton, and other Gentlemen in the West, have raised ten thousand Horse and Foot, with which they have already disarmed all Persons in Cornwall,

wal, that are disaffected to the King; they have taken Lancaster, and are marching into Devonshire, to disarm the disaffected there; and so intend to come to meet the King at London: Here are also in Wales about 6 or 7000 Men levied for the King, which are to be under Marquiss Hartford, that will be ready, upon all Occasions, to come to his Majesty; but we hope he will not need their Help, having given the Earl of Essex such a Blow, as they will make no haste again to adventure themselves in that Cause against God's Anointed. I shall refer your Lordship to the Relation of the Bearer, for the Particulars: To Morrow his Majesty marcheth towards London, by Oxford. I am so full of Business, as I must crave your Lordship's Pardon that I write so briefly: And I am Nevertheless,

Your Lordship's

Most Humble Servant,

Edgescot, North-
ampton, Oct. 24.
1642.

Edward Nicholas.



The



The SPEECH (without an Oath) of PHILIP HERBERT, late Earl of Pembroke, at his Admittance, as a Member, into the Honourable House of Commons, in Parliament Assembled, April the 6th, 1649. After he had been duly Elected a Burgess for Berkshire, instead of Sir Francis Pile, lately deceased.

Taken Verbatim, by Michael Oldisworth.

Printed in the Year, 1649.

Many worthy Members coming out of the House, received his Honour in with all respect, as a Member elected by the County of Berkshire, and instead of Sir Francis Pile deceased; where being no sooner entered, but he speak as followeth.

Gentlemen,



OR so I can but now rightly call you all, tho' I know there be amongst you many worthy Lords, Knights, and Burgeses; yet since all, and Lordship is cried down by the People, I think it my Duty to lay down the Vanity of my Titles at the Feet of this Supreme Authority; and, Sink me, I hold it the best Policy so to do, and the best Honesty too. Lords, Earls, Kings, Dukes, are all but Marks of the Gentiles, and cannot be proper to us Christians, that should have Wit enough to rule our selves, and not Exercise Lordship over our Brethren. He that would be Chief among you, let him be your Servant. Dam-me, I have been your Servant, and will be your Servant 'till Death. I am an Elect Member of this House, and no Ruler, neither have I any Desire to rule

rule, for a Ruler should have his Rule. Z'blood, do you make a Carpenter, or a Coxcomb of me, that ye think I'll be a Ruler? Sink me, I grow old, it is enough for me to rule my House, and not to assume a Power to rule others; for ruling Lords, in an over-ruling Sense, is a Thing that stands neither with Reason, Law, Justice, nor Christianity. Dam-me, I think I am lawfully elected, and have as good Qualities as another, and therefore may claim, have, and make use of any Privilege of Parliament, either in relation to my Person, Quality, or Estate. Sink me and dam-me, If I exercise Lordship over a Worm; Judge me, I am as proud of *Philip Herbert*, or Burgefs of *Berkshire*, as I am of Earl of *Pembroke*; and my Reason (Mr. Speaker) is this, I was *Philip Herbert*, before I was Earl of *Pembroke*, and now I am Burgefs for *Berkshire*; and if I bark not, and bawl not, as I see Occasion, as well as the best of you all, then let the County, that chose me their Minister and Servant, complain of me, or turn me out and chuse another. No, Sink me, the Country ought not to be at the Charge of *keeping Dogs*, and *bark themselves*; or feed their Dogs so high and lusty, that, like *Akron's*, they devour their Master. Pardon me, Mr. Speaker, I hope you do not conceive that I call the Parliament Dogs, I speak concerning their Vigilancy to preserve their Masters Estates; and in that Point I may, in my blunt Language, liken them to Dogs; but *every like is not the same*. Mr. Speaker, Conceive me aright, I would have you not to be Dogs, but as Dogs, that is, as I conceive, not to be dumb Dogs: I shall ever hate a dumb Dog. But, Sir, I know you are no dumb Dog, because you are Speaker.

Gentlemen,

I am now received in, and made a Member of this Honourable House of Commons; tho' it be a Thing strange, and not common in *England*, for an Earl (as not long since I held my self to be) and a Member of the Lords House, to be made a Commoner, or removed from the Upper End, to the Lower End of the Table. I am not so void of Understanding, or Common Sense, as not to think my self highly honoured therewith. I am no Respecter of Persons, or Places. Sir, I know how to humble my self, and do acknowledge it my Duty, not only

to

to lay down my Titles and Dignities, but my Life and Honours for the Good of the Commonwealth. Dam-me, 'tis not my Wealth that I prize above the Commonwealth, tho' I love both, and would do my utmost to preserve both, which I take to be the chief Cause of the Peoples chusing me to be their Representative. 'Tis true, I was formerly chosen Chancellor of *Oxford*, not only by this Honourable House, but the House of Lords then being; but considering my weak Abilities in Divinity, being (I thank God) little troubled with the same, nor guilty of any more confused, or confounding Languages than my own Mother-Tongue; and for Arts and Sciences, they never shall trouble my Head, I hold it my best Art and Science to preserve my Self and my Estate, and get more if I can. Dam-me, he that cares not for his Wealth, can never care for the Commonwealth; for how can he that will not do Good for himself, do Good for others? *Charity ought to begin at Home.*

Mr. Speaker,

Truly, Gentlemen, I know not what Errors are lately crept into that University; but, at my last Visitation, I think I plagued them to Purpose. Confound me, they had as good to have been visited with the Plague, as with me; for I spared none, right, or wrong. Dam-me, I think the University was never better weeded since it was an University; I pulled up all the Popish Poppies, the Malignant May-weed, the Thistles and Hemlock that choaked the Wheat. Dam-me, they had nigh choaked me with Fuming and Swearing at them. A Pox of their Reasons, they were Logick to me, for I could understand not one of them; and if I could, I would not, I had no such Order in my Instructions; I acted as vigorous as God would give me leave, I spared ne'er a Son of *Rome* amongst them all; Dam-me, not my own Godson. 'Zblood, if my Father had been there a Scholar, and Popishly affected, as I was told they were, he should have turned out with the Rest. Mr. *Speaker*, I hate a Turn Coat, and a Black-Coat too; I love a Buff-Coat, or Mrs *May's* Petty-Coat, better than Popish Canonical Coats. Dam-me, if ye were all of my Mind, Gentlemen, you would pull down the Universities; they are but the Nurses of Learning and Superstition: Dam-me, Learning and Superstition have

have occasioned all these Wars and Blood. Refuse me, I had rather be a Sculler than a Scholar; these Arts and Sciences, as they call them, are dangerous Enemies to the State, and steal and draw away the Hearts and Affections of the People from Martial Affairs; and therefore, in my simple Judgment, it would redound much to the strengthening of the State, to change the Property of them; and instead of making them Nurseries of Learning, to make them Fencing-Schools, or Nurseries of War. Dam-me, this Kingdom hath more need of Warring than Learning; for all Christendom threatens us; therefore, Mr. *Speaker*, let us not be always Fools. 'Zblood, I have so much Wit in my Blockhead, that if I see a Storm a coming, I can provide for Shelter; the very Hogs teach me that. Gentlemen, I hate human Learning; Dam-me, I can learn as good a Lesson from a Hog, a Horse, a Dog, or a Cat, as from the best Divine in *England*. Pox! Am I not a Layman? And can I lay out my Time in any Thing better than Lay-learning? Besides, I am a Statesman; I know nothing to the contrary, but that I may state me Question then, that as I am no Divine, so that I may not meddle any more with Divinity: I am no Ruler, and therefore if they cannot learn the Wit to rule themselves, let them be unrul'd; for I have done my Part with them. Gentlemen, I hold the Chancellorship a fitter Place for my Man *Oldisworth*, or Mr. *Peters*, than for my self; and therefore, if your Wisdoms think fit, I desire to be discharged therefrom, because the self-denying Ordinance forbids, as I take it, to hold two Places in the Commonwealth; therefore I desire to leave the one, to the Intent that I may mind and apply my self the better to the other. Dam-me, I cannot serve two Masters, the Church and the State too, God and the Parliament: If it please this Honourable House, I conceive, one Office is enough for one Man; therefore I shall betake my self only to do my Business in this House, that the County that chose me may be the better for it. Gentlemen, I need not be ashamed to do my Business in this House, and was never backward, ye know, in any good Office, and would strain my self as much for the Good of the State, as Alderman *Atkins*, or any Member of you all; and shall untruss my Purse-strings too, upon any just and honest Occasion.

Gentle-

Gentlemen, as I always loved you so dearly, so I hope you will love me again ; for my great Affection to you, should draw your great Affection to me : And indeed we are Brethren, and Brethren ought to love and agree with one another. Dam-me, the very Devils can agree with one another, and cannot we ? 'Zblood, are we worse than Devils ? Our Grand Enemy, the King, is now cut off, and must we needs be Enemies to one another, and cut off one another too ? Believe me, *Lilburne* deserves to be hanged, and *Overton* turned over the Ladder, and *Prince*, the Cheesemonger, to be served in the same Kind as the Prince of *Wales*, that they dare be so impudent, bold, as to tax the Parliament, or the Council of State, with Injustice, or Tyranny. Dam-me, 'tis at least Treason and Nonsense but to think so ; and, Sink me, 'tis a thousand Times worse to say so, or to write so, and shew the People Reason for it too. A Pox of all Reasons and Reasoning for me, I never loved it in all my Life. 'Zounds, break a Man's Head, and give him a Reason for it ; as the *Scot* served me, when he switched me over the Face, broke my Head with my own Staff of Office, and then gave me a Reason for it ; and that was all the Satisfaction I could have for that Affront. Dam-me, I hate a *Scot* as I hate a Reason ; and I hate a Reason, as I hate the Devil : Reasoning is neither better nor worse than Treating, and we all know Treating is a Malignant, and an Enemy to the State. And if the Treaty had taken Effect, 'Zblood, we might all have been hang'd and damned before this. No, Reason is dangerous in the State ; neither is the State bound to render any Reason to *Lilburne*, *Overton*, or any Body else, for their Actions, or whatever they do. Had it not been for Reasoning, we had settled the supreme Authority on the People long ago ; and then we had had Peace, and a settled State. How simple is it to think, that a Parliament is unjust, or can err ? That's a likely Matter indeed ! No, Parliaments are chosen by the People, because they cannot err : The King smay err, as *David*, and the late King did : But when did you ever read in the Bible, that a Parliament could err, or had erred ? And thus, I hope, I have given you Satisfaction in this Point.

For this your Act of levying Money, I give you my free Consent. Pray what can be done without Money ?

Dam-

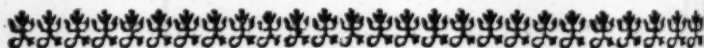
186 SPEECHES of the, &c.

Dam-me, Soldiers that fight for Money, must have Money ; and tho' I am no Soldier my self, yet, Dam-me, I love a Soldier with all my Heart ! And he that fights for Money, let him win Money ; and, Sink me, if he wins it, let him wear it too. 'Zblood, where should we have Money for Soldiers, but of the Countries and Cities whom they fight to preserve, unless they would have us pay them out of our own Estates ? But surely there is none in this Honourable House but has more Frugality, or at least more Wit, than to part with any of their own Estates ? Do we not labour and spend our Time for the Good of the Commonwealth, and shall the Commonwealth deny to spend their Money for us ? 'Zblood, Time is precious, Mr. *Speaker*, and, God refuse me, we have spent a long Time in their Service, at least eight Years, and cannot so much as have a good Word for our Pains. Ram me, Sink me, and Dam-me, it were a good Deed to give over, and leave them to themselves, and then we should have a Kingdom well governed. Dam-me, I am out of Breath, and therefore will conclude my Speech.

Your Affectionate Servant,

Vera Copia.

Pembroke and Montgomery.



The last Will and Testament of the Earl of PEMBROKE.



Philip, late Earl of *Pembroke* and *Montgomery*, now Knight for the County of *Berks*, being (as I am told) very weak in Body, but of perfect Memory ; for I remember this Time five Years, I gave the casting Voice to dispatch old *Canterbury* ; and, this Time Two Years, I voted no Address to be made to my Master, and this Time Twelve Month saw him brought to the Block : Yet because Death doth threaten and stare upon me, (who still have obeyed all those that threat'ned me) I now make my last Will and Testament.

Imprimis



E^t of Pembroke's last Will



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Imprimis, For my Soul, I confess I have heard very much of Souls, but what they are, or whom they are for, God knows, I know not ; they tell me now of another World, where I never was, nor do I know one Foot of the Way thither. While the King stood, I was of his Religion, made my Son wear a Cassock, and thought to make him a Bishop ; then came the *Scots* and made me a Presbyterian ; and since *Cromwell* entered, I have been an Independent. These (I believe) are the Kingdom's three Estates, and if any of these can save a Soul, I may claim one ; therefore if my Executors do find I have a Soul, I give it him that gave it me.

Item, I give my Body, for I cannot keep it, you see the Chirurgeon is tearing off my Flesh, therefore bury me, I have Church-Lands enough, but do not lay me in the Church-Porch, for I was a Lord, and would not be buried where Colonel *Pride* was born.

Item, My Will is, that I have no Monument, for then I must have Epitaphs and Verses, but all my Life long I have had too much of them.

Item, I give my Dogs (the best Curs that ever Man laid Leg o'er) to be divided among the Council of State. Many a fair Day have I follow'd my Dogs, and follow'd the State both Night and Day ; went whither they sent me, sat where they bid me, sometimes with Lords, sometimes with Commons, and now can neither go nor sit : Yet what ever becomes of me let my poor Dogs not want their Allowance, nor come within the Ordinance of one Meal a Week.

Item, I give two of my best Saddle Horses to the Earl of *Denbigh*, for I fear ere long his own Legs will fail him ; but the tallest and strongest in all my Stables I give to the Academy, for a Vaulting-Horse for all Lovers of Virtue. All my other Horses I give to the Lord *Fairfax*, that when *Cromwell* and the States, take away his Commission, his Lordship may have some Horse to command.

Item, I give my Hawks to the Earl of *Carnarvan* ; his Father was Master of the Hawks to the King, and he has Wit so like his Father, that I begg'd his Wardship, lest he in Time should do so by me.

Item I give all my Deers to the Earl of *Salisbury*, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the King a Buck out of one of his own Parks.

Item,

Item, I give my Chaplains to the Earl of *Stamford*, in regard he never used to have any but his Son the Lord *Grey*, who being thus both Spiritual and Carnal, may beget more Monsters.

Item, I give nothing to the Lord *Say*, which Legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the Poor.

Item, To the Countesses (my Sister and my Wife) I now give leave to enjoy their Estates; but my own Estate I give to my eldest Son, charging him, on my Blessing, to follow the Advice of *Michael Oldisworth*, for though I have had 30000*l.* per Annum, yet I die not in Debt above 80000*l.*

Item, Because I threatened Sir *Henry Mildmay*, but did not beat him, I give fifty Pounds to the Footman that cudgell'd him.

Item, My Will is, that the said Sir *Henry* shall not meddle with my Jewels; I knew him when he served the Duke of *Buckingham*; and since, how he handled the Crown Jewels; for both which Reasons I do now name him, *The Knave of Diamonds*.

Item, To *Tom May* (whose Pate I broke heretofore at a Masque) I give five Shillings; I intended him more, but all that has seen his History of the Parliament, think five Shillings too much.

Item, To the Author of the Libel against Ladies, (called *News from the Exchange*) I give 3*d.* for inventing a more obscene Way of Scribbling than the World yet knew; but since he throws what's rotten and false on divers Names of unblemished Honour, I leave his Payment to the Footman that paid Sir *Henry Mildmay's* Arrears, to teach him the Difference 'twixt Wit and Dirt, and to know Ladies that are noble and chaste from downright Roundheads.

Item, I give back to the Assembly of Divines their Classical, Provincial, Congregational, National; which Words I have kept at my own Charge above seven Years, but plainly find they'll never come to good.

Item, As I restore other Mens Words, so I give Lieutenant General *Cromwell* one Word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own.

Item, To all rich Citizens of *London*, to all Presbyterians as well as Cavaliers, I give Advice to look to their Throats, for by Order of the States, the Garrison at
Whit-

White-hall have all got Poyniards, and for new Lights have brought dark Lanthorns.

Item. I give all my printed Speeches to these Persons following, viz. That Speech which I made in my own Defence, when the seven Lords were accused of High Treason, I give to Serjeant *Wild*, that hereafter he may know what is Treason, and what is not. And the Speech I made *ex tempore* to the Oxford Scholars, I give to the Earl of Manchester, Speaker *pro tempore* to the House of Peers, before its Reformation, and Chancellor *pre tempore* of Cambridge University, since its Reformation. But my Speech at my Election (which is my Speech without an Oath) I give to those that take the Engagement, because no Oath hath been able to hold them. All my other Speeches (of what Colour soever) I give to the Academy, to help Sir *Balthazar's* Art of Well-speaking.

Item, I give up the Ghost.

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT.

CODICIL.

Before his Lordship gave his last Legacy, he mentioned other Particulars ; but his Sense and his Words grew so independent, that they could not break forth into perfect Legacies ; yet we thought fit to write what he spoke, which was in his Verbis.

Item, I give——'S Death, I am very Sick, and my Memory fails me ; Sink me if I can remember what I have else to give. I have troubled my Mind with Things of this World ; but who the Devil thought Death had been so near ? Ha ! what's that ? Now 'tis at my Bed's Feet, all bloody. Murther ! Murther ! Call up my Men : *Oldiforth*, where a Plague are you all ? I am well help up, to have such Comforters. What, was it but a Cat ? A Pox Mew ye, do you take a Lord for a Mouse ? —— So ho, so ho ; there, there ; O brave Jowler. Plague on that Cur ; couple him to Royster. —— Come to Bed, Sweet Heart ; come, Duck, come —— Pox rot ye all, where's my Coach ? My Lord Mayor hath stay'd at *Guild-Hall* this two Hours. —— That Cock's worth a King's Ransom ; he runs, he runs ; a Thousand Pound to a Bottle of

of Hay—Rub, rub, rub; a Pox rub; a Hundred Thousand rubs: 'SDeath, my Bowl's bewitch'd, it has no more Biases than a Pudding—I'll to the House, and remove the Obstructions for Sale of the King's Goods—D—e, there 'tis again; Ha, a Man without a Head! Speak, what art thou? 'SDeath, can'st not speak without a Head?—Ha! and there with Lawn Sleeves, comes just upon me, betrays me.—Ha! another yet! all in Purple! my own Master! I beseech your Majesty let me kiss your Hand.—No, Blood! Blood! Oh, I am undone: Help! help! Why, *Oldsworth*! Oh, where are you all? Is this a Time to stop your Noses? Call up my Chaplains. Where's *Caldicut*? Pray, good *Caldicut*, Pray, Pray; Plague consume you, why do you not Pray?—

Concordat cum Originali.

NATHANIEL BRENT

Bantering SPEECHES *on the Thanksgiving-Day, June, 7, 1649.*

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

Alderman Atkins's SPEECH *before Dinner, to the Lieutenant General, and Lord President Bradshaw, at Grocer's-Hall.*



H! This blessed Day (*Mr. Speaker*) and marvellous in our Eyes, to see you become our Supream Head and Governour, now that we have cut off the King's Head. And (as I take it) it is one main Reason of this Heavenly Thanksgiving to my *Ld. Lt. General*, and *Mr. General Excellency* for their great Pains in the Business. Verily (*Mr. Speaker*) I cannot chuse but weep for Joy to thinke on't; and yet I cannot tell you for what, tho' I shall tell you by and by—In the mean Time—*Pritbee, Mr. Steward, set aside a Couple of Custards and a Tart for my Wife*—In the mean Time (I say) I see no Reason but why I may

ry as well as bawl. I say, *Sir*, I can bawl as well as my Lord *Pembroke* here, or any Man else: My Mouth was made for bawling, and I think you all know it well enough in the *House*: For you may remember how I bawl'd to the *Apprentices*, two Years since, when the *House of Commons* had like to have gone to wreck like a *Bawdy-House*. I am sure I was Mr. *Speaker* then, for you look'd as white as the *Driven Custard*, and had neither *Tongue, nor Eyes, nor Ears, nor Nose, nor Brains*, nor any Thing else, but were in the same Pickle as when the *King* came to demand the *Five Members*. I wonder he did not smell me out too for a *Traitor*: For I had my *Breeches* full on't then, as I had half a Year before in *Finsbury*, at the General Muster of the new *Militia*: At which time, I pray, *Sir*, I was one of the *City-Colonels*, and came off cleanly (tho' I say it :) For, being wounded in the *Belly*, I retreated Home; and having asked Counsel of a *Surgeon*, the Malignant Knave would not undertake me; and so the *State* might have lost a Servant for want of a *Plaster*, but that my *Kitchen-wench* made a shift to cure me with a *Disb-Clout*.

But having scap'd this *Scouring* (Mr. *Speaker*) and lived to see this Glorious Day, now let us sing the Song of old *Simeon*, and depart in Peace; but first let us have our *Belly-fulls*. O Death, I defy thee, for here's a good Dinner coming in; Twelve *Bucks* out of *Eltham Park*, besides those of the *City*; not a *Presbyterian Bit* (I promise you) therefore sit down, *Gentlemen*, and eat lustily; I promise 'tis well seasoned. I'll pass my Word for the *Cooks*; for I was one of the *Committee* that examined them, and put them * every Man to their *Oaths*, to forswear *Rats-bane, Mercury, and Monarchy*. Besides, here's My *Lord President* (for more Security) have brought a dozen *Tasters* along with him. I hope he will lend us some of them. And now, Mr. *Speaker*, you are welcome; in the Name of my *Brethren Representatives* of the *City*, I bid you heartily welcome; you may eat, drink, and be merry; for, you have laid up Goods for many Years, and now you are laying up the *King's Goods*. *More Sacks*

* Every Cook was sworn.

to the Mill still. Sit down, Mr. *Speaker*; you are a good old *Speaker*, you are the *Representative* of the *Supreme Authority*: It was the *Pope's* first, next it was the *King's*, and now it is yours, thank the *Army*. How daintily Things are come about, Mr. *Speaker*, as well as you and I could wish! For, as I take it, you and I, and many more here have been at all *Thanksgivings* these seven Years. We have waited upon his old Excellency *Essex*, and the Admiral *Warwick*; and sung *Psalms* with the *Assembly Men* here over and over: And now those *Black-birds* are all flown, and out of Tune: Here's not a Man of them but *Thomas Goodwin*, and he is every Jot as honest a Man as his Namesake *John*; for neither of them cares much for saying of *Grace*: Therefore sit down, Mr. *Speaker*, we have his *New Excellency* here now, and General *Cromwell's* Honour, that cares for it as little as they. Indeed you must sit down first, and My *Lord Mayor* next; for the *Army* (I am sure) made us vote so, and that the *City Sword* should be yielded up to you to make a *Thanksgiving Trencher-Knife*, and so you are as good a Man as the *King*, and a better Man than My *Lord Mayor*; and so you might have been still, had you given him his *Sword* again; for you lose your Place in yielding up the *Sword*, and leave the *Supreme Authority* in my *Lord Mayor* and the *Army*. Howsoever, sit still, Sir; I hope the *General* will not oppose the *Votes* of the *House*, but let them pass, an't be but for *Fashion Sake*; and therefore (Mr. *Speaker*) for *Fashion Sake* you sit uppermost, and next to My *Lord Mayor*.

I think too, for *Fashion Sake* (my *Lord General*) your *Excellency* may sit down next. I would be loth to displease Mr. *Lieutenant General's* Honour; I hope he will not be angry at your *Excellency*, nor me: I could wish you had voted all your *Places* before you came hither: But your *Excellency* may sit, I suppose; for Mr. *Lieutenant General* looks as if he gave Leave. On my Conscience, that's a meek humble Soul, and will take some other Time to set you beside the *Saddle*.

And for you, (my *Lord President*) I should have placed you uppermost; for I know none so fit to have represented the *Supreme Authority*, as you that commanded the *Cutting off that Head of it*! Oh, this *Scarlet Gown* be-

comes

comes your Honour! It suits exceeding well with mine, and my Lord Mayor's; for you sentenced the Old King as a Traytor, and we have proclaimed the Young King to be no King; and a Traytor, when we can catch him. It was a dangerous Piece of Work indeed; I was afraid, as you were, of following Dr. Dorislaus. The People did so threaten, as if they would have torn us for the very Rags of Authority, and cried up Charles the Second louder than we could cry him down. I think the rest of my Brethren carried it a little better than my self; for my Guts began to crow after their old Tune, and wrought like Bottle-Beer, insomuch that I wish'd for Colonel Pride to stop the Bung-hole, 'till the Troopers relieved us.

But now (my good Lord President) let's comfort one another: And tho' you deserve to be uppermost, yet sit down and be content with your Place. For Fashion sake, Mr. Lieutenant General's Honour is content to let it be so, 'till he find it convenient to turn you off, as well as his Excellency. Pray take it not ill that I whisper this in your Ear; for, now that he hath made you serve his Ends, he cares not, so he were rid of you, since you may serve them all as you did the King in a new High Court of Justice, because you are pleased to let it be so.

The next Place (Mr. Lieutenant General) must needs be yours. By his Excellency's Leave, you are the Saviour of the Three Kingdoms. You are he that hath filled our Hearts this Day with Thanksgiving and Gladness. You trained the King into a Snare at Carisbrock Castle, and fooled and routed all his Party. You set up a High-Court to cut him off, and you lie at catch for his Son. You have made us a Common-wealth, that is (as Malignants say) have given us Power to put a Finger into every Man's Purse and Pocket. You have made the People the Supreme Authority, and left them no Laws. And well done (Sir) for what should we do with any Law but the Sword? Or what Law like Liberty of Conscience and Power met together? You it is that lead the Excellency by the Nose like a Bear, and at last will bring him to the Stake. You have new moulded the City: you are the Joy of our Hearts, the Light of our Eyes, and the Breath of our Nostrils; tho' Cavaliers call you the Throat of our Lives and Liberties: For which we this Day apart to give Thanks to GOD, and a Dinner

to you, and somewhat else into the Bargain, as you shall see after *Dinner*. In the mean time fall to; a *Short Life* and a *Merry one*; and so give me leave to conclude heartily with Part of the *Lord's Prayer* (tho' I do not use it) *Thy Kingdom come*; or as the *Thief* did upon the *Cross*, *Remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom*; and I promise you faithfully I will never besit the *Palace*.



Hugh Peters's Thanksgiving SPEECH
for a Farewel to the City, in the Behalf of the General and Lieutenant General.

Mr. Alderman Pennington, and the rest of the Representatives of the CITY.



Must tell you, I have been Half the World over, and yet I am come back again; and by my Faith, *Sirs*, I must tell you, I never saw such a goodly jolly Crew as are here, all *Hall* Fellows, well met. 'Tis merry when *Males* meet; and (they say) some of us here have been *Brewers*, and worse *Trades* too: But uh—uh—that pass. Desy *Brewing*, for I have been all over your *Wine* *Cellar*, and that's another World, but it's as slippery World as this, and runs too! What a *Nicodemus* is the *Butler*! He was loth to own me but by Night; he bid me stay 'till Night, and then I should have my *Belly* full. Now, *Sirs*, I conceive a *Belly*-full is a *Belly*-full, and if a Man have not his *Belly*-full, it is no *Thanksgiving*: And if you, *Gentlemen* of the City, have not *Belly*-full of this *Thanksgiving*, I say, may you have *Belly*-full!

Had *Dr. Dorislaus* been so wise as to have staid Home, he might have had another kind of *Belly*-full than he had at the *Hague*: But a *Belly*-full still is a *Belly*-full, and *Grocers-Hall* is a better *Ordinance* than a *Dutch* *Ordinary* for a *Belly*-full. Pox o' your *Dutch* *Ordinary*

The Thanksgiving SPEECH 195

I think they will become *English*, and give us all a *Belly-full*; but in another kind I fear, than I gave my *Dutch Landlady* and her *Daughter*.

But no Matter for that, a *Belly-full* is a *Belly-full*; their *Bellies* were empty, and so was mine; for I had not so much as a *Stiver* to bless my self, and they would never let me be *quiet*, and I scor'd up still, and so I got my *Belly-full*, and they got their *Belly-full*; which was one *Belly-full* for another, and so at length I was quit with them.

Then I went to *New-England*, and there I saw a blessed Sight; a World of wild Women and Men lying round a Fire in a Ring stark naked. If this Custom should come up in *London* (as I see no Reason but it may, if the State will Vote it) then every Woman may have her *Belly-full*; and it would be a certain Cure for *Cuckoldom* and *Jealousy*, and so the City would lose Nothing by this *Thanksgiving*.

But now to come home to the Point in Hand: My Lord Mayor, and you Gentlemen of the City, I am commanded to give you Thanks; Yes, I will, when I have my *Belly-full*; but your Butler is no *true Trojan*; he knows not how to tap and tofs the *Stingo*. Sure, he is some *Presbyterian Spy* that is slinkt into Office; some Cowardly Fellow that pines away at *scandalous Sins*, and the *Stool of Repentance*, and he will never do well 'till he's drench'd for the Humour; so that now I see I am like to go away without my *Belly-full*, and have never a Jigg to the Tune of *Arthur of Bradley*—Sing, O! *Brave Arthur of Bradley*—Sing O!

But if Things go thus, what should I see you for? The States foresaw what sorry *Good Fellows* you would be, or else some of you had been *Knighted*, as well as My Lord of *Pembroke*. Nay, it was GOD's Mercy you had not all been *Knighted*: For it was put to the Vote (I tell you) whether My Lord Mayor should be *Knighted*; and whether you Alderman *Pennington*, and Alderman *Arkins*, should be dubb'd Sir *Isaac* and Sir *Thomas* of the State's own Creation. But since it's resolved otherwise, I pray you bid the *Butler* bring up his *Cannikins*, and I'll make you all Lords like my self, for now I am no less in Title

han *Hugo de Santo Pietro Puntado*, and every jot as merry as forty *Beggars*.

Now I warrant, you expect I should thank you for his *Excellency's Golden Bason and Ewer*. 'Tis true, I was commanded to do so; but what care I for a *Bason and Ewer*: Give me a *Pipe* and a *Chamber Pot*: I mean a *Pipe* of *Canary* into the Bargain, or else it shall be no *Thanksgiving-Day* for me. Oh! For a *Conduit* from *Malaga*, and we knew how to convey *Middleton's Pipes* to the *Canary Islands*, then there would be no End of *Thanksgiving*.

I am commanded likewise to thank you for the *Lieutenant General's Plate*, and his *Purse of Gold*: And I am so much the more willing to do it, because I hope to have a feeling out of it anon when we come Home: But (as I take it) you have more reason to thank him, than he you. For you gave him a little *Purse of Money*, and 'tis his *Goodness* he does not take all. I observe too, you have given him but the Value of 500 *l.* and his *Excellency*, forsooth, as much more. Do ye know what you do? Could you not have ask'd my Counsel before? You may chance to be switch'd, I faith, for not setting the *Saddle* upon the *right Horse*: And well you deserve it, if I be not furnish'd with a *Pipe of Canary*. Let me not be put off with nothing, like my *Lord President*, and *Mr. Speaker*; you know where to send, *Sirs*, my Lodging is sometimes at *St. James's*, but most an end in *Thames Street*. There my *Maid*, a handsome *Lass*, I tell you, will take it in as well as my self, or else I would ne'er keep her. Farewell, *Sirs*, here's nothing to do I see.

*A Pox on your Butler, and on his lean Jowl,
There's Liberty lies in the Bottom o' th' Bowl.*

Thus it is in one of our *modern Authors*; but I confess I can have none of this *Liberty*, tho' it be the first Year of *Freedom*; and then judge you, whether the State, or the States Servants have any Cause of *Thanks*. Farewell, *Sirs* I am gone. O! For a *Milk-Bowl*, or his *Excellency's Bason and Ewer* now, to spew in, and make an End of *Thanksgiving*.

A seasonable SPEECH *spoken by Alder-*
man Atkins in the Rump-Parliament.

Mr. Speaker,



After so many *Dispensations* and *Outgoings* of Providence, we are now the third Time return'd to sit in this Honourable House ; but how long we shall do so, I believe the wisest of us all cannot tell : For *the Soldiers have of late set up Governments, as Boys do Ninepins, to throw them down again.* But how oft soever they turn us out hereafter, I shall never doubt to get in again ; for I perceive those Changes and Revolutions (as they call them) are just like casting of *Knives* at Cards, where some *play* and some *sit out*, 'till the Set be up, or 'till the Gamsters fall out and throw up their Cards, and then they stand fair to be in again. But notwithstanding so many Interruptions and Disturbances, many mighty and great Works have been carried on by us *Worms* and *No-Men*. You, Sir, have a new Wainscot-Chair, and our Seats that were but covered with *Mats*, when we came first to sit here, are now lin'd with good *Broad-Cloth* of 16 Shill. per Yard, and the whole House is hang'd in a better Manner than any Man expected. But this is not all that we have done ; for we have reformed *Religion*, and brought the *Church* as nigh to what it was in the primitive Times amongst the *Jews* and *Pagans*, as may be ; for the *Christians* have sold all they have long since and laid it at our Feet, and we begin once more to have all Things in *Common* : Besides, Sir, we have done *strange Justice* on the late *Tyrant*, and transformed the *Kingdom* into a *Common-wealth*, as *Nebucadnezzar* was into a *Beast*. But there is one Thing that we have omitted, and which indeed the People have much more Reason to expect from us ; for *Reformation, as well as Charity, begins at Home* : To hold forth my Meaning in
brief

brief to you, Sir, 'tis the *Cleansing of our House of Office*; and if that Name be not *mannerly* enough for this Place, it is in your Power to help it : For there is a spare Name that hath been lately conferr'd upon this *Honourable House* by the People, which was once called *The House of Parliament*, as it is now the *Rump*. This Name, in my Opinion, we cannot better dispose of, than in conferring it on the *House* I spoke of ; for not only that, but all other Houses of the same Quality, (of which ours is the *Representative*) may in the Right thereof hereafter be called a *Rump*, as being a Name more proper and significant, in regard of the Relation it hath to the *Part*. And truly, Sir, I believe the Wisdom and Justice of this *House* can do no less, if you please but to consider the near and intimate Correspondence *that House* has ever held with *this*, as having ever been intrusted with the most urgent and weighty Matters that we have ever carried on ; and so necessary, that I may boldly say, without that Recourse which we have had to it in our greatest *Extremities*, this *House* might have suffered for it many a Time and oft. It is now, Sir, as full as this *Honourable House* was once of Members, and as unuseful, until we take some Course to empty it, as we did this ; which I humbly conceive, we can by no Means avoid. For, under Favour, I do not think we can use this *House* as we did the *House of Lords* ; I mean, *Vote it down*, when it will serve our Turns no longer : No, this is a Matter of a higher Nature, and more weighty Concernment ; and as the Difference is great in *Reason of State*, so it is also in Point of *Conscience* : For tho' it is true we engag'd and swore to maintain the *House of Lords*, yet we did it not after a right Manner ; for we read, it was a Custom among the *Jews*, when they made any solemn Vow, to put their Hands under one another's Hams ; and if we had done so when we swore that, and kissed the Book, I grant, we had been bound in Conscience to have upheld it longer than we did. I mean longer than we had need of it ; but we, quite contrary, held up our Hands ; and so were not bound to keep it otherways than we took it, *viz.* Hand over Head ; for unless we differed from the *Jews* in other Matters more than we do, I know no Reason why we should in this. But now I speak of the *Jews*, give me leave, by observ-

ing

ing one Passage in their History, to hold forth unto you the Danger of Suppressing the aforesaid *Houfe*. *Saul*, for want of such a Convenience, going into a Cave where *David* had hid himself, had like to have lost his Life; for if *David* had been One of us, I know what would have become of *Saul*; he would rather have cut off his Head, than a Piece of his Coat; as I wonder he did not, since, being a Prophet, he might have made Scripture on purpose to have proved him a Tyrant and a Traitor, as we did Law to condemn the late King, after he was put to Death. But tho' *David* was wiser than his Teachers, he was not so wise as we were: 'Tis true, for his own Advantage he knew how to make the silly *Philistians* believe he was mad; but I am mistaken if we have not out-done him this Way too, and made the Wifest think us so. But to return to the Purpose; suppose, Sir, the Army should have Occasion to give this *Honourable House* a Purge again, you would be loth it should work here; and truly I do not know what other Way you have to avoid it, unless we should make use of that Place where the *Assembly of Divines* lately sate, which, for my Part, I like very well, if it were nearer; and certainly they have no Reason to take it ill; for it is according to the Example of the best *Reformed Churches*. And I know no Reason, why we may not as well sit there, and make sower Faces at our own Charges, as they did at the Charge of the Common-wealth; For, my own Part, (did not the common Good provoke me to it) I have as little Reason to speak as another, and perhaps less; for my Breeches are made close at the Knees, and so better fitted against a Mischance. Besides, I know the worst of it; for I believe you have often heard what I have suffer'd in the Service of my Country: But let that pass; tho' it were the worse for my Reputation and my Breeches, it was the better for my Body and my Soul too, for I have edified much by it: 'Tis true, the Boys hold their Noses, and cry, *Fogb*, when they see me in the Streets; but what of that? A wise Man knows how to make Advantage of the greatest Disasters, and so have I done. For there was a Time, Mr. Speaker, when this *Honourable House* had like to have been a *Foul House*; and when was that? Why, truly, it was when the Apprentices came hither to shew us one Trick more than ever we taught

them: Then did I take this Worshipful Chain off my Neck, and very politickly put it into my *Codpiece*; for I knew well enough, that no Body in this Town, where I am so well known, would venture to look for it there; and I was not mistaken, for here you see I have it still. The same Thing I did at another Time, and that was when (as you well remember) a Piece of Plaister falling from the Roof, some of the Members cry'd *Treason*, and many made haile to get out of the House as fast as they could; so did not I. No, *Sir*, I resolved to stay by it; and therefore having put my Chain into my *Codpiece*, I crept under the Bench, in this very Place where I now sit, and there I lay close, 'till I heard some that were near me say, they smelt *Gun-powder*; but then I knew it was a Mistake, and so it proved indeed: But if it had been otherwise, no Danger should have made me forsake my Duty. No, *Sir*, I have been so faithful to this House, and so constant to my Principles, that I have not changed so much as my Seat since the happy Beginning of this Parliament. In this very Place did I sit then, on both Sides of me sate the two Members that prov'd *Malignants*, for they took snuff at something that fell from me in my Zeal to the Cause, and ran to *Oxford* to the King. Their Estates are long since sold, for which the Common-wealth may thank me; for verily, *Sir*, I have not been altogether an unprofitable Member according to my Talent, and the Disposition of what was in me: For my Bowels have been oft poured out for the Prosperity of this House, and, I hope, my Conversation hath held forth much of the inward Man, as may be sufficient to satisfy the well-affected, by whom I am intrusted: And as for any Backbiters, I forgive them freely. Alas! They hurt themselves, and not me; for if they got any Thing by dealing with me that Way, they must have good Luck——*Sir*, I have used the more Freedom with you, because I have some Pretence of your Pardon; for I believe you have often observed, that when any Thing has fallen from any of my Fellow-Members, that the House has resented, it has been presently laid to my Charge, and I have always taken it upon me freely; for I shall never refuse to serve this House in any Sense whatsoever. I shall therefore humbly move, that you would be pleased to order this Honourable House to adjourn

for





Hudibras at Court

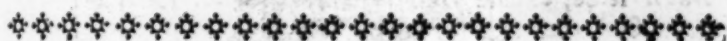
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for a convenient Time, until the *House* be emptied and made sweet again ; for if we should sit here before, it will not be in the Power of any Man to own so much Stink as will be laid to my Charge.



HUDIBRAS at COURT.

Written 1659, by Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



The ARGUMENT.

*Adventures-ceasing, Knight and Squire,
To ards their respective Homes retire :
The Manner how they lodge their Arms,
And how forc'd back by fresh Alarms :
Their Resolution to repair
To Court, and what succeeded there.*



After fierce Wars, and hot Disputes,
As e'er fell out 'twixt *Brutes* and *Brutes* ;
After much Waste of Blood and Treasure,
Robbing and Plundering without Measure ;
After both Sides had took such Pains,
To knock out One another's Brains,

And after they had fought so long
For Dame Religion 'till they'd none ;
A'lucky Hit brought Things about,
That they fell in as they fell out.

Our worthy *Knight*, Sir *Hudibras*,
Of such deep Sense and Foresight was,
That he well knew his furious Zeal
For Anarchy and Common-Weal,
His, Worship must to Ruin bring,
Should Providence restore the King ;
He therefore, but with great Compunction,
Resolves to quit of War the *Function*,
And to abandon Colonelling,
And Home return to peaceful Dwilling.

But first he thus bespoke the *Squire*,
Ralpho, I'm sure thou wilt admire
 When I have told thee my *Intention*,
 Which I have fix'd beyond *Prevention*.

Quoth *Ralph*, I wish it mayn't repent
 Your *Worship*, you're so fully bent:

'Tis hard to *Judge* before we know,
 But *Stubborn People* ne'er want *Woe*;
 And I dare wage a broken *Pate*,
 That 'tis some *Mischief* 'gainst the *State*,
 Which you thus solemnly intend;
 But if it be, excuse your *Friend*
 And *Servant*, *Sir*, for verily,
 The Thing seems wond'rous plain to me,
 That there is some *Design* now brewing,
 That will involve us all in *Ruin*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I hope you'll own,
 To take me up before I'm down,
 Is not the proper *Way* to find
 It out, when *something's* in the *Wind*;
 Nor is't good *Breeding*, with *Submission*,
 To judge and *censure* on *Suspicion*;
 But, *Ralph*, since you have had a *Share*
 With me, in all my *Feats of War*,
 Stood kick and cuff, and went my *Halls*,
 In dreadful *Fights* 'midst *Clubs* and *Staves*.
 And have on all *Occasions* shewn,
 A *Valour* equal to my own,
 I will excuse you this, and all
 Your other *Faults* in general.

Quoth *Ralph*, I thank you for your *Pardon*,
 Tho' at the same time, me 'tis hard on,
 To be excluded from a *Secret*,
 As if you thought I meant to break it;
 I have been trusted heretofore
 With all your *Secrets* o'er and o'er,
 And that I should be now postpon'd
 Is very hard it must be own'd.

At this the *Knight* began to fly
 Into a *Passion*, and talk high;
Ralpho, if you would give me leave,
 Says he, I would you undeceive.

The *Resolution* I have fix'd
 With your own *Sentiments* is mix'd.
 You said just now that there was brewing,
 Some *Project* to procure our *Ruin*;
 Why truly I believe the same,
 And that the *Saints* will come to Shame.
 If *Presbyter* and *Independent*
 Fall out and fight, then there's an end on't;
 Down goes the *Rump*, and *Restoration*
 Will be the only Word in *Fashion*.
 Now, *Ralph*, as ev'ry *One* that's wise,
 Does his own *Preservation* prize;
 I to my self should be unjust,
 Should I neglect to be the first
 Made my *Retreat*, which may, perhaps,
 Preserve me against *After-claps*.

Self-Preservation I'll be bold,
 Than *Chivalry* it's self more old;
 And has more *Service* done by far
 Than *Knighthood*, both in *Peace* and *War*.

Quoth *Ralph*, who could hold no longer;
 Altho' I am no good *States-Monger*,
 Yet I begin to smell a *Rat*,
 And what your *Worship* would be at.
 You have, I find, some little *Guilt*,
 For *Christian Blood* devoutly spilt;
 Some inward *Cheeks* and *Throws* of *Conscience*,
 Which, strictly speaking, are all *Nonsense*,
 And those have press'd you on so far,
 That you resolve to quit the *War*.
 To quit the *War*, I grant indeed,
 As *Cases* stand, you ought with speed,
 As 'tis a proper Way to fence,
 Against *Revolts* of *Providence*:
 But, by the Way, *Sir*, *Doubts* and *Fears*
 Will never pay us our *Arrears*;
 I serve for *Plunder* 'well as *Zeal*.
 And as they both begin to fail,
 Whether we win or lose the *Day*,
 We're sure to suffer by our *Stay*;
 And yet, *Sir*, you must own, 'tis hard
 If we should meet with no *Reward*.

For all the *Service* we have done,
 Down to this Day from *Forty One*.
 After so many Kicks and Drubs,
 And such Pains-taking from the *Tubs*;
 For all our *Holdings-forth*, long *Prayers*,
 Our *Sighs*, and *Groans*, and *precious Tears*;
 Pardon me, Sir, I mean my own,
 If we should *pennylefs go Homee*
 The Thing I'm sure must needs look oddly,
 And blame our Conduct with the *Godly*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, if your *Arrears*,
 Are dearer to you than your *Ears*,
 Or if that you have more *Regard*,
 For *Hanging*, than for a *Reward*;
 I think 'tis Pity you should miss
Rewards for all your *Services*.
 I've weigh'd the *Matter*, and can find,
 Not the least Cause to change my *Mind*;
 And further, *Ralpho*, tell you this,
 That in our *Stay* there *Danger* is.

Here's no One here but you and I,
 Therefore I mention't by the by;
 The Saints have done such cursed *Things*,
 That all the *Land* for *Vengeance rings*.
 Have they not *overwhelm'd* the *Nation*,
 With *Murder*, *Blood* and *Desolation*,
 Attempted to *Assassinate*,
 And cut the *Throats* of *Church* and *State*?
 And now as *Hogs* can see the *Wind*,
 And *Storms* at distance coming find;
 So I perceive a *Storm* to gather,
 Which by *Retreating* we may weather:
Nolens Volens, we must *ergo*,
 March *publick*, or *incognito*,
 Which in great Measure I submit,
 To your *Dexterity* and *Wit*;
 Only reserving, notwithstanding,
 The *Pow'r* and *Priv'lege* of *Commanding*.

Since *nolens volens* is the Case,
 Quoth *Ralph*, I will not hang an *Arse*;
 It is my *Duty* and *Desire*,
 To serve you like a trusty *Squire*,

And

And tho' we've cross *Adventures* met,
And both been often soundly beat,
Should *Civil Broils* again break out,
I'll follow you the World about.

As to the *Manner of Returning*,
It won't it seems admit *Adjourning*;
But whether *publick*, or *incog*
Be best, if I know I'm a *Dog*:
That either Way there must be *Danger*,
I'm sure your *Worship* is no *Stranger*;
But in two *Ills*, as still the least
Is by wise Men accounted best;
So like wise Men we should debate,
Which of the two suits best our *State*.

If We in publick should march Home,
Your *Worship's* every where so known,
And for so many *Actions* famous,
That not a Country Ignoramus
But will come out to gape and stare,
As if that you some Monster were;
Quere, if that would not defeat
The sole *Design* of your *Retreat*?

Secondly, should your *Worship* go,
In silence and *incognito*,
Would not the Folk be apt to cry,
He's come among us for a *Spy*,
And make a World of strange *Conjectures*,
Both at their Houses and their *Lectures*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, your *Queries* both
Are finely stated by my Troth:
And now to make the Matter short,
Ralph, here's my Hand I thank you for't.
There's no *Objection* can be made,
To any Thing that you have said;
Therefore to better Sense submitting,
There is a Way, if you think fitting,
Which we may take, and so be free
From all the *Dangers* you foresee.

The middle Way you mean, quoth *Ralph*,
Which all wise Men do hold most safe.
That all *Extreams* are dangerous,
Is now exemplify'd in us.

Too much may, like too little *Zeal*,
 Bring *Ruin* to the *Common-Weal*;
 For when 'tis over hot and furious,
 Than *Zeal*, nothing is more *injurious*.
 Pardon me, Sir, I thus break in,
 A burning *Zeal's* a burning *Sin*,
 And has more Mischief done the *Saints*,
 Than all their Oaths and Covenants.

At this the Knight gave Breast a Thump,
 Lord, *Ralph*, how our Opinions jump!
 There is no Power of Heaven, or Hell,
 Can pacify a furious *Zeal*;
 Not Fear of *Gallowses* and *Ropes*,
 Can stem the *Tide* of *Zealots* *Hopes*;
 Like frightened *Wolfs*, they forward run,
 Look back and grin, howl and go on.
 But now to let this pass, and come
 T' a final *Resolution*,

As we bring nothing Home but Scars,
Bumps, *Bruises*, and the Marks of Wars,
 Are no more *Wealthy*, *Wise*, or *Stout*,
 Than what we were when we set out;
 So we'll return the very same,
Ralph, to speak plain, *Fools* as we came.

Quoth *Ralph*, there's One *Thing* still behind,
 Which we I think forget to mind;
 Our *Horses* and our *Arms* thou'd not
 In common *Prudence* be forgot.
 Fresh *Doubts*, fresh *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
 May set the Nation by the *Ears*,
 And there may happen fresh Occasion
 For *Plund'ring* and *Sequestration*.
 Such Accidents, like *Resurrect-*
Tion, may come when we suspect
 Them least of all, and therefore we
 Should always in a *Posture* be.

That's true again, quoth *Hudibras*,
 But *Ralph*, can you propose the *Place*?
 I would not loose *Toledo Trusty*,
 Nor yet my *Dagger*, tho' 'tis rusty;
 My *Pistols*, *Spur*, altho' but one,
 For any *Consid'ration*.

Quoth *Ralph*, I know a *Place*, I'm sure,
Where both our *Arms* may be secure.

A hollow *Tree* there is of *Note*,
In which, they say, dwells *Leathercoate*.
This *Leathercoate* is held the *Sp'rite*
Of a deceased errant *Knight*,
And still retains good *Will* and *Warrant*
In his *Distress* to serve *Knight Errant*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Souls of *Knights*,
If truly *Errant*, can't be *Sp'rites*,
But like to *Souls* of *Saint*, or *Martyr*,
In Quiet sleep for ever after ;
This I affirm, and so reject
Your *Proposition* in effect :
In Truth 'tis so abominable,
I to contain myself an't able.

What, *Sancho*, after we have been
Fighting and *Strugling* against *Sin*;
We that have *plunder'd*, *preach'd* and *pray'd*
'Gainst evil *Counc'llors*, shall't be said,
That after all their loud *Pretences*
For *Freedom* of their *Consciences*,
That they had no more *Grace*, nor *Merit*,
But to intrust an *evil Spirit*,
To guard their *Arms* ? Why this would be
A Scandal to all *Cbivalry*.

Quoth *Sancho*, wou'd your *Worship* hear,
I'd make it otherways appear.

I well remember, *Food* and *Firing*,
Some Years before I went a *Squiring*,
Were both so dear, to save the *Life*
Of my own *Self*, my *Child* and *Wife*,
I was constrained to make bold,
With *Landlord's Hedges* and his *Fold*.
God's Goodness more than my *Desert*,
Did then, *Sir*, put into my *Heart*,
To choose this *Tree*, this blessed *Tree*,
To be in *Need* my *Sanctuary*.

'Tis needless now, and long to tell
How oft I've us'd it for my *Hell* ;
Not such a *Hell*, where we suppose
The *Soul* of the *Ungodly* goes ;

But

But such a Hell, where Taylors slip
Their Remnants, and too large a Snip.

But now that we no longer may
Squander in Words our Breath away ;
And Argue, as if Arguing were
Our Trade, as well as that of War :
Body for Body I'll be bound,
The Arms shall all be safe and sound ;
For as I know my Name is *Ralph*,
So in that Tree I know they're safe.

Quoth *Hudibras*, you know full well
What hap'd 'twixt me and *Sydrophel*,
Nor have you, I suppose, forgot
How I was drawn into a Plot,
By an eternal jilting Jade,
And cudgell'd at the Masquerade ;
Had you not then and there made shift,
In my Distress, to give a Lift,
Without all Doubt, or Peradventure,
I had been now below the Centre ?
I am no Coward, 'tis well known,
Yet I with the same Breath must own,
I rather would engage a Crowd
Of Butchers, tho' they deal in Blood,
Then meet one Devil, or a Sp'rite
That is the Devil's Perquisite.
But *Ralph*, since you will stand the Touch,
My Confidence in you is such,
I will consent this hollow Tree,
Shall be our present *Armorie*.

This Matter being thus decreed,
The Knight mounts first, then Squire his Steed.
Ralpho, who knew each Road and By-way,
As well as Thief that Robs on Highway,
March'd in the Front and led the Knight,
'Till to the Tree they came in Sight,
And then the Knight assumes the Front,
And gave the Word to *Ralph*, Dismount.

The Word's no sooner giv'n, but *Ralph*
From *Rosenante* tumbles off ;
At the same Time the Knight o'er lighted,
And from himself, himself unknighthed ;

For if that antient Maxim's true,
That which can make, can unmake too ;
Then as the Sword's the only Thing,
That makes the *Knight* in Hand of *King*,
So when the Sword is off we know
The Man's again in *statu quo* ;
Whence we infer, without much stretching
The Metaphor, or Things far fetching,
The *Knight* and *Squire* being disequipp'd,
Are of respective Titles stripp'd ;
For Titles die and fade like Grass,
So 'tis plain *Ralph* and *Hudibras*.

By this Time *Ralph*, in Thong of Leather,
Had tyed th' *Habiliments* together,
And lugg'd them to the hollow Top
O'the Tree, from whence he let them drop
Down to the Bottom, where we'll leave 'em,
Till new Adventures shall retrieve 'em.

The next Thing now that came in Course,
Was the Disposal of the Horse,
For which they were oblig'd to call
Of War a *Council General*,
Where *Ralph*, who in his Turn presiding,
Determines it without dividing.
To leave 'em in the Marshes, where
They might their Loss of Flesh repair,
Be'ng thus of Arms and Horse bereft,
No Mark of Knighthood now was left,
At Boots, which wanting *Jack*, no Force
Could from their Warlike Legs divorce.

Quoth *Ralph*, who, as I take it, was
A better Judge than *Hudibras*,
In this Disguise we look so oddly,
We may perhaps surprize the Godly ;
That therefore if we stop'd an Hour,
We could not be amiss I'm sure,
To make ourselves a little known,
Before that we approach the Town.

Near lives a Friend of mine, whom some
Call by the Name of *Country Tom*,
That us'd to keep for the Relief
Of sturdy Beggar, *alias Thief*,

A Cup of Nappy, and a Bottle
Of *Aqua Vita* held a Pottle ;
I've try'd him oft and always found
That he was at the Bottom sound ;
And if your Worship will go thither,
He'll tell us who and who's together.

Agreed, quoth *Hudibras*, and so,
Without delay, they thither go ;
And *Ralph*, who knew the House the best,
Lifts up the Latch, and enters first ;
The Landlord, tho' a sturdy Knave,
And could the boldest Thief out-brave,
Had been the Marshal of a Ring,
And fought and beat the *Gypsies* King,
Seeing this quondam *Squire* and *Knight*,
Wou'd, but could not conceal his Fright,
'Till *Ralph* thus spoke: Friend *Tom*, I find
That out of Sight and out of Mind,
And yet old Friend methinks 'tis strange,
So short a Time should make this Change ;
I'm *Ralph* the *Taylor*, and you *Als*,
This is your Landlord *Hudibras*.

My Landlord *Hudibras*, quoth he,
God save his Worship, can it be ?
Why surely it must be below him,
In such a frightful Garb to go in.
Beswore my Heart, if you don't look,
As if by God and Man forsook ;
Or as they say in Terms more plain,
Half hang'd, and then cut down again.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Friend, hold your Tongue,
Us and your Judgment both you wrong,
For as 'tis said by *William*
Of *Wickham*, *Manners makes a Man* ;
So I affirm a gilded Coat
Doth not enhance the Man a Groat ;
Nor is a Garter, or a Star,
So ornamental as a Scar.

The Landlord finding his Mistake,
Stands up, and making a long Scrape,
Quoth he, if I have made a Slip,
And let my Tongue out-run my Wit,

beg your Worship's Pardon, and
 My Self and House you may command.
 We take you at your Word, quoth *Ralph*,
 And do depend that here we're safe;
 And first, *Tom*, we desire to know,
 How in the Town all Matters go?
 Quoth he, as bad as bad can be,
 Exceeding bad to a Degree.
 For since that you went out to Battle,
 They've seiz'd our Landlord's Goods and Chattle,
 By Virtue of an Outlawry:
 Ejectments on Ejectments fly,
 Writs of Rebellion what d'you call,
 Attachments and the Devil and all.
 Thus Matters with our Landlord stand;
 And *Ralph*, I won't deal underhand,
 Yours are much worse, and if you're caught,
 You'll be before your Gassers brought.
 Something of this, quoth *Hudibras*,
 I did expect might come to pass;
 My Dreams and Startings in the Night,
 Forewarn'd me Things did not go right
 But as great Conqu'rors Glory gain,
 When they their evil Fate disdain,
 So, *Ralph*, we must not sink below
 The present Burthen of our Woe.
 If in this Castle we are safe,
 I'll find a Way to bring us off,
 And to reward our Landlord's Care
 For giving us Protection here.
 Last Night I was in Vision told,
 That *Monk* had on the Rump laid hold,
 And giv'n it such a desp'rate Twitch,
 That it hangs dangling at the Britch;
 And that another hearty Snack
 Would tear it quite from off the Back.
 The King methoughts I saw returning,
 From whence he'ad been so long sojourning;
 And what was more, upon his Face
 Methoughts I saw writ *Hudibras*.
 Now is not this a Call to Court.
 What think you, *Ralph*? I think in short;

Quoth

Quoth *Ralph*, if you neglect the Summons,
 You ought to be turn'd out of Commons.
 I who have been the Everlasting
 Companion of you Drubs and Basting,
 And never left you in Contest,
 With Male, or Female, Man, or Beast ;
 Fall back fall Edge, will not desert,
 But follow you with all my Heart.

Why then, quoth *Hudibras*, I'll go,
 Since You and Fate advise me so.
 Honour is like a Widow won,
 By brisk, not formal setting on ;
 And therefore, *Ralph*, since we are come
 T' a final Resolution,
 Let us to Horse and Arms repair,
 And face about just as we were.

This said, the *Knight* and *Squire* joyn
 Their Forces 'well as their Design,
 And put themselves upon the March,
 After Adventures new to search ;
 Still keeping close in warlike Posture,
 As fit for Battle as for Muster,
 'Till they arrive upon the Spot,
 Where just before the King was got.

Near to this Place a Castle stands,
 Which all the Neighbourhood commands ;
 Here dwelt the King, who here we'll call,
 The Prince of the enchanted Hall.
 This mighty Prince who chanc'd to hear
 Of *Hudibras* the Character,
 Nothing would serve his turn but he,
 This famous *Knight* and *Squire* must see.

Now you must know, Sir *Hudibras*
 With such Perfections gifted was,
 And so peculiar in his Manner,
 That all that saw him did him Honour ;
 Among the Rest, this Prince was one,
 Admir'd his Conversation.
 This Prince, whose ready Wit and Parts
 Conquer'd both Men and Womens Hearts,
 Was so o'ercome by *Knight* and *Ralph*,
 That he could never claw it off.

He never eat, nor drank, nor slept,
But *Hudibras* still near him kept;
Never would go to Church, or so,
But *Hudibras* must with him go:
Nor yet to visit *Concubine*,
Or at a City-Feast to dine,
But *Hudibras* must still be there,
Or all the Fat was in the Fire.

Now after all was it not hard,
That he should meet with no Reward,
That fitted out this Knight and Squire,
This Monarch did so much admire?
That he should never reimburse
The Man for th' Equipage, or Horse,
Is sure a strange ungrateful Thing
In any Body but a *King*.

But this good King it seems was told,
By some that were with him too bold,
If e'er you hope to gain your Ends,
Carefs your Foes, and trust your Friends;
Your Friends no disrespect can move,
They'll be your Friends because they love;
But if your Foes should take Things ill,
They'll be your Foes, because they will;
Your Friends are Loyal, Good and Just,
And can't be urg'd to break their Trust;
They've no base Arts, or wicked Ends,
But are, and will be still your Friends.
Your Foes are stubborn, cruel, proud,
Rebellious, insolent and loud,
And will, upon the least Pretence,
Disown you for their lawful Prince.
Therefore 'tis prudent, Sir, to flatter
These Foes, lest they should you bespatter,
And find a Method to destroy
Those Pleasures which you now enjoy.
These were the Doctrines that were taught,
Till this unthinking King was brought
To leave his Friends to starve and die;
An ill Reward for Loyalty.
But leave we this t'another Place,
And now return to *Hudibras*;

Who

Who finding, like an artful Shaver,
That he was got so high in Favour,
And had the Monarch's Ear, and more
Was of the Cab'net of his Whore;
A Whore of State, who knew the length
Both of the Monarch's Purse and Strength,
Without much Thinking, or Projecting,
To 'Squire *Ralph* fell thus reflecting.

Since you have went my Halfs in all
M^r Adventures, whether great, or small,
'Twould be unjust if you should lack,
In th' Advantages your Snack.

You see the Court how 'tis Enchanted,
By Witches and Hobgoblins haunted,
And how the Prince his Treasures squanders,
Amongst his Concubines and Panders;
Whilst his true Friends, the Cavaliers,
For perfect Want all hang their Ears;
Are all neglected and postpon'd,
And rarely seen, and hardly own'd.

Quoth *Ralph*, all this I own is true,
But what is this to Me and You?
I grant, indeed, the Cavaliers
Have Cause enough to hang their Ears,
When they see Panders, Pimps, and Cullies,
Sharppers, Setters, Rakes and Bullies,
To Favours and high Posts preferr'd,
They can't be blam'd to think it hard;
But still the Advantages you mention,
Are foreign to my Comprehension.

Quoth *Hudibras*, you are so forward,
So positive and so untoward,
That you break into cavil still,
And will do so because you will;
Else I'd have told you the Design
Betwixt my self and Concubine,
And how for you a Post was fix'd,
Unto my own the very next.

Quoth *Ralph*, if I may be so bold,
I fear your Project will not hold;
Good Projects at a Court can't thrive,
Where Vice has sole Prerogative.

indeed if you propose to be,
 A Pimp among the Quality;
 Or if your Worship could endure,
 The slavish Business to procure,
 And have allotted me a Station
 To serve you in that Occupation,
 Then we some Favours might inherit,
 But nothing else has any Merit.
 But, Sir, as there is no good Warrant,
 To make a Pimp of a Knight Errant;
 And as our learned Authors tell,
 The Trades are scarce convertible,
 I hope your Worship will not err,
 From th' Rules of Chivalry and War.
 For my Part, I a Court despise,
 Where none but Whores and Villains rise;
 Nor will I on the Man depend,
 I see ungrateful to his Friend:
 I'll to my Hut in Peace retire,
 And there myself, myself unsquire.
 Laugh at the Knaves and Fools of State,
 And live without their Love, or Hate;
 But you to go, or stay, are free,
 Just as the Devil and you agree.

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An old SONG on OLIVER'S COURT.

Written in the Year 1654. By Mr. BUTLER.

A True SONG.

I.



E that would a new Courtier be,
 And of the late coyn'd Gentry,
 A Brother of the Prick-ear'd Crew,
 Half a *Presbyter*, half a *Jew*,
 When he is dipp'd in *Jordan's Flood*,
 And wash'd his Hands in Royal Blood,
 Let him to our Court repair,
 Where all Trades and Religions are.

II.

II.

If he can devoutly Pray,
 Feast upon a fasting Day,
 Be longer blessing a warm Bit,
 Than the Cook was dressing it,
 With Covenants and Oaths dispence,
 Betray his Lord for Forty Pence,

*Let him to our Court repair,
 Where all, &c.*

III.

If he be one of the eating Tribe,
 Both a Pharisee, and a Scribe,
 And hath learn'd the sniveling Tone
 Of a flux'd Devotion,
 Cursing from his sweating Tub
 The Cavaliers to *Beelzebub*;

Let him, &c.

IV.

Who fickler than the City Ruff,
 Can change his Brewer's Coat to Buff;
 His Dray-Cart to a Coach, the Beast
 Into *Flanders* Mares at least.
 Nay, hath the Art to murder Kings,
 Like *David*, only with his Slings;

Let him, &c.

V.

If he can invert the Word,
 Turning his Ploughshear to a Sword,
 His Cassock to a Coat of Mail;
 'Gainst *Bishops* and the Clergy rail,
 Convert *Paul's* Church into the Mews;
 Make a new Colonel of old Shoes;

Let him, &c.

VI.

Who hath Commission to convey
 Both Sexes to *Jamaica*,

There to beget new Babes of Grace
 On Wenches, hotter than the Place,
 Who carry in their Tails a Fire,
 Will rather scorch than quench Desire;

Let him, &c.

*Written by Mr. BUTLER on the Wall
 in the Room, where King CHARLES
 the I. was confined a Prisoner, in Caris-
 brook Castle, in the Isle of Wight.*



H A T dismal Horror, and as dismal Gloom,
 Invades the hollow'd Silence of this Room !
 Where Majesty in Mourning sat, to wait
 The wretched News of his more wretched
 Fate ?

Curst Spawn of Schism ! To give the dreadful Shock,
 Which sent a King a Martyr from the Block.
 The barb'rous Act, which smote his Royal Head,
 Our Calendars shall ever dye with red ;
 To paint the Overthrow of Church and State,
 In the rebellious Times of Forty Eight,
 My Muse, with the shrill Echoes of these Walls,
 For Vengeance on the bloody Nation calls ;
 And weeps, 'till fruitful *Albion* is freed
 From the Fanaticks pestilential Breed ;
 An Off-spring sprung from that most odious Race,
 Whose Hanging wou'd the Tripple-Tree disgrace.
 The Royal Captive here remain'd in Tears,
 Till *Bradshaw* doom'd a Period to his Years ;
 But now the injur'd Saint in Peace does dwell,
 Whilst those that judg'd him are secur'd in Hell.





A PRESBYTERIAN *Unmask'd.*



HERE such a Creature breeds, whose ugly
 Sight,
 Like Basilisks, wou'd Travellers afright !
 Such Monsters *Africk* never did produce,
 Nor Lucifer, when all his Imps broke loose,
 To win, by force of Arms, celestial Sway,
 But, unsuccessful, lost the fatal Day :
 And if its Name by any should be ask'd,
 It is a *Presbyterian* unmask'd :
 His Eyes at Vice looks sad, and full of Woe,
 Yet Heart and Tongue together never go ;
 His Words in Conventicles virtuous be,
 But nauseous, when at Home, to Modesty.
 To seem Devout, he hates all common Whores ;
 But those which ply in private much adores.
 He trembles, when a first-rate Oath he hears ;
 But Perjury his Int'rest seldom fears,
 In solemn Leagues and Covenant he takes
 Delight ; but greater in the Vows he breaks :
 And as Informing is his darling Trade,
 He is a godly Man in Masquerade.
 In fine, he's Born, he Lives and Dies in Sin,
 A Saint without, and Devil all within.
 Nay, as his Sanctity's a pious Fraud,
 Which none but Knaves and Villains can applaud ;
 He is all Hypocrite, and what is worse,
 The Scorn of Men, and God's eternal Curse.

***** The ROMISH PRIEST *deny'd Hell-Room*



Romish Priest that dy'd the other Day,
 His Soul to Hell went presently away.
 The Devil that then stood Centinel,
 Ask'd him, from whence he came, and w
 to Hell ?

I am a Priest, quoth he, come to sustain
 In these dark Cells just and eternal Pain.

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The ROMISH PRIEST 219

Corporal, quoth th' Devil, and began to roar,
Corporal make haste, for here's a Priest at Door!
The *Corporal* afrighted, cry'd, away!
Be gone thou Priest, for here thou may'st not stay:
For he who upon Earth did prove so Evil
To eat his God, will eat in Hell the Devil.

The REFORMATION.

Written in the Year 1652. by Mr. BUTLER.

I.



ELL me not of Lords and Laws,
Rules or Reformation,
All that's done not worth two Straws
To the Welfare of the Nation;
If Men in Pow'r do rant it still,
And give no Reason but their Will
For all their Domination;
Or, if they do an Act that's just,
'Tis not because they wou'd, but must,
To gratify some Party's Lust,
Or meerly for a Fashion.

II.

All our Expence of Blood and Purse
Has yet produced no Profit;
Men are still as bad, or worse,
And will whate'er comes of it:
We've shuff'd out, and shuff'd in
The Person but retain the Sin,
To make our Game the surer;
Yet, spite of all our Pains and Skill,
The Knaves all in the Pack are still,
And ever were, and ever will,
Tho' something now demurer.

III.

And it can never be so,
Since Knaves are still in Fashion;
Men of Souls so base and low,
Meer Bigots of the Nation;

220 *The* REFORMATION.

Whose Designs are Pow'r and Wealth,
At which by Rapine, Fraud and Stealth
Audaciously they vent're ye;
They lay their Consciences aside,
And turn with ev'ry Wind and Tide,
Puff'd on by Ignorance and Pride,
And all to look like Gentry.

IV.

Crimes are not punish'd 'cause they're Crimes,
But 'cause they're low and little;
Mean Men for mean Faults in these Times
Make Satisfaction to a Tittle,
While those in Office and in Power,
Boldly the Underlings devour,
Our Cobweb-Laws can't hold 'em;
They sell for many a thousand Crown
Things which were never yet their own,
And this is Law and Custom grown;
'Cause those do judge who sold 'em.

V.

Brothers still with Brothers brawl,
And for Trifles sue 'em,
For two Pronouns that spoil all,
Contentious *meum* and *tuum*.
The wary Lawyer buys and builds,
While the Client sells his Fields
To sacrifice his Fury;
And when he thinks t'obtain his Right,
He's baffled off, or beaten quite
By th' Judge's Will, or Lawyer's Slight,
Or Ignorance of the Jury.

VI.

See the *Tradesman*, how he thrives
With perpetual Trouble;
How he cheats and how he strives
His Estate t' enlarge and double;
Extort, oppress, grind and encroach,
To be a 'Squire and keep a Coach,
And to be one o'th' Quorum,

Who

Who may with's Brother-Worships sit,
And judge without Law, Fear, or Wit,
Poor petty Thieves, that nothing get,
And yet are brought before 'em.

VII.

And his Way, to get all this,
Is meer Dissimulation ;
No Factious Lecture does he miss,
And 'scape no Schism-that's in Fashion :
But, with short Hair, and shining Shoes,
He with two Pens and Note-book goes,
And winks, and writes at random ;
Thence, with short Meal. and tedious Grace,
In a loud Tone and publick Place,
Sings Wisdom's Hymns, that trot and pace,
As if *Goliath* scann'd 'em.

VIII.

But when Death begins his Threats,
And his Conscience struggles,
To call to Mind his former Cheats,
Then at Heaven he turns his Juggles ;
And out of all's ill gotten Store,
He gives a Dribling to the Poor,
An Hospital, or School-House ;
And the suborn'd Priest for his Hire,
Quite frees him from th' infernal Fire,
And places him in th' Angels Quire :
Thus these Jack-Puddings fool us !

IX.

All he gets by's Pains, i'th' Close,
Is, that he dy'd worth so much ;
Which he on's doubtful Seed bestows,
That neither care nor know much :
Then Fortune's Favourite, his Heir,
Bred base, and ignorant, and bare,
Is blown up like a Bubble ;
Who wond'ring at's own sudden Rise,
By Pride, Simplicity and Vice,
Falls to his Sports, Drink, Drabs and Dice,
And make all fly like Stubble.

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X.

Who

X.

And the Church, the other Twin,
 Whose mad Zeal enrag'd us,
 Is not purified a Pin
 By all those Broils in which sh'engag'd us:
 We our Wives turn'd out of Doors,
 And took in Concubines and Whores,
 To make an Alteration;
 Our Pulpiteers are proud and bold,
 They their own Wills and Factions hold,
 And sell Salvation still for Gold,
 And here's our *Reformation!*

XI.

'Tis a Madness then to make
 Thriving our Employment,
 And Lucre love for Lucre's Sake,
 Since we've Possession, not Enjoyment.
 Let the Times run on their Course,
 For Opposition makes them worse,
 We ne'er shall better find 'em;
 Let Grandees Wealth and Pow'r engross,
 And Honour too, while we sit close,
 And Laugh, and take our plenteous Dose
 Of Sack, and never mind 'em.



The SAFETY.

Written by Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

I.



SINCE it has been lately enacted High-
 Treason
 For a Man to speak Truth of the Heads of
 the State,
 Let every one make Use of his Reason;
 See and hear what he can, but take heed what he prate:
 For the Proverbs do learn us,

*He that stays from the Battle sleeps in a whole Skin,
And our Words are our own if we can keep 'em in;
What Fools are we then who to prattle begin
Of Matters that do not concern us?*

II.

Let the three Kingdoms fall to one of the Prime Ones,
My Mind is a Kingdom, and shall be to me:
I'd make it appear, if I had but the Time once,
I'm happier with One than he can be with Three,
If I may but enjoy it:
He that's mounted on high, is a Mark for the Hate,
And the Envy of every pragmatrical Pate,
While he that lies low is secure in his State,
And the great Ones do scorn to annoy it.

III.

I'm never the better which Side gets the Battle,
The Tubs, or the Crosses, what is it to me?
'Twill neither increase my Goods nor my Chattel,
For a Beggar's a Beggar, and so he shall be,
Unless he turn Traytor.
Let Misers take Courses to heap up their Treasure,
Whose Lust has no Limits, whose Mind has no Measure;
Let me but be quiet, and take a little Pleasure,
A little contents my Nature.

IV.

My Petition shall be, that Canary be cheaper,
Without Patent, or Custom, or cursed Excise,
That the Wits may have leave to drink deeper and deeper,
And not be undone while their Heads they baptize,
And in Liquor do drench 'em:
If this were but granted, who would not desire,
To dub himself one of *Apollo's* own Quire?
We'll ring out the Bells when our Noses are on Fire,
And the Quarts shall be Buckets to quench 'em.

V.

I account him no Wit that is gifted at railing,
And flirting at those who above him do sit,
While they can out-do him at Whipping and Jayling,

Then his Purse, or his Person, must pay for his Wit;
 'Tis better to be drinking.
 If Sack were reform'd into Twelve-pence a Quart,
 I'd study for Money to Merchandize for't,
 And with a true Friend wou'd make merry and sport,
 Not a Word, but we'll pay 'em with *Thinking*.



The T U B - P R E A C H E R.



I T H Face and Fashion to be known,
 With Eyes all white and many a Groan,
 With Neck awry, and sniveling Tone,
 And Handkerchief from Nose new blown,
 And loving Cant to Sister Joan,

*'Tis a new Teacher about the Town,
 Oh ! the Town's new Teacher.*

With cozening Laugh, and hollow Cheek
 To get new Gatherings every Week,
 With paltry Sense as Man can speak,
 With some small *Hebrew* and no *Greek*,
 With Hums and Haws when Stuff's to seek,

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With Hair cut shorter than the Brow,
 With little Band as you know hew,
 With Cloak like *Paul*, no Coat I trow,
 With Surplice none, nor Girdle now,
 With Hands to thump, nor Knees to bow,

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With Shop-board Breeding and Intrusion,
 By some outlandish Institution ;
 With *Calvin's* Methods and Conclusion,
 To bring all Things into Confusion,
 And far-fetch'd Sighs, for meer Illusion,

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With Threats of absolute Damnation,
 But certainty of some Salvation
 To his new Sect, not every Nation ;
 With Election and Reprobation,
 And with some use of Consolation,

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With Troops expecting him at Door
 To hear a Sermon and no more,

And

And Women follow him good Store,
And with great Bibles to turn o'er,
Whilst Tom writes Notes, as Bar-boys score;

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With double Cap to put his Head in;
That looks like a black Pot tipp'd with Tin,
While with antick Gestures he doth gape and grin;
The Sisters admire, and he wheedles them in,
Who to Cheat their Husbands think it no Sin.

'Tis a new Teacher, &c.

With great pretended spiritual Motions,
And many fine whimsical Notions,
With blind Zeal and large Devotions,
With preaching Rebellion, and raising Commotions,
And poysoning the People with Geneva Potions,

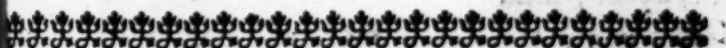
'Tis a new Teacher, &c.



Mola Asinaria : Or the Unreasonable and
Insupportable Burthen now press'd upon
the Shoulders of this groaning NATION.

Jusque datum Sceleri. Printed privately Anno 1659.

. By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



To the READER.



HE first Volume of Mr. Butler's Posthumous
Works, daily finding a kind Reception in the
World, the Bookseller hath been at great Cost
and Pains to collect a Second Volume of that
incomparable Author's Pieces; among which
with the greatest Difficulty, procur'd this excellent One,
intituled, Mola Asinaria: Which (altho' Mr. Prynne's
Name, by Way of Irony, is put to it) was certainly written
by the Author of Hudibras; as appears by the Remainder of
the Title, which runs thus: Or the unreasonable and in-

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And

supportable Burthen now press'd upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation, by the headless Head, and unruly Rulers, that Usurp upon the Liberties and Privileges of the oppressed People: Held forth in a Remonstrance to all those that have yet sound and impartial Ears (*May serve that Sarcastism*) to hear, and duly weigh in the Scales of Equity and Justice: Wherein is demonstrated what Slavery the Nation must subject itself to, by allowing the Lawfulness and Usurped Authority of the pretended Long Parliament, now unlawfully held at *Westminster*. The *Motto*, Jusque datum Sceleri, taken from the first Book of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, is a propos to the Subject; and the Title is made so extravagantly long, in derision to Mr. Prynne's Title to all his Works, which generally comprehended the whole Scope of them, without any Occasion of a Preface. But, nevertheless, we are very well assur'd, that this Piece is the Performance of Mr. Butler, because the ingenious Mr. Wood, in his *Athence Oxoniensis* confirms it; and as it is now very scarce and valuable, we may reasonably suppose 'twill find the same kind Entertainment among all that love Monarchical Government and Episcopacy, as the other Subjects which flow'd from his, as truly Loyal, as unparallel'd, Pen.

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MOLA ASINARIA, &c.

Country-men,



HERE is not any Thing in the Universe deserves less to be a Member of it, than a self-seeking Man, who unconcern'd in the publick Good, regards only his private Interest. The World unwillingly contributes to his Maintenance; and Nature less abhors a Vacuum, than that any Place should be fill'd by a Subject so empty of Desert. He is a savage Creature in the Midst of civil People, not deserving to be born of others, as not caring to live, but for himself. Nay, it is worthily reputed a kind of civil Death, to do nothing else but live: For as long as we have a Country to abide in, we have a Duty to tender it. All we have, we have from it; and by conse-

consequence owe it all we have. Our Lives and Fortunes are safest, when ventur'd for the publick Interest ; and he is the truest Lover of Law and Liberty, that effects rather to be ruled, than to rule, he's the freest Subject that creates himself a voluntary Slave to his Countries Service. Take from the World this inviolable Law, (that is not writ in Brass, but deeply imprinted in Loyal Hearts) and it shall again turn savage and barbarous. This is a Truth so manifest, and not to be dissembled, that never yet was there a Tyrant, but pretended to be a Saviour of the People. Liberty, Conscience, a glorious Nation, *The Good Old Cause*, and such specious Names are made Use of: *Nec quisquam alienum servitium & dominationem concupivit, ut non eadem ista vocabula usurparit*: Tacit. These *Machiavilian* Tricks, and Political Cheats so often put upon the People of our Nation, methinks should have, by this Time, undeceived us with a sad Experience of the Miseries we have subjected ourselves to, by a perpetual Itch of reforming, annulling, creating Laws, and forming new Governments to the Model of every Grandee's Ambition : And yet we are again ready to thrust our Necks into a new Yoke of Slavery, rather than any Man will engage his private Fortunes, and venture to redeem his Country from Bondage. It is laid to the Charge of *English-Men*, by Foreigners, that we are φιλαυ'τες and above all Nations, pretending to Civility, the greatest Self-seekers, as regarding much more our own particular than the general Concerns. I must needs say, other Nations would have Canoniz'd for Martyrs, and erected Statues, after their Death, to the Memory of some of our Compatriots, whom ye have barbarously defaced and mangled, yet alive, for no other Motive but their undaunted Zeal. It has been (I know, not whether I should say) your Misfortune, or my Glory, to become a Sufferer for the legal Vindication of the Liberties of our Kingdom ; but yet I never knew what it was to fear, when I perceived my self engaged in so good a Cause ; not Envy, nor snarling Pamphlets shall stop the Course of my Pen, freely running into my Country's Defence, which my Profession and Age forbid me to vindicate by the Sword. Let young Men serve it with their Strength and Arms, let old Men secure it by their Heads and Counsel : For my Part, I desire to live no longer

than I can in some Sort contribute to so glorious a Work. I have of late been snarled at for it, by certain licentious Scriblers, that durst not own their Names for fear of discovering their Asses Ears: However, they are pleased to twitch at the honourable Remnant of mine. They thought to have stopped my Mouth by their brawling and braying; but I dare yet speak louder, and, I hope, I shall be heard by all such as have yet sound and impartial Ears: But if my Cry will not reach you, I fear, (dear Country-men) the Voice of Blood will speedily interrupt your slumb'ring Security. Those that will be lawless, find fault with my Writings, because I vindicate the antiently established Laws of *England*; and tax me of desperate Nonsense, because I will not allow them an unlimited, illegal Legislative Power to repeal, annul, alter, and enact what Laws soever they deem best to serve their own Turns. They deceitfully cry out, *Salus Populi suprema Lex est!* † An Axiom that I no Ways deny to be true; but I would desire to be instructed who are to be Judges of what is expedient for the Good of the People? The Author of the forecited Maxim says, *Leges Magistratibus præsumt, ut Magistratus præsumt populo*: And the great Doctor St. *Austin* not doubted to affirm, that those Societies where Law and Justice is not, are not Commonwealths, or Kingdoms, but *Magna latrocinia*, * great Thefts and trepanning Cheats. As for the Power of altering Laws, or bringing in new ones, and setting up new Governments, it is allowed by wise Men, that all Power lawfully exercised upon a Commonwealth, must necessarily be derived, either from the Appointment of God, who is the supreme Lord of all; or from the Consent of the Society itself, that hath the next Power to his, of disposing of their own Liberty, as they shall think fit for their Good, whose Benefit is the End of all Government. Therefore whoever arrogates such Power to himself, that cannot produce one of these two Titles, is not a Ruler, but an Invader, or a Tyrant. Now, how this pretended *Long Parliament*, restored by the Force of Soldiers, by whose Force it had first been dissolved, and

† Cicero.

* De Civit. Dei.

was before annulled by the Death, or Murther, of King Charles the First, that summoned it, he being *Principium causa, & finis Parliamenti*; after his Murther, the House of Lords and Monarchy being abolished, and so many of the antient Members thrown out, new ones, unduly elected, and such horrid Thefts, Rapes, &c. committed by them upon the People, can lawfully be said the Peoples Representatives, and authorized by them, is the greatest Riddle that ever was propounded to a puzzled State. It was in the Year 1649, that I published a *Legal Vindication of the Liberties of England*; in which I demonstrated the Nullity of the then pretended *Long Parliament*: And lately I set forth a lively Pattern of the spurious *Old Cause*, pretended to be revived and vindicated by the fine Pegeant, or now sitting Ghost of the long since departed *Long Parliament*; neither need I reason farther with reasonable Persons about it: Yet since this fantastical Hobgoblin appears still to fright the quiet People, and tempts them (like an evil Spirit) to give themselves to such an unruly Devil; I will here only hold forth to the View of all good *Englishmen*, what Slavery they must needs subject themselves unto, if they resolve to cast off for ever their lawful Master and Sovereign, and take for new Masters these upstart domineering Tyrants. Let then every honest freeborn Subject of *England*, lay his Hand upon his Breast, and ask of his own Conscience, whether notwithstanding all former Oaths of Allegiance, Supremacy, Protestation, solemn Leagues and Covenants, &c. he can voluntarily submit to, and thereby freely acknowledge, contrary to his former Knowledge, and the said Oath, &c.

I. That there may be, and now is a lawful assembled Parliament of *England*, actually in being, legally continuing after the late King's Death, or lawfully re-assembled without King, Lords, or most of their Fellow-Members, consisting only of a few late Members of the Commons House.

II. That this Parliament, re-established by a Military Force, and packed together by Power of an Army combining with them, hath just and lawful Authority, and had it before.

230 MOLA ASINARIA, &c.

1. To Arraign, Condemn and Execute their lawful King himself, with the Peers and Commons of this Realm.
2. To disinherit the King's Posterity of the Crown.
3. To extirpate Monarchy and the whole House of Peers.
4. To violate the Privileges, Rights, Freedoms, Customs, and alter the Constitutions of Parliaments themselves; to change and subvert the antient Government, Seals, Laws, Writs, Courts and Coin of the Kingdom.
5. To sell and dispose of all the Lands, Revenues, Jewels, Goods of the Crown, with the Lands of Deans and Chapters, for their own Advantages, not for the easing of the People from Taxes.
6. To dispose of the Forts, Ships, Forces, Offices of Honour, Power, Trust, or Profit; to whom they please.
7. To raise and keap up what Forces, by Land, or Sea, they please, and impose Taxes, &c. to make what new Acts, Laws, and reverse what old ones they think meet.
8. To absolve themselves (by more than a Papal Power) and all the Subjects of this Land, from all the afore-said Oaths, Engagements, Protestations, &c.
9. To permit, settle, or invent what Sect, Herefy, or Religion they please, provided they be not Papacy, or Prelacy, and that they allow not Blasphemy against the Trinity.
10. I ask now if every freeborn Subject that hath not raised himself an Interest by Villany, or an Estate by Robbery, or incurred a Guilt to the Gallows, for having his Hand in Blood, had not better venture Life and Fortunes to reduce the true and lawful Heir into a peaceful Possession of his Right, than to authorize, by his Consent, a new-fangled Government, compacted of Treason, Usurpation, Tyranny, Theft and Murder.



*The Third and Last VOLUME of the
Posthumous WORKS, Written by Mr.
SAMUEL BUTLER, Author of
HUDIBRAS. Part written in the
Time of the Usurpation, and the rest in
the Reign of King CHARLES II.
To which is added, The Coffin for the
Good Old Cause, publish'd just before
the Restoration, by Sir SAMUEL
LUKE. With a Key to HUDIBRAS,
by Sir ROGER L' ESTRANGE.*

To the Right Honourable CHARLES, Earl
of Arran, Chancellor of the University of
Oxford, High Steward of Westminster, &c.

My Lord,



*HE two former Volumes of the Posthumous
Works of this admirable Author had the Ho-
nour of Your Brother the Duke of Ormond's
Friendship, and under his Umbrage were Uni-
versally received and encouraged. What the
Success of this may be I am not able to say; only this I can
depend upon, that your Illustrious Name and Character will
give a Lustre to it, and be a Means against many Insults.*

*I am sensible Your Lordship is as much above the Mode of
Compliment and formal Address, as you are the common
Vanities and Follies of the World. You judge of Men and
Things, not by their Shadows and outward Appearance and
Tendency, and natural Consequence; and 'tis upon these
Views I presume upon Your Lordship's Favour.*

*As Cases now stand, I must confess that I look upon those
Papers to have a sort of Right to Your Lordship's Patronage;*

I

I will not here pretend to mention Particulars any farther than this; that I am fully satisfy'd that they can be no where plac'd with so much Honour and Safety as in the Hands of a Person whose Virtue and Merits have rendered dear to his Country, and exceeding valuable to all honest Men.

As to the Papers themselves, they come to me so well attested, that I have no Manner of Reason to suspect but that they are in Reality the Posthumous Works of Mr. Samuel Butler, Author of Hudibras. Indeed I must own I obtain'd them from several Persons, but then they had all Authentick Vouchers, and were most of 'em writ in Mr. Butler's own Hand, as will appear by their Originals, now in the Custody of the Printer.

The Poem, Entitled Dunstable Downs; or, The Enchanted Cave, and the Tale of the Cöbler and the Vicar of Bray, were given me by a Gentleman whose Father was an Intimate of Mr. Butler's at the Time he was Clerk to Sir Samuel Luke. He assures me that the Facts of both were true, and that Mr. Butler, who was then very young, writ 'em whilst he was with Sir Sam. and when he left his Service gave his Father the Copies.

The rest, except that Entitled, A Coffin for the Good Old Cause, which is generally supposed to be Sir Samuel's own, and Publish'd just before the Expiration of the Rump, were collected from the Papers of Sir Roger L' Estrange, Dr. Midgley, Mr. Charles Booth, Amanuensis to the late Duke of Buckingham, Lord Rochester, &c. and Captain Julian, the famous Satyr-monger of that Time.

But, My Lord, I presume the Papers will speak so well in their own Vindication, that it would be too assuming in me, that am only their Editor, to offer any Thing farther in their Defence: I must confess, that, I believe, the Author never intended they should be made Publick: But, if that be a Fault, I must beg leave to assure Your Lordship it ought not to be charg'd to my Account.

I wish, My Lord, I could produce as good Authority for this Presumption as I can for the Publication of the Papers; that I must humbly acknowledge I have no Excuse for, but to beseech Your Lordship to believe I have no other View but to shew a small Mark of that Duty and Gratitude I owe to your Illustrious Family, and to lay hold of the first Opportunity to signify how Ambitious I am of the Honour of being, My, Lord,

Your Lordship's most Obedient, and
Devoted Servant.

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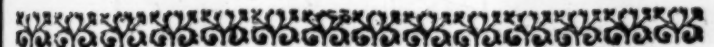




Dunstable Downs



THE
Third and Last Volume
OF
Mr. *BUTLER*'s
Posthumous Works.



DUNSTABLE DOWNS; or, The IN-
CHANTED CAVE. *A Burlesque Poem.*



NEAR *Dunstable*, upon the *Down*,
There is an *Alehouse*, and but *One*,
Which some th' *Inchanted Castle* call;
Others more aptly, *Gypsie-Hall*.

Not far from hence, if we may credit
Some antient Authors, that have se'd it;
Ere dwelt; to make the *Story* brief,
Old *Dun*, that memorable *Thief*.

Within a Hollow under-ground
Apartments yet are to be found,
Where both himself and Horse retreated,
And still all Hues and Cries defeated:
But waving this to come to th' Tale,
Near to this Place there lies a Vale:

Where

Where a good *Dame*, much fam'd in *Story*,
 For praying *Souls* from *Purgatory*.
 A *Chapel* built; and got a *Grant*,
 That in *Remembrance* of a *Saint*
 Ten Thousand *Masses* should be se'd
 For her *Repose*, tho' she was dead :
 And that for this, the *Neighb'ring Towns*.
 Should have free *Common* on the *Downs*.

For many *Years* this *Custom* stood
 In high *Regard* i' th' *Neighbourhood* ;
 Until at length it so fell out,
 As *Time* brings many *Things* about,
 A famous *Knight*, who thought that *Masses*
 Were only said by such dull *Asses*,
 The *Priest* had wheedl'd to believe,
Masses to th' *Dead* some *Ease* could give ;
 Resolves this *Custom* to oppose,
 And the whole *Common* to inclose.

The *People* on the other *Hand*,
 When they the *Matter* understand,
 Fully determine *One* and *All*
 By th' *Common* they would stand and fall ;
 And that in spite of all his *Riches*
 They'd level both his *Hedge* and *Ditches* ;
 But how to do it most securely
 They meet, and first consult maturely :

A *World* of *Methods* they propound,
 'Gainst which some still *Exceptions* found ;
 Until one wiser than the rest
 Stood up, and thus himself exprest :
Neighbours, I own, to save our Common,
He that is backward can be no Man ;
Nor is there any of you here . .

That dares go farther than I dare ;
And yet I will not so entangle
My Self, and Friends, in any Brangle,
But that in Case of a Defeat,
We may propose a safe Retreat.
This Knight we know is at this Hour
A Man of mighty Wealth and Power,
And in a little Space can bring
The Troops he rais'd against the King.

And order them without Remorse,
 Free Quarter here for Man and Horse,
 Which would annoy, and vex us more
 Than loss of Commoning, I'm sure:
 Let us not therefore be such Elves,
 To save our Common, lose our selves;
 But first consider what to do,
 To save our Selves, and Common too,
 Thus having spoke, he blew his Nose,
 Then scratch'd his Head, and on he goes.

Neighbours, if you'd be rul'd by me,
 I'll undertake to set you free:
 There is a Man at Gypsie-Hall
 Has all the Vagrants at his Call;
 And what he bids them do, or say,
 Both Great and Small, they all obey.
 Now put the Case we could persuade him,
 This Knight intended to invade him,
 And Seize his Garden, and the Ground,
 That he has borrow'd from the Down;
 'Tis natural to think the Man
 Will in this Cause do all he can,
 And use his utmost Care and Skill
 To obviate the approaching Ill.

At this the People gave a Shout,
 This is the very Man must do't:
 This Man will surely set us right,
 Against th' Encroachments of this Knight.

This said, to th' Hall away they go,
 To let him first the Business know:
 The Fellow when he saw them come,
 Gave out that he was not at Home;
 Supposing, not without some Reason,
 Their Visit might be out of Season;
 Until the Master of an Inn,
 Judging why he was not within;
 Goes out and whispers to his Wife;
 There is no Danger on my Life.

The Neighbours only are come up
 To smoke a Pipe, and take a Cup;
 Something, perhaps, they have to Offer,
 And if your Husband likes the Proffer,

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I know they will stand by and Bail him,
 'Gainst any that attempt to Jail him :
 At this the Woman made no more
 To do, but stepping out of Door,
 Bawls, *Richard*, why d' you run to Hole,
 As if that you had something stole ?
 Turn out for shame and show your Parts,
 There's none within but honest Hearts.
 At this the Fellow, tho' not quite
 Recover'd from this sudden Fright,
 Crept from a Place behind the Manger,
 Where he was wont to hide from Danger ;
 And coming boldly in among 'em,
 Neighbours, says he, this is not common :
 Your Presence here, I must confess,
 I ne'er expected more, or less :
 But since you're come you're welcome all,
 As I may say, to *Gypsy-Hall*.

Dick, says a Butcher, there's none here,
 But likes your Company, and Beer ;
 But 'tis not that, to tell you true,
 Has brought us now to visit you.
 We have a Business that demands
 Your fruitful Head and active Hands ;
 And if you'll put your Shoulder to it,
 There's no Body like you can do it.

If I can do the Thing, quoth *Dick*,
 Depend I will at nothing stick :
 Therefore be free, and tell me what
 You and your Neighbours would be at.
 Says one all this is wishsly, washsly,
 Meer linsley wolsey Stuff, and trashey.
 The Case is this, the Neighb'ring Towns,
 Must lose their *Common* on the *Downs*,
 If we can't find a Way t' oppose
 A *Knight* that Vows he'll them inclose.

If this be all, were he a King,
 Quoth *Dick*, 'tis but the self-same Thing ;
 I and my Friends will spoil his Fences,
 Let him have what he will Pretences ;
 And nightly level to the Ground
 Whatever he shall But and Bound :

But then, quoth *Dick*, I hope you won't
Desert me after I have don't.

No, no says one, (if you are taken)
You shall not find yourself forsaken :

There's not a Man among us here

But in your Favour will appear :

And furthermore we all assure you,

You shall not want an honest *Jury*.

Why then, quoth *Dick*, to say no more,

I'll serve you to my utmost Power ;

And let this Vile encroaching *Knight*

Begin Inclosing by this Light ;

I, and some Friends, that I can trust,

Will save the *Common*, do his worst.

All Things thus fix'd to their Desire,

The People to their Homes retire ;

Expecting ev'ry Hour that some

Would bring the News the *Knight* was come ;

And long they had not waited 'ere

Advice was brought that he was there,

With *Ralph* his 'Squire, and two or three

That came to bear him Company.

At this the People Great and Small,

Repair in haste to *Gypsy-Hall*,

To learn which Part the *Knight* propos'd

O' th' *Downs*, should be the first inclos'd ;

Who as it happen'd pitch'd upon

That Part that *Gypsy-Hall* stood on.

This nettl'd *Dick*, as you may think,

Who wish'd that he might never drink,

If he did not defend his Palace,

Tho' he was sure to go t' th' Gallows.

May I be curst if any, Sir,

Quoth he, from hence shall make me stir ;

If all the *Gypsies*, *Thieves* and *Whores*,

Can keep the Virmin out of Doors.

Whilst he was railing at this Rate,

A Man o'erlighted at the Gate ;

Who calling for some *Aqua Vita*,

Saith he, there are some Gentry nigh t' you,

That I suppose intend to come,

This Night, and make your House their Home.

The

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The Chief they call Sir *HUDIBRAS*,
As mere a *Knight* as ever was :
He has a 'Squire, who to distinguish,
Is *Ralpho* call'd, tho' in plain *English*
His Name is *Ralph*, as great a *Lout*,
As ever nasty Whore turn'd out.
I've follow'd them this Hour or two,
To learn what Game 'tis they pursue ;
But can by no Means comprehend,
What 'tis the *Gothamites* intend.

Quoth *Dick*, and star'd him in the Face,
You are a Stranger to this Place ;
Or else you must without all Doubt,
What they intend have soon found out,
The Case not better is nor worse ;
This *Knight* is sent us for a Curse,
In Recompence for Mischiefs done,
Down to this Day from Forty One.
It seems the Saints that rule the Rost
Have granted to this *Knight* o' th' Post,
Sole Liberty to rob the Towns
O' the Right of Com'ning on the *Downs* :
And so it is, without all Doubt,
He and his Gang are looking out,
Where 'tis most proper to begin
To make their damn'd Encroachments in ;
Nay, more, he swears who him opposes
With Basket Hilt he'll slit their Noses.

Will he, says he, then by this Light,
I'll try the Courage of the *Knight* ;
And I am much beside my Notions,
If I don't make him change his Motions.
But Landlord, as this can't be done
By any single Hand alone,
'Tis necessary we adjust
All the Preliminaries first.
In this Case we should understand
Each other, and go Hand in Hand ;
Then if the Thing be as I judge it,
I have a Project in my Budget,
Shall make this *Knight*, and *Ralph* his Man,
With Shame return from whence he came:

God's Blessing on you, then quoth *Dick*,
 If you can shew them any Trick,
 I'll joyn with you with all my Heart,
 And do my best to act my Part :
 And, Sir, if we can save the *Downs*,
 We may depend the Neighb'ring Towns
 Will stick at nothing to express
 Their Gratitude and Thankfulness :
 Nor shall you for the Future call
 Early, or late, at *Gypsy-Hall*,
 But you shall always find these Doors
 Open to serve both you and yours.

If this be *Gypsy-Hall*, quoth he,
 Then is fulfill'd a Prophecy,
 " I've often heard and read, a Stranger,
 " When *Gypsy-Hall* is most in Danger,
 " Shall in the very Nick arrive,
 " And from the Walls the Foe shall drive :
 " The Stranger that this *Hall* shall save,
 " The Title of a King shall have.

And I that Title now inherit,
 Not from inherent Right, or Merit ;
 Which as some hold are empty Things,
 Mere Feathers in the Caps of Kings :
 But Choice, which some say at this Hour
 Gave the first Kings all Right and Power.

But letting this at present stand,
 To come to th' Business under Hand.

I find it is the Fates Decree,
 I should fulfil this Prophecy.
 Know therefore Landlord, I'm the Man,
 The *Gypsy Race* have pitch'd upon
 To be their King, and to preside
 O'er all the *Stragling Canting Tribe*.
 Nor do I vapour when I tell,
 I know their Government so well ;
 There's none among them will complain
 Of any Hardships in my Reign.
 When any of my Subjects fall
 By dire Mishap in any Brawl,
 I never cease 'till I have found
 Some Way the Matter to compound.

Quoth

Quoth *Dick*, Great Sir, I beg your Pardon,
 You are a Man I've often heard on;
 And if you'll undertake this Matter,
 Nothing in Nature can be patter.
 I know you always have at Hand
 A trusty well appointed Band,
 That never boggle, or stick out,
 But what you bid them do, they do't.
 By your Advice and their Assistance,
 This *Knight* can make but small Resistance:
 And I'll be ready to pursue
 Whatever you direct me to.

Whilst thus the Landlord and the King
 Were canvassing about the Thing,
 They chance to spie, thro' an Avenue,
 The *Knight* approach, with his Retinue;
 At which the Landlord in repairs,
 And left the King to stand the Bears.
 The King who knew 'twas the true Way
 To flatter him, he would betray,
 Rides to the *Knight*, and having paid
 Profound Obeysence, thus he said.

Prosperity and Peace attend
 Your Worship, 'till your Life shall end.
 May you, and your renowned Heirs
 Possess these *Downs* ten Thousand Years;
 And may they never, never want,
 So brave a *Knight* so good a *Saint*.

At this the *Knight*, with muckle Grace,
 Having in Order set his Face,
 Reply'd, who e'er you are, your Manner,
 Demonstrates you a Man of Honour;
 And he must ill deserve to share
 Your Wishes, or your Character,
 That does not own the Obligation,
 To be saluted in such Fashion,

Quoth *Ralph* his *Squire*, who always went
 His Halfs, as well in Complement,
 As in his good, or bad Adventures;
 I own I'm something on the Tenters,
 I had a scurvy Dream not long since,
 Altho' I know all Dreams are Nonsense;

Yet I can't help to recollect
 What I find verify'd in Effect.
 My Dream was this, *I thought that We*
Were both hal'd up into a Tree,
Where we hung dangling in great Danger,
Until an unexpected Stranger
Came and reliev'd from Gibbet high
Your Worship's Noble Self and I.

Ralph, quoth the *Knight*, I needs must tell you,
 That many Things that have befall you,
 Have been by Dreams so plain foretold,
 That I must own we've been too bold
 To contradict the Hints were given,
 That seem to come direct from Heaven :
 But for the Dream which now you mention,
 There's nothing in my Comprehension,
 That any Ways can us effect,
 Either direct, or indirect.

The King replies, most noble *Knight*,
 Your Worship's doubtless in the Right ;
 I must confess we dream indeed,
 Of Things that very oft succeed ;
 But then, Sir, with Submission, 'tis
 When they have some *Analysis* ;
 For without that all Dreams are but
 The Products of an o'ercharg'd Gut.

Well, quoth the *Knight*, I must confess,
 You like a Man your self express,
 But now the Time and Place denies
 Your Arguments, or *Ralph's* Replies.
 Let's first go make our Quarters good,
 And then if you are in the Mood,
 We'll try to find a Cause more fit
 To exercise our Parts and Wit.

Quoth *Ralph*, as 'tis my proper Station,
 I'll first go see th' Accommodation,
 This famous Structure can afford
 To you, its only rightful Lord.
 No clapping Spurs to both the Sides
 Th' Steed, to th' Hall he boldly rides,
 Where *Dick* stood ready to salute,
 And complement this *Squire Brute*.

I'm come to know, says *Ralph*, who 'tis
Commands in this *Metropolis*,
And whether he can entertain
A noble *Knight*, and all his Train.

Quoth *Dick*, and please you, I am he
That hold this Tenement in Fee;
And if his Worship please to come,
He shall be welcome to my *Dome*:
I can no Rarities pretend,
But I will treat him as a Friend;
And if Things don't so well succeed,
I hope he'll take the Will for th' Deed.

If you, says *Ralph*, were *Ferdinando*,
You could no more do, than you can do,
And he that more than that expects,
Is faulty in his Intellects.

As for the valiant *Knight*, my Master,
He has so often met Disaster;
So oft has slept in trusty Buff,
And has so very oft lain Ruff,
That now his Worship's grown so wise
He never thinks on Rarities.

Have you an *Aqua Vita Bottle*;
Marry, quoth *Dick*, I have a *Pottle*.
And have you Food for Horse and Man?
Why there I'll do the best I can;
And ultra posse as I am told,
Non esse will not Water hold.

Whilst *Ralph* and *Dick* thus talk'd together,
The *Knight* and Gypsy King came thither,
And *Ralph* reporting what was done,
They all o'erlight, and in they come:
And being plac'd, *Dick* brings a Glas,
And thus began to *Hudibras*,

Sir, here's a Glas of *Aqua Vita*,
Were't better I would not deny't you;
'Tis to your Worship's Health; quoth *Ralph*,
Friend make no Words, but drink it off;
Our Stomachs want a Cordial, more
Than empty Complements, I'm sure:
For tho' some foolish Authors think,
Knight Errands never eat nor drink,

The Notion's false, for if a *Knight*
 Don't eat and drink he ne'er can fight :
 Then, Landlord, without more Delay,
 Drink first, and shew my *Knight* the Way.

All this, to give th' Devil his due,
 Quoth *Hudibras*, in Fact is true ;
Knights eat to fight, and fight to eat,
 And drink to beat, or to be beat ;
 Then Landlord, let us taste your Liquor,
 'Twill make our Tongues and Tails run quicker :
 At which the Glass was toss'd about,
 'Till first the *Knight*, then 'Squire gave out.

The *Gypsy King* who silent sate
 To here the Man and Master prate,
 Replies, at length I understand
 These *Downs* are all your Worship's Land,
 And that you gain'd them by pure Merit,
 You and your Heirs for to inherit.
 Now, Sir, if I may be so bold,
 The Title under which you hold,
 Is but a poor precarious Thing,
 'Till you subdue the *Gypsy King*.

The *Gypsy King*, quoth *Ralph*, whose he ?
 I never read his Pedigree :
 Where can this King's Dominions lie ?
 I never heard : By *Mars* nor I,
 Saith *Hudibras*, this needs must be
 Some strange Infernal Monarchy :
 But let this King be who he will,
 I'll keep my Resolution still ;
 And let him come from Heaven, or Hell,
 Upon these Downs I mean to dwell.

This King, says he, has no fix'd State,
 His sole Dependance is on Fate :
 The World's his Empire, and his Rule
 Extends to every Knave and Fool ;
 His *Vassals* are indeed but few,
 But they are Valiant all and true ;
 And whatsoe'er he bids them do,
 They with undaunted Zeal pursue.
 Upon the Downs a Place they have,
 Eclipsed the *Inchanted Cave*,

Where they at Midnight often meet,
 And dance to th' Ecchoes of their Feet.
 This Place they think a safe Retreat,
 In Time of Danger, or Defeat ;
 And here unseen themselves convey,
 Whenever they had made a Prey :
 Here they their Youngsters first inure,
 All Sorts of Hardships to endure ;
 Here all their Schemes and Politicks,
 Their Arts, their Stratagems and Tricks
 Are first examin'd, and approv'd,
 And here they love, and are belov'd.

Enrag'd at this, quoth *Hudibras*,
 This is a glorious King by *Mars*.
 If Basket Hilt has any Sway,
 I'll make this Monarch soon obey,
 And him and all his tatter'd Gang
 From off these *Downs* intirely bang.

And I, quoth *Ralph*, will do my best
 To extirpate this cursed Nest.
 Is this the Monarch will oppose,
 Your Worship's Title to Inclose ?
 I would my self renounce all Claim,
 To Chivalry, and quit the Name
 Of 'Squire for ever, if I did
 Not from the Downs these Vermin rid.
 These are some poultry Cavaliers,
 That sneak in Holes to save their Ears.
 Their King is some poor outlaw'd Fool,
 Some Night-bird, some Recusant Owl,
 That pilf'ring flies from Hole to Hole,
 As if that he had something stole.

The *Gypsy King*, who ill could bear,
 To hear this Scoundrel domineer,
 Replies, you go too fast good 'Squire,
 Best Malt is made by softest Fire ;
 This is no poultry Midnight King,
 You utterly mistake the Thing ;
 And I'll be bold behind his back
 To say, he doth no Courage lack.

Quoth *Hudibras*, this argues little,
 Shew us the Cave, we'll try his Mettle,

And if we do not clear the Den,
 We'll own our selves to be no Men.
 At this the Knight gave Beard a twist,
 And on his Breast thrice smote his Fist.
 ' Have I receiv'd in Civil Wars,
 ' So many dreadful Cuts and Scars,
 ' To fear this petty King of No-Land,
 ' More wretched than the *Tool of Poland*.
 Well, saith the King, since you determin,
 Togo and ferret out these Vermin,
 Without more Words, or more Disputes,
 I'll guide your Worship to the Brutes.
 Agreed, saith he, and for your Pains,
 You shall partake of all the Gains.

The Scene thus laid, the King desir'd,
 That they might be a while retir'd,
 And so they all conclude to go,
 To nap it for an Hour, or two:
 I th' Interim he and Landlord *Dick*,
 Consult how they might do the Trick.

Not far from thence there stood a Barn,
 Where Gangs of Gypsies us'd to swarm;
 Hither the King, who always knew
 The secret Marches of his Crew,
 Repairs with speed, and singles out
 Six sturdy Ruffins from the Rout,
 And bid them put themselves in Shapes
 Of Bulls and Bears, and Wolves, and Apes,
 Which always ready by 'em lay
 When they had any Pranks to play.
 When thus equipt, their Orders were,
 To an old Chalk Pit to repair,
 And there remain until the Word
 Was given, Dismount, and draw your Sword.
 When you have heard the Word, says he,
 Run from the Pit immediately,
 And seize two Mortals and disarm 'em,
 But yet take care you do not harm 'em.

Quoth one o'th' Ruffins, who are these,
 That you command us thus to seize?
 And what is more, command us too,
 That we should them no Damage do?

You know dead People tell no Tales,
And if that Proverb still prevails,
I hold it safest, by my Troth,
To make sure Work, and Murder both.

In many Instances tis granted,
A useful Murder may be wanted,
But (saith the King) as this Case stands,
I must desire you'd hold your Hands.
Your Orders are to Gag and Bind them,
And tie their warlike Hands behind them.
When that is done, I and a Friend
In proper Dresses will attend,
And give such Orders that are fit,
To make this Knight and 'Squire submit.

Matters thus fixt, the King return'd,
And Dick of all he'd done inform'd,
Who readily agrees to bear,
In the whole Management his Share.
'Twas now about the dead o' th' Night,
When wakeful 'Squire rous'd the Knight,
And told him he had dream'd a Dream,
Which, with his first, was much the same,
And that he could not help to fear,
Some secret Danger must be near.
You know, says he, your self and I,
Are very much unfit to die :
We're both such Sinners, should we drop
Before we've made all Matters up,
I dread we should be guilty found,
Without admission to compound :
'Tis therefore, with your leave, my Notion,
That first we go to our Devotion,
And try at least to deprecate,
These Boadings of approaching Fate.

At this up starts Sir Hudibras,
You dream of Things can't come to pass,
Your Fears are *Nonsense* too, and come
From want of *Resolution* ;
And then for Praying, I ne'er read,
Of 'Squire that pray'd 'till Knight was dead.
Beside, I'll tell you by the bye,
There's few Knight Errants ever dye ;

They

They may indeed endure some Pain,
 And in the vulgar Sence be slain,
 But still their Souls Immortal be ;
 Quoth *Ralph*, all this is new to me.
 A strange Hypothesis, which none,
 But Errant Knights, depend upon.
 However, since your *Worship's* bent,
 To try this wild Experiment,
 If I should drop, I fain would know
 Whither my Soul is like to go.
 You know we 'Squires still stand our Share,
 In all the Perils of the War,
 And 'twould be hard when y' are translated,
 If we should not be reinstated.

The *Gypsy King*, who in a Hole,
 Stood privately and heard the Whole,
 Fearing *Ralph's* Argument might coole,
 Of Knight the Courage, and o'er-rule ;
 Steps out to *Dick*, and bid him run,
 And tell them that the Time was come :
 Which *Hudibras* no sooner heard,
 But up he got and stroak'd his Beard,
 And bid the Landlord go and bring
 Their Steeds, and call the *Gypsy King*.
 The King suspecting still that *Ralph*,
 Would some Ways bring his Master off ;
 Goes to the Knight, and told him that
 Nothing could ever fall more pat.
 These stragling Vermin are all Set,
 As dead as Partridge for a Net,
 And if you'll hasten you may take,
 All the whole Gang before they wake.

At this *Ralph* set his Arms a Kimbo,
 And are the Slaves so fast in *Limbo* ?
 Then Landlord bring us t'other Dram,
 All this can never be a Flam.
 Come Master, take a hearty sup,
 When we have beat their Quarters up,
 In Triumph we will hither come,
 And clear what Damage has been done.

Quoth *Dick*, I very seldom trust,
 Nay, often take the Money first,

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And if that I had known before,
Your Worship would have run o'th' Score,
My Bottle had not been so free :
Well, says the King, leave that to me,
I'll pay the Shot. Quoth *Dick*, why then,
You're very welcome Gentlemen.

Having thus fixt the whole Affair,
They mount, and to the Pit repair,
Where the six Rogues lay all perdue,
Their Monarch's Orders to pursue :
And he who knew they now were safe,
First ask'd the Knight and after *Ralph*,
That if some Ghosts of Cavaliers,
Drest in the Shapes of Wolves and Bears,
Should from the Cave this moment rise,
And seize them both by strange Surprize ?
It would not to Rememb'rance bring,
Their Barb'rous Murder of the King.

Quoth *Hudibras*, this Question is,
Non a propos in terminis,
That is, 'tis neither fit for you
To ask, nor us to answer to :
And by my Troth, says *Ralph*, it Savours,
Much of the Cavaliers Behaviours.
But this and all the rest to wave,
Let's go directly to the Cave,
And then 'twill quickly plain appear,
What sort of Ghosts inhabit there.
Well, quoth the King, if that's the Case,
I'll go, let what will come to pass ;
And therefore not to make more Words,
Dismount, Dismount, and draw your Swords.

The Ruffins, who but only wanted
To hear the Word, from Cave Inchaned,
Rush out at once, and soon divorce
Both Knight and 'Squire from Arms and Horse.
And having by their King's Commands
First Hoodwink'd, gag'd, and bound their Hands ;
Then to the Hollow back they move,
To wait fresh Orders from above.

It was not long before that *Dick*,
Who was made privy to the Trick,

Together

Together with the King, o'erlights,
 Drest in the Shapes of dreadful Sp'rits :
 And after they had struk a Light,
 Orders were given to bring the Knight,
 That he might be examin'd first,
 What made his Worship so unjust,
 To Rob the Dead, and cheat the Towns,
 O' th' Right of Comm'ning on the Downs.

Quoth *Dick*, if I may freely speak,
 The Day is very near to break,
 And if we do not find a Way,
 To manage them before 'tis Day,
 'Tis ten to one but they are found,
 And we, instead of them, are bound.

Then, says the King, do you propose
 The Method how we may dispose
 Of them to Morrow, and at Night,
 We'll meet and set the Matter right.
 Indeed as you suggest, I fear
 We cannot settle the Affair,
 Before the Light will drive us hence,
 Of which I fear the Consequence.

Quoth one o' th' Gang, I'll tell you how;
 We often in such Cases do.

If we are hir'd to discover,
 Hid Treasure, or a private Lover :
 When we have got them in our Snare,
 At first we only Curse and Swear ;
 And now and then, we Sweeten too,
 To try how far that Nail will go ;
 But if these fail, then next we Fagg 'em,
 And after that we Bind and Gag 'em :
 But if we find these don't prevail,
 We've still a Trick that cannot fail.
 To some lone Wood, thro' a bye Way,
 Upon our Backs we them convey ;
 Where in a Tree we lug 'em up,
 And tie 'em so they cannot drop ;
 And there we leave 'em for a Day,
 To think if 't b'nt a better Way,
 All their whole Secrets to confess,
 Than to remain in such Distress.

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Faith, faith the King, tho' I have been,
In many, and many a merry Scene,
I ne'er 'till now this Project knew,
But prithee, Landlord, what say you?

Quoth *Dick*, I like it passing well,
Provided they a Tree can tell,
Where they with Safety may be perch'd,
In case the Country should be search'd.

If that be all, says he, i' th' Shape
Of him that Personates the Ape;
I know a Tree not far from hence,
Where we our Lumber us'd to fence;
There they may Roost a hundred Year,
And not a mortal Soul come near.

Well, quoth the King, then haul 'em thither,
And hang them on a Bough together;
When that is done, then you may tell 'em,
That this Misfortune is befall 'em,
Not only for the cursed guilt,
Of Royal Blood devoutly spilt;
For Plund'ring and Sequestration,
And bringing Ruin on the Nation;
But that b'ing lost, to Shame and Grace
They'd vilely enter on this Place;
In opposition to a Saint,
Who having made a sad Complaint
I' th' other World, some Power unknown,
Had sent them to protect the Down;
With full Commission, them to bring
Dead, or Alive, before a King;
Who will a final Sentence pass,
On the Fools, *Ralph*, and *Hadibras*.

All this was done as soon as said,
And Knight, and 'Squire to th' Tree convey'd;
There to remain, 'till the next Night,
Should finish the Adventure quite.

And now what Mortal can relate
Of Knight and 'Squire the rueful State?
But must believe Sir *Eglimoar*,
When he the Dragon hear'd to Roar,
Could not be in a much worse plight,
Then was, alas, this 'Squire and Knight.

Next

Next Night about the Hour Eleven,
According to Instructions given,
The King and *Dick* to th' Pit repair,
With Vizors on, and Coats of Hair;
Where also in their former Dress,
The Gang were in a readiness;
Such further Mischief to pursue,
That they should be commanded to.
The King, who fear'd that Knight, or 'Squire,
Might, if they longer hung, expire,
Order'd that they with speed should be,
Both brought before his Majesty.

No sooner to the Pit they come,
But says the King: Of Knights thou Scum:
Thou filthy Wretch, whose very Sight wou'd
Disgrace and Scandalize all Knighthood.
Thou that hast lay'd ungodly Hands,
Upon the King's and Bishops Lands;
Tore up at Root Old *England's* Laws,
And on Religion set thy Claws.
Thou that by Rapine, Theft, and Plunder,
Both King and Kingdom hast brought under,
And by the Sham of Sequestration,
Hast rob'd and pillag'd all the Nation;
And thou who would'st this very Day,
Take from the Poor their Right away,
And under Colour of a Grant,
Disturb'st the Quiet of a Saint,
At whose Complaints we're hither sent,
Thy vile Encroachments to prevent:
Now stand prepar'd to hear thy Sum
Of Punishments as yet to come.

And thou base poultry pricklouse 'Squire,
That Fight'st and Pray'st, and Pimp'st for Hire.
Thou that can'st Cant, Recant and Lye,
To back thy Master's Villany;
Or what's as bad, to hide thy own:
Now stand and hearken to my Doom.

Says *Dick*, Dread Sir, before you pass
Your Sentence 'gainst this *Hudibras*;
Or *Ralph* his 'Squire, your Vassal begs,
Out of their Mouths, you'd take the Pegs;

And try if they have ought to urge,
From these black Crimes, themselves to purge.

At your Request I will allow,
A Favour I ne'er meant to do ;
But as my Time is very short,
Before I must Adjourn the Court,
I do insist you'd pass your Word,
They shall not trifle with the Board.
Go, says the King, ungag the Louts,
And from their Peepers take the Clouts :
Be'ng thus restor'd to Speech and Sight,
The Knight view'd *Ralph*, and *Ralph* the Knight ;
And after many a heavy Groan,
The Knight did thus himself bemoan.
Ah me ! What Dangers do environ,
The Man that medleth with cold Iron ?
How many Drubs, dry Blows, and Scars
Attend poor Knights ordain'd to Wars ?
And what is worse, how many more
Are yet remaining on the Score ?
Quoth *Ralph*, how many Pains and Frights
Attend the 'Squires of Errant Knights ?
How often do their headless Masters
Bring their poor Slaves into Disasters ?
If I had broke a Leg, or Arm,
When first with *Aqua vite* warm,
You trick'd me out from peaceful Dwelling,
To follow you a Colonelling,
I had been happily secur'd
From all the Ills I've since endur'd,
And at this instant had been free,
From this Infernal Company.

Whilst you, quoth *Hudibras*, complain,
You only Providence arraign :
'Tis Nonsense in the present Case,
To talk what might have come to pass ;
If we permitted were to pry,
I' th' Archives of Futurity,
No Man wou'd run himself in Danger,
Who want to common Sence a Stranger.

Ralph had reply'd, but says the King,
Go one of you the Captives bring.

Ano-

Another Night we must not lose,
 To hear these Fools themselves accuse.
 At this a Rogue whose *Gaberdine*,
 Was cover'd with the Skins of Swine,
 To th' *Knight* and 'Squire nimbly Starts,
 Saith he, come forth and shew your Parts.
 Then giving *Hudibras* a Hunch,
 Upon his Breast the very Bunch :
 And taking *Ralpho* by the Lugs,
 Gave him, at least, a dozen Tugs :
 What must the Court expect your Coming,
 Whilst you stay here and Caps are thrumming ;
 Besides, says he, your Worships stink,
 Far worse than Jakes disturb'd, or Sink,
 And are so cursedly besnit,
 There's no enduring in the Pit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, no Man is Master,
 Of his Posteriors in Disaster.

The Alderman, who once let fly,
 Upon th' Account of Danger nigh,
 Is not so much to blame, I'm sure,
 As him that did the Cause procure.
 Upon the Whole, I hope our Scent
 Won't so annoy your Government,
 But that we may have Justice still,
 Altho' we smell a little ill.

And now a little glimmering Light,
 Discovers to the 'Squire and *Knight*,
 A Gang of hideous Monsters drest,
 Both in the Shapes of Men and Beasts ;
 At Sight of which my Author says,
 The *Knight* and 'Squire purg'd both Ways.

After some little Pause, quoth *Dick*,
 I hope you won't at Trflies stick :
 And since the Court by my Endeavour,
 Has granted, on your good Behav'our,
 The Liberty of Sight and Tongue,
 I won't suspect that you should wrong,
 A Freedom, which this Bench, 'till now,
 Did ne'er to Criminals allow.

Quoth *Ralph*, I own if we should do it,
 You ought in Justice make us rue it :

The

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The *Knight* may keep his stubborn Temper,
And if he please be *idem Semper*;
But I am fully bent to merit
Your Friendship, most renowned Spirit.

Says *Hudibras*, thou wicked *Varlet*,
Thou Offspring of a common *Harlot*,
Is this a Time? Is this a Place?
Oh! Thou eternal Brazen-Face;
To slight thy Master, and supplant him
Of Favours that this Board wou'd grant him.

It pleas'd the King to hear the Squabble,
Between the Master, and his Babble,
Who judging he might make some use,
Of what the *Squire* should first produce;
Order'd the *Knight* should private be,
'Till *Ralph* had heard his Destiny.

Poor *Ralph*, who by the Fright almost,
Was ready to give up the Ghost:
And having now no Thought but Death,
Stood trembling like an *Alpin* Leaf;
Until that *Dick*, who fearing, lest
That they should overstretch the Jest,
Calls out aloud, if you'd be safe,
You must accuse your Master, *Ralph*;
If you'll do that, I'll pass my Word,
You shall find Favour from the Board.
At this the *Squire* took heart a'grace,
First hem'd, and then began his Case.

He very ill deserves a Favour,
And is a Man of small Behav'our;
Who boggles with the Bench of Justice,
When Life and Liberty in trust is.
As for betraying of my Master,
A broken Head must have a Plaster.
A Master who is not a stark *Ass*,
Will hang his Man to save his Carcase;
And if the Man is such an *Elf*,
To save his Master, hang Himself;
The Matter as't appears to me,
Renders the Man *Felo de se*.
But now to make the Business short,
I throw my self upon the Court.

And

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And will, *so help me God*, endeavour,
To merit your Esteem for ever.

At this, quoth *Dick*, an't please you Sir,
This trusty *Squire's* a subtle Cur;
By the Expressions he has utter'd,
He knows *which Side his Bread is butter'd*;
And I'll be snot if he wou'd stick,
To help to carry on the Trick.

'Tis dang'rous trusting, says the King,
However, if you'll try the Thing,
One of our Fellows has a Trimming,
Will make the *Squire* look very Swimming;
Let him be drest, his Hands unbound,
And then the Question I'll propound;
All which was done as soon as said,
And *Ralph* into the Court convey'd.

But oh! What mortal Wight can tell
Of *Ralph*, in Shape of Spright, the Smell,
Who now expected nothing less,
Than Transformation from his Dress?
'Till both the King, and *Dick* unmask'd,
And for the *Aqua Vite* ask'd;
And after each had took a Dram,
Thus to the *Squire* the King began.

The Wretch you serve, that Vile Pretender
To Saintship, and a Conscience Mender,
His Crimes and Follies to compleat,
At once wou'd the whole Country Cheat:
And by Enclosures on these *Downs*,
Destroy the Right of twenty Towns.

Quoth *Ralph*, who soon recover'd from
His State of Desperation:
He has as strong and firm a Grant,
As e'er was given to a Saint;
To Have and Hold these Dowsns, in fine,
For Years, Nine Hundred Ninety Nine.

This, says the King, is nothing to
The Business that we want with you;
We value not how firm and strong
The Grant is; nor indeed how long;
I and my Ministers of State,
Can quickly change both Strength and Date.

What

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What we wou'd have you do is this.
You know your Master's Rogueries,
And if you'll keep on the Disguise,
And help us to detect his Lies;
You'll do an Act, perhaps you may,
Be th' better for another Day.

With all my Heart, quoth *Ralph*; I'll joyn,
And help you manage your Design;
And if I do not clinch the *Knight*,
Conclude I'm but a bungling Spright;
At which the Word was given to bring
Sir Hudibras before the King;
Who putting on a furious Look,
Cries out, your Dev'l has you forsook:
You're now before a Judge and Jury,
Will do you Justice, I'll assure you;
And punish you for all your Crimes;
Says *Dick*, in these and former Times.

Well, quoth the *Knight*; and shook his Head,
I find there's little to be said:
That I have Crimes and not a few,
With Sorrow I must own 'tis true;
Yet still I hope among them all
You will not find one *CAPITAL*.

Not Capital, says *Ralph*, that Lye
Amounts to downright Perjury;
And ought to be esteem'd a Sort,
Of Trifling and Contempt o'the Court.
I'll prove there is no Sin almost,
But that against the Holy Ghost,
If Saints may be allow'd to sin,
Of which you have not guilty been.

Pray noble *Knight*, to go no further,
Is Murd'ring of the *KING* no Murther?
Sweet Sir, consult with your own Reason,
Open Rebellion, is't not Treason?
Altho' you varnish't with Pretence,
Of *Liberty* and *Conscience*.

Sir, with your Leave, the Court expect
You'd Answer fully and direct;
And not by Way of *Metaphor*,
Your Worship is so famous for.

Then

Then give me leave ; are Sequestrations ?
 Are plund'ring Towns, and Devastations ?
 Are robbing Churches, Fire and Sword ?
 Your Weapons in the Hand o'the Lord.
 Are they not carnal Weapons when
 They're in the Hands of sinful Men ?
 And must in spight of all Pretences,
 Amount to Capital Offences.
 You are not charg'd with Covenanting,
 With Canting, Lying and Recanting :
 With forming Plots, and raising Fears,
 To set the People by the Ears :
 Those, and ten thousand such small Crimes,
 Are lawful for the Saints sometimes ;
 And therefore we'll not here insist
 On them, and on the other List.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I find your Charge,
 In many Points, is very Large ;
 And is not in the Terms of Law,
 That learned Council us'd to draw :
 But since I know that my Condition
 Requires less Law, and more Submission ;
 I humbly wou'd desire to know,
 On which o'the Articles you'll go ;
 Or whether't be your Pleasure I,
 Shou'd to them in the Lump reply.

This is meer trifling, Sir, says *Ralph*,
 And ne'er will bring your Worship off ;
 This Court is *Independent* on
 All Forms and Methods but its own ;
 And will not be directed by
 The Persons they intend to try.
 And I must tell you you're mistaken,
 If you propose to save your Bacon,
 By pleading to our Jurisdiction,
 Which will admit of no Restriction.
 Here's no Appeal, nor no Demurrer,
 Nor after *Judgment Writ of Error*.
 If you persist to querk and quibble,
 And on your Terms of Law to nibble ;
 The Court's determin'd to proceed,
 Whether you do, or do not plead.

Quoth

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Quoth *Dick*, Sir Knight, if you intend
Any o' th' Board shou'd be your Friend,
Let me advise you whilst there's Room,
To try to mitigate your Doom.
As you are on Destruction's Brink,
The more you stir, the more you Stink ;
'Tis my Opinion, you submit
Your self to th' Court ; if you think fit,
And frank and freely answer to
Such Questions shall be put to you.

Oh ! Quoth the poor distressed Knight,
I own your Friendship gentle Spright ;
And if my frank and free Confession,
Can any Ways make Intercession ;
I'm ready, as the Gods shall save me,
To answer ev'ry Thing you'd have me.

For once, says *Ralph*, we'll take your Word,
And therefore, Sir, inform the Board
When first you rais'd a Regiment,
To fight for King and Parli'ment ;
Did you not with the rest agree,
To extirpate the *Monarchy* ;
And to Establish in its Stead,
A Monst'rous Thing without a Head ;
Which after you the King had strip'd,
You vilely Common-Wealth eclips'd ?
Quoth he, to Flatter and Dissemble,
Will very ill my Case resemble ;
Therefore, I own, when we began
The Work of Reformation,
We purely us'd the Name o' th' King,
For our Designs a Covering ;
And to prevent some Apprehensions,
We fear'd might frustrate our Intentions ;
'Till we had Power to tell you true,
To root out King and Bishops too.

And then quoth *Ralph*, when that was done,
You fought for th' Parli'ment alone :
I query then, was that pure Zeal
For publick Good and Common Weal ?
Or was it not to lay your Hands
Upon the Crown and Churches Lands ?

DUNSTABLE DOWNS. 259

Indeed, says he, I own a Spice,
Like other Saints of either Vice.

We fought the Lord in our Distress,
And when the Lord was pleas'd to bless
Our Undertakings; then the Word
Was, Plunder in the Name o' th' Lord:
And so it was, for many Years

We joy'n'd our Plund'rings with our Prayers;
And us'd them both so long together,
Till there was left no room for either.

Quoth *Dick*, you have, by this Confession,
Made on the Court a deep Impression;
And if you can so fully clear

The Point has brought your Worship here,
Your Sentence will so far be bated,
That you will only be Translated
To the next Wood, and 'Squire *Ralph*,
Shall be releas'd to fetch you off.

The Knight, who nothing less suspected
Than he shou'd be at least Dissected!
O'er joy'd, to think that *Ralph* and he
Shou'd both regain their Liberty,
Replies, whatever you require,
I'll do to save my Self and 'Squire.

Why then, quoth *Dick*, I plainly tell you
The present Mischief that's beset you,
Is not so much for what y' have done,
In favour of Rebellion,

As 'tis for your Pretence of Right,
To seize these Downs, unworthy Knight.
What Dev'l cou'd put it in your Head,
To Rob and Pilfer from the Dead?
For this you must good Reasons shew,
Or else y'are still in *Statu quo*.

This unexpected Question dashes
The Knight, who turns as pale as Ashes;
And stood like One was Thunder struck,
Or like the Picture of ill Luck:

Until the King, to push him on,
Cries out, 'tis Time that we were gone;
At break of Day I must determin

The Court, and therefore if this Vermin,

Has

Has nothing for himself to say,
 Gagg him again without Delay,
 At which the Knight, in Tone most doleful,
 Cries out aloud, you fill my Soul full,
 Of such deep Horrour, I profess,
 I cannot, if I wou'd, Confess.
 None but the Devil cou'd draw me in,
 To perpetrate so black a Sin ;
 A Sin, which I as much Repent,
 As when at first I gave consent
 To take the Charge of Knighthood on me,
 Which has, alas ! alas undone me.

To make Things short, quoth *Ralph*, you must
 Renounce all Claim to Knighthood first :
 Next you must solemnly Recant
 All your Pretensions to a Saint ;
 And after this you must, moreover,
 Forswear your Trade of Binding over :
 When this is done on your Repentance,
 The Court will pass a proper Sentence.

Not, says the King, 'till he has Swore,
 That he'll infest these Downs no more ;
 For tho' he shou'd perform the rest,
 'Till that is done, 'tis all a Jest.

Well, quoth the Knight, if this will do,
 I'th' Presence of the Gods and You,
 I here Renounce the diff'rent State,
 Of Knighthood, Saintship, Magistrate.
 And lastly, I hereby Disown,
 All Right and Title to the Down ;
 Wishing that I may never find
 Rest for my Body, Soul, or Mind ;
 In this, or in the other State,
 If from the Day this Vow bears date,
 I do in any Terms propose,
 The least Pretensions to Inclose.

Quoth *Ralph*, we take this Recantation,
 Only, by Way of Approbation ;
 But yet not doubting but you will,
 What you have Vow'd and Sworn fulfil ;
 And not pretend by *inuendo*,
 All this was done *Se defendendo*.

Shou'd he turn Tayl, by *Jove*, quoth *Dick*,
 And try to serve Us a Dog Trick,
 'd quickly raise about his Ears,
 Ten thousand Ghosts of *Cavaliers* ;
 That back shou'd drag him to this *CAVE*,
 Where he such Punishments shall have,
 That Errant Knight in Days of Yore,
 Ne'er underwent the Like before.
At which the King to end the Sport,
stands up, and so Adjourns the COURT.

AN ESSAY.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.

 Hen *Henry's* Fury first grew tame,
 For sober Love he left the Game.
 When Father call'd the youthful Stubborn,
 From lewd *Mill-Bank*, to pious *Woborn* ;
 As well from Broils and being Drunk,
 As from his nasty Chopt-kneed Punk ;
 Whose Honesty he'd often swear for,
 Tho' he could never tell us wherefore :
 His noble Heart, no longer able
 To hear long Grace at Father's Table ;
 Attended he forsook his Dwelling,
 And rid abroad a Passion telling.
 A Wight he was, whose very Sight wou'd
 Entitle him, *Mirror of Knighthood* ;
 Who never bent his stubborn Knee,
 To any Thing less Mad than She ;
 To whom a faithful Heart he bore,
 Tho' she lov'd Musick much before :
 Big in the Pit, big in the Boxes,
 Lam'd much for wound of Sword and Poxes ;
 And most successful he did prove,
 In Feats of Duel as of Love ;
 But here our Authors make a Doubt,
 Whether he was more Wife, or Stout :

Some

Some hold the One, and some the Other,
But he with both doth make a Puther:
The Diff'rence was so small, his Brain
Out-weigh'd his Rage but half a Grain;
Which makes some take him for a Slave,
Which Fools do work with, call'd a Knave.

We grant, altho' he had much Wit,
H' was very shy of using it;
For he left all his polish'd Words
Lock'd fast up with his fighting Swords;
As being loth to wear 'em out,
And therefore bore 'em not about;
Unless unto the *Park*, or so,
As Sparks their best Apperal do,
He'd undertake to prove by Force
Of Frowns and Oaths, a Man's no Horse;
He'd prove a *Buzzard* is no Fowl,
And my Lord *A——* was no Owl!
That his fair Countess was no W——,
And that a Window is no Door.
For *Rhetoric* he never gap'd,
But all the Crowd of *Link-Boys* stop'd;
Ravish'd at his own potent Speeches,
As hungry Dogs at unty'd Breeches.
His well-bred Ord'nary Discourse,
Was Swearing, Baudy, or else worse;
A *Soutberlandish* Dialect,
Which learned Bullies much affect:
It was a Party-colour Dress,
Of Patch'd and Py-bald Languages;
For he cou'd Coyn and Counterfeit,
New Words, with little, or no Wit;
Words that were more debas'd and hard,
Than a soft Brain could well have spar'd

Thus was he gifted, and accouter'd,
We mean on th' inside, not on th' outward;
For next of all we shall discourse,
Then listen, Sirs, it follows thus.
His tawny Beard was th' equal Grace,
Both of his Wisdom, and his Face:
The Wight about his Hips did waddle,
As if his Back had wore a Saddle:

On which h'as often wish'd his Sire,
To lay a broyling on the Fire ;
His Sword puissant on the Side
Of his triumphant Thigh did ride ;
The Hilt of which, with blows was burst,
Where Ladies did their Honour trust,
Tho' long before 'twas lay'd in Dust.
Fth' Holsters at his Saddle bow,
Two bright scrub'd Pistols he did stow,
Stuff'd up with Ink, and Quills, and Paper,
As useful to him at his Rapier.

Thus clad, and fortify'd, our *HARRY*
Left peaceful Home, resolv'd to Marry.

A 'Squire he had, whose Name was *Tam*,
To help him drag his Widow Home ;
Tho' our good Breeding doth inform us,
'Twere civiler to call him *Thomas* :
Never did trusty 'Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with 'Squire jump more right ;
For those Perfections which one wanted,
Providence had to th' other granted :

The 'Squire was useful to indite ;
Or, as the World reports, the Knight,
Hardly knew how to Read, or Write.
On th' other Side ; the Knight cou'd Sing,
Drink, Roar, and Dance, or any Thing,
But speak poor Sense ; which he despiseth,
Knowing his 'Squire hath what sufficeth.
And so we leave them. May they speed,
For ne'er poor Knight had greater need ;
As they go on, we shall proceed.

JANE SHORE, and King EDWARD.

The Tune, St. George and the Dragon.



Hy shou'd we boast of *Lais* and her Knights,
Knowing such Champions entrapt by Whorish
(Lights ?

Or why shou'd we speak of *Thais* curled Locks,
Or *Rhodope*, that gave so many Men the Pox ?

Read

Read old Stories and there you shall find,
How *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she pleas'd King Edward's

(Mind)

Jane Shore, she was for England, Queen *Fridagond* for
Honi Soit qui mal y pense.

(France)

To speak of the *Amazons* it were too long to tell ;
And likewise of the *Thracian* Girls, how far they did excel ;
Those with *Scythian* Lads engag'd in several Fights ;
And in the brave *Venerean* Wars did foil advent'rous Knights ;
Messaline and *Julia*, were Vessels wond'rous brittle ;
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, took down King Edward's

Jane Shore she was, &c.

(Mettle)

Thalestris of *Thermodon* she was a Doughty Wight,
She conquer'd *Pella's* King i'the Exercise of Night ;
Hercules slew the Dragon, whose Teeth were all of Brass,
Yet he himself became a slave unto the *Lydian* Lass :
The *Theban Semele* lay with *Jove*, not dreading all his

(Thunder)

But *Jane Shore* o'er came King Edward, altho' he had her
Jane Shore she was, &c.

(under)

Helen of Greece, she came of *Spartan* Blood,
Ægiale and *Cressida* they were brave Whores, and good ;
Queen *Clytemnestra* boldly slew Old *Atreus* mighty Son,
And fair *Hesione* pull'd down the Strength of *Telamon* :
These were the Ladies that caus'd the *Trojan* Sack ;
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she spoil'd King Edward's

Jane Shore she was, &c.

(Back)

For this the antient Writers did great *Venus* Deify,
Because with her own Father, *Jove*, she feared not to Lie :
Hence *Cupid* came, who afterward reveng'd his loving

(Mother)

And made kind *Biblis* do the like with *Caunus* her own
Jane Shore she was, &c.

(Brother)

And afterward the Goddess kept *Adonis* for Reserve ;
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she Stretch'd King Edward's
Jane Shore she was, &c.

(Nerve)

The *Colchean* Dame *Medea*, her Father did betray,
And taught her Lover *Jason* the vigilant Bull to slay :
And after thence convey'd away her Father's Golden
Jane Shore she was, &c.

(Fleece)

She with her Lover sail'd away, in *Argo's* Ship to Greece

But

But finding *Jason* false, she burnt his Wife and Court;
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she show'd King *Edward* Sport.

Jane Shore she was, &c.

Romix of *Saxony* the *Welch* State overthrew,
Igræyn of *Cornwal*, *Pendragon* did subdue;
Queen *Quiniver* with *Arthur* Fought, single hand to hand,
Tho' afterward she made Horns upon his Head to stand;
And to Sir *Mordred* *Pictish*, Prince, a *Paramore* became:
But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she made King *Edward* tame.

Jane Shore, &c.

Morozia of *Italy*, see how she stoutly copes, (Popes!
With *Jesuits*, *Priests*, *Cardinals*, and Triple Crowned
And with King *Henry*, *Rosamond*, spent many a dallying

(Hour,

Till lastly poyson'd by the Queen in *Woodstock's* fatal Bower:
And *Joan* of *Ark* play'd in the Dark, with Knights of *Lan-*

(guedock;

But *Jane Shore* met King *Edward*, and gave him Knock for
Jane Shore, &c. (Knock.

Pasiphae, we know, play'd Feats with the *Cretan Bull*;
And *Proserpine*, tho' so divine, became black *Pluto's* Trull;
The *Spanish* Bawd her Strumpets taught to lay their Legs
(astride,

But these and all their Curtizans, *Jane Shore* did them deride:
Pope *Joan* was Right, altho' she did the Papal Sceptre wield;

But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, she made King *Edward* yield.

Jane Shore, &c.

Agathoclea and *Eanthe* did govern *Aegypt's* King;
The witty Wench of *Andover*, she was a pretty Thing;
She freely took her Lady's Place, and with great *Edgar* dally'd
And with main force she Foil'd him quite, altho' he often
(Rally'd:

For which brave Act, he that her Rack'd, gave her his
Lady's Land;

But *Jane Shore, Jane Shore*, King *Edward* did command.

Jane Shore, &c.

Of *Phrine*, and of *Lamia*, Historians have related,
How their illustrious Beauties two Generals Captivated:
And they that in the Days of *Yore* kill'd Men, and sack'd
(their Cities,
Honour of their Mistresses compos'd Amorous Ditties:

Let *Flora* Gay, with *Romans* Play, and be a Goddess call'd;
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* she enthrall'd,
Jane Shore, &c.

The jolly Tanner's Daughter, *Arlot* of *Normandy*,
She only had the Happiness to please Duke *Robert's* Eye;
And *Roxolane*, altho' a Slave, and born a *Gracian*, (mon:
Cou'd with a Nod, command and rule, Grand Seignior *Solo*.
And *Naples Joan*, wou'd make them groan, that ardent-
(ly did love her;

But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, and King *Edward* he did
Jane Shore, &c. (shove her.

Aspatia does of the *Persian* Brothers boast; (the Rost.
Tho' *Cynthia* joy in the *Lapthean* Boy, *Jane Shore* shall rule
Cleopatra lov'd *Marc Antony*, and *Brunebault* she did Feats,
But compar'd to our *Virago*, they were but meerly Cheats:
Brave Carpet Knights in *Cupid's* Fights, their Milk-white
(Rapiers drew;

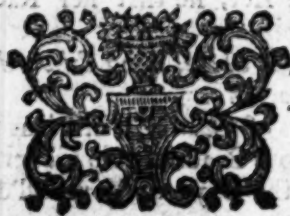
But *Jane Shore*, *Jane Shore*, King *Edward* did subdue.
Jane Shore, &c.

Hamlet's Incestuous Mother, was *Gertrude*, *Denmark's*
(Queen;

And *Circe*, that enchanting Witch, the like was scarcely seen
Warlike *Penthesilea* was an *Amazonian* Whore,
To *Hector* and young *Troilus*, both which did her adore;
But brave King *Edward*, who before had gain'd Nine Victo-
(ries;

Was fetter'd like a Bond-slave, with *Jane Shore's* All-con-
qu'ring Thighs

Jane Shore, she was for *England*, Queen *Fridegond* for *France*
Honi soit qui mal y pense.



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Frank & Nan

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The Quarrel between FRANK and NAN.

The Argument.

Nan and Frank, two quondam Friends,
In which they'd both their private Ends ;
Fell from Love to sudden Wrath ;
Much ado is 'twixt 'em both :
Many a Whore and Rogue is call'd,
But oh ! Brave Frank, the Bawd is maul'd.

. C A N T O .



F civil Dudgeon many a *Bard*
Has sung, and Tales have oft been heard,
Much in Verse, and much in Prose,
Of antient Friends grown ardent Foes :
From this Position I'm about,

To tell you how two Friends fell out ;
The dearest Two, the kindest Pair,
That e'er each other's Heart did share,
Damsel and Hero, Fat and Fair. }

The noble Hero, who not knows
Order attends where e'er he goes ;
And in his even dealing Hand,
He always bears a pow'rful Wand, }

The Badge of Office and Command :
Frequent at Lady *W* — s Door,
He has stood upon a well-known Score ;
Which the poor *Few*, Sir *John* has seen
Pull oft, and curs'd the *Turk* within. •

Who not admires the Damsel bright,
That ever trapes'd the *Mall* by Night ?

Who, that ever had Occasion,
For any Filthiness in Season ?

Many a Bed and Basket full
She has put off of Trash and Trull.

In short, their Virtues well are known,
 Where e'er her Trumpet Fame has blown ;
 For long has mighty Clamour ran,
 Of honest *Frank*, and modest *Nan* :
 At length these two from harmless Prattle,
 At last proceed to direful Battle.

There is a Time (as th' Author has it
 That writes the Treatise, call'd the *Gazet* ;
 In many Things by him related)
 When *White-ball* is evacuated ;
 That is, when the Court and Prince are
 Catching *Agues* all at *Windsor* :
 For tho' in *Greenland*, as they write,
 The whole Year's but one Day and Night ;
 So as of late it has been here,
 But only Sunshine half the Year:
 And, as evil Spirits venture,
 Often in the Dark to enter
 Hallow'd Roofs, when those that keep
 The Place are absent, or asleep ;
 So factious Vermin, that are driven,
 From Court for Faults too oft forgiven ;
 When they had watch'd the King from's House,
 Come there, to keep their Rendezvous.
 Then *Crofts* and *S* — *land Cabal*,
 Then *Ce-l* Lords it in the *Mall* ;
 With all the Traim of unfledg'd Fools,
 As Callow, as they came from Schools ;
G-y, *M-dant*, *B-don*, *K-t*, and *T-n*,
 Still at worst Follies deepest in,
 And *Hun-ton*, with his long Tool,
 Not as his Mark of Man, but Fool ;
 Whose Tail and Follies, make his Life,
 But only useful to his Wife :
 All these, with foul Infection tainted
 Long ago had been transplanted ;
 Far from the Court, that so the Rest,
 That yet were sound, might 'scape the Pest ;
 But as that vile Disease, the *Itch*,
 Does some lewd Natures so bewitch,
 That it they always choose to catch,
 For meer Indulgence but to scratch ;

So Faction does with some prevail,
For a bare Colour but to rail.
Honest *Frank* was one of these,
In's Heart, loves them, and their Disease ;
Honest *Frank*, who's but a Noddy,
Yet rails as well as any Body :
And, as sacred Libels show,
Publish'd not many Days ago,
A certain Lord was but a Cur ;
(To which Opinion few demur :)
So honest *Frank*, might I speak, mine
Is naturally something canine :
For as some Cur, whom's Master owns,
To love, and gives him Crufts and Bones,
Tho' kindly fed, will yet be running
Abroad, where Carrion lies a sunning ;
So *Frank*, tho' he no filling need,
On rotten Faction loves to feed ;
With which, when he does back resort,
He stinks intollerable at Court :
And for Occasions of this Nature,
Has been of late a lazy Creature ;
Tho' better had he minded Duty,
And so escap'd this War with Beauty.

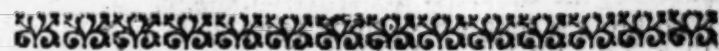
Beauty, which shines in *Nancy's* Face,
As much as he does in his Place :
Majestick Wrinkles deck her Brow,
And godly glaring Eyes below ;
That still with *Maudlin* Kindness shine,
The soft Effects of Brandy Wine.
Rich Carbuncles adorn her Nose,
The Envy of her sober Foes :
And from her Lips Discourses fall,
That make her Welcome to *White-ball*.
Whether one Day she enter'd shining,
Just as *Frank* was comè from dining :
But who the Sequel cou'd have guess'd,
To see how they at first caress'd ;
How Cheek by Jowl they kindly walk'd,
And with what Tendernefs they talk'd !

My dearest *Nan*, says he, what Whores
Are Freshest now ? Quoth *Nan*, my Doors,

Heav'n knows, ne'er open'd to receive
 A Lover, since you last took Leave:
 Whom still to serve my Will remains,
 Tho' you ne'er Pay me for my Pains.
 Pay thee, (quoth he) *Nan!* Pay for Wenching?
 When ev'n our Tables are Retrenching?
 Say *Nancy*, Ah! thou falsely fearest:
 'Tis Love I want; not Coyn, my Dearest;
 'Tis thee I Love, 'tis thee I dote on,
 More than a Child that puts new Coat on:
 To see thee Walk, I love thy Trip,
 I Love the Drops upon thy Lip;
 Thy just Cravat, thy Reg'lar Wig,
 My little Pug, my Dapper Pig.
 When with Desire of thee I stretch,
 I've no *Sciatica*, nor Stitch.
 Quoth *Frank*, in Rage; Avant, you Bitch.
 Have I, for this, through all my Life,
 Kept civil distance with my Wife;
 Study'd fine Speeches from *Romances*,
 And in my Age led Country Dances?
 Do I for this, ev'n at this Hour,
 Cheat every Creature in my Pow'r;
 Gripe from the Poor the utmost Farthing,
 To keep my Credit up at Carding?
 Do I for this affect a Grace,
 And Paint my old *John-Apple* Face;
 Only to have a Bawd Adore me;
 No, I'll have Virgins fall before me.

Virgins, quoth *Nan!* and then she hung
 A Tongue out, full two Handsfuls long,
 And with Desire, or Malice stung,
 Lick'd o'er the thickest painted Place,
 And spoil'd entirely that Day's Face.
 But who can speak the Noise and Din,
 The Fury that did then begin;
 The Oaths, the Outcries, and the Blows,
 When *Francis* catching *Nancy's* Nose
 With furious gripe, expressing Hate,
 Squeez'd Nine large Insects out of that:
 Then, with a Shock upon her Chest,
 So stirr'd the Brandy in her Breast,

That an Eructive Sigh she sent,
 Which, as it through the Region went,
 Such wond'rous Influence did bear,
 A soaring Owl dropt headlong there,
 Drunk with Sophisticated Air ; }
 Which Omen much ill Luck bespoke,
 For, the next Tilt, the Hero broke
 The famous Wand describ'd above,
 The Ensign of his Pow'r and Love :
 But at the same Time Conquest got,
 And doom'd the Vanquish'd Bawd to Pot:
 To Porter's Lodge he sent her Jogging,
 To Purchase Liberty by Flogging :
 And thus concluded was the Fray,
 Betwixt the Knight and Lady Gay.



ASATYR on the PLAYERS. 1679.



HE Censuring World, perhaps may not esteem
 A Satyr. on so Scandalous a Theme,
 As a Stage Ape ; yet, merely for the Sake
 Of Novelty, I'll once a Tryal make :
 For who can hold, to see the Foppish Town ;

Admire so sad a Wretch as *Betterton* ;
 Is't for his Legs, his Shoulders, or his Face, }
 His Former Stiffness, or his Aukward Grace ?
 A Shop for him had been the fittest Place.
 But Brawny *Tom* the Play-house needs must chuse,
 The Villains Refuge, the Whores Rende'vous.

Then in comes *Smith*, that Murders every Shape,
 The crying Lover, and the Squinting Ape ;
 So very dull in both, that you may see,
 Sorrow turn'd Mirth, and Mirth turn'd Tragedy :
 Passion he Ridicules ; so whines, and cries,
 That you wou'd swear, He somewhat more than Dies ;
 Then, by his Antick Postures, Men of Sence
 Do say, He plays *Jack Pudding*, not a Prince.
 Since so it is, *Will*, e'en in time be wise,
 Stick to the Bottle ; there thy Talent lies :

But, for the Stage, (Conceited, Malapert,) Thou'rt worse than Strowling *Coif*, or strutting *Burt*.

You Smock-fac'd Lads, secure your gentle Bums ; For, full of Lust and Fury, see, he comes !

'Tis Bugg'ring *Nokes*, whose damn'd unwieldy T — Weeps, to be bury'd in his Foreman's A — Unnatural Sinner, Letcher without 'Sence, To leave kind Whores, to dive in Excrements !

Roaring mad *Cave*, is the Reproach o' th' Age : Scandal to all, but the Lewd, shameless Stage : The Coffee-Houses, and the Taverns Scum, Drunk every Night, the Looby, tumbling Home, Alarms the Watch. His chiefest Eloquence, Does lie in many Oaths, and little Sence : } I' Gad, he'd make a swinging Evidence ! } But now, the Character of one you'll Read, } Who strove so long a Fool to be believ'd, } That at the last he is a Fool indeed :

Witness his Bant'ring Nonsense and his Noise, Stealing from Stall, and Fooling with the Boys. If still thou Play'st such Tricks, the World shall see } The Diff'rence 'twixt *Jack Sparks*, and *Tony Lee*. } Which is the silly'st Cur, the Dog, or thee. }

The next might e'en have acquiesc'd : but he, Big with the Hopes of Popularity, Must Play again : Altho' it be Decreed That Wise Prophetick shou'd his Omen Read. When first he strutted on, faith, I was there : Who's there, cry all ? A Puppet, not a Player. But, when he nam'd a God, the Sparks did fear, } The very Pop wou'd make a God appear ; } A God to him's no more than Bottle Beer. } *Goodman* the Thief swears 'tis all Womens Lots To dote upon his Uglinefs, and Pox.

Many by common Punks have been betray'd ; But to be jilted by a silly Maid, Is a damn'd Thing : *Wiltshire*, I'd be asham'd, At last among the Cuckolds to be nam'd : Thou'dst better still have led a Whoring Life, Than to be plagu'd with Poverty and Wife.

Jevon's chief Bus'ness is to Swear and Eat ; He'll turn Procurer for a Dish of Meat :

Else the poor Hungry Ruffian must, I fear,
Live on gray Pease and Salt for half the Year.

The rest, tho' moving in a lower Sphere,
Are no less Villains than their Masters ary ;
So Sharping, and so Insolent a Crew,
Long as old *Tyburn* stood, it never knew :
But Fame does say, their equals you may find
Of th' other Sex ; so lewd in every kind,
You'd swear that Rogue and Whore had both combin'd. }

Imprimis, *Slingsby* has the fatal Curse,
A Lady's Honour, with a Player's Purse :
Tho' now she is so plaguy Haughty grown, }
Yet, Gad, my Lady, I a Time have known,
When a dull Wiggish *Poet* wou'd go down. }
That Scene's now chang'd ; but prithee, dowdy Beast,
Think not thy self an Actress in the least ;
For sure thy Figure ne'er was seen before :
Such Arse-like Breasts, stiff Neck, and Monst'rous gore, }
Are certain Antidotes against a Whore. }

But Antiquated S — I Swears in rage,
She knows not what's the Lewdness of the Stage :
And, I believe her, now her Days are past ;
Who'd tempt a Wretch that on meer force is Chaste ?
Yet in her Youth, none was a greater W — :
Her lumpish Husband *Og* can tell you more.
There's one, Heav'n bleis us ! By her cursed Pride,
Thinks from the World her brutish Lust to hide ;
But will that pass in her, whose only Sence,
Does lie in Whoring, Cheats, and Impudence ?
One that is *Pox* all o'er, *Barry* her Name,
That mercenary, Prostituted Dame ;
Whose nauseous A — like *Tony's Tap* does Run :
Unpity'd Fool, that can't her Ulcer shun !
Tho' like a Hackney Jade, just tir'd before,
And all her little fulsom Stock run o'er ;
Tho' Faces are distorted *with meer pain*,
So that wry Mouth ne'er since came right again : }
Yet Ten times more she'd bear for slavish Gain. }

Impudent *Sarab* thinks she's prais'd by all,
Mistaken *Drab*, back to thy Mother's Stall ;

And there fell *Savin*, which thou'dst prov'd so well,
'Tis a rare Thing, that Belly cannot swell :
Thou art as leud, and as Debauch'd as Hell.

Fam'd *Butler's* Wiles are now so common grown,
That by each Feather'd Cully she is known,
So that at last, to save her tott'ring Fame,
At Musick Club she strives to get a Name ;
But Money is the Syren's chiefeft Aim.
At Treats, her squeamish Stomach cannot bear,
What Amorous Spark provides with Cost and Care ;
But, if she's Hungry, faith I must be free,
She'll for a Meal shew her Commodity.

What is't, a Pox, makes *Petty* seem to be
Of so demure, pretended Modesty ?
When 'tis apparent she'll in private prove,
As Impudent as any Punk of Love ?
Strangers she fears ; so cares not much to roam,
While she can have a Sharer's *Pr* — at Home.
Currer, 'tis Time thou wert to *Ireland* gone ;
Thy utmost Rate is here but Half a Crown :
Ask *T* — if thou art not fulsom grown ?

Sue P — / so long has known the Stage,
She grows in Lewdness faster than in Age ;
From Eight, or Nine, she there has jilting been,
So calls that Nature, which is truly Sin.
Her *Coffee* Father too's so basely poor,
And such a Hireling, that he'll hold the Door,
Be Pimp himself, that she may play the Whore.

Once *Twyford* had some Modesty ; but she,
Her Husband being close in Custody, —
Would be unkind to let him Famish there :
So Sins for Guineas, to provide him Fare.

But *Osborn* moves in a Religious Strain,
She'll Jilt and Pray, and Pray and Jilt again ;
Sure now her Jilting Praying Days are o'er,
Who'd have an Ugly, Old, yet Zealous Whore.

Then *Norris*, and her Daughter, pleasant are,
One's very Young, the other desperate Fair :
A very equal, well-proportion'd Pair.
The Girl's of use, faith, as the Matter goes,
She plays the Whore to get her Father Cloaths.

I've pleas'd my self ; Now Criticks do your worst,
And he that Fears your Malice may be Curst.



A SATYR on the POETS, 1680.



Retch? Whosoe'er thou art that long'st for Praise,
That courts a **Muse*, and itches after Bays ;
Be well advis'd before it be too late,

Or from my Mouth prepare to hear thy Fate.

Hard by the fair *Augusta's* Walls there stood

Of Yore, an aged *Cittadel* of Wood,

Which long th' Attacks of pelting Boys had bore,

And 'Prentice, storming for suburbion Whore ;

Scene of leud Nymphs, and of polluted Strains ;

Where now a † *Lordly Pile*, (so Fate ordains)

Stands, and surveys around the humble Plains :

Goodly and Great ; provided as a Fence

'Gainst all the Batt'ries of Thought, or Sence.

There witty raving Wretches howl and cry,

And with their Woes divert the Standers by ;

Sylvia in Straw to her *Alexis* calls,

And paints Love's Charcoal Emblems on the Walls ;

The dark Inhabitants ne'er see the Day,

But the wild Motion of the Moon obey.

There, in a Den, remov'd from human Eyes,

Possess'd with *Muse*, a Brain-sick *Poet* lies,

Too miserably wretched to be nam'd ;

For Plays, for Heroes, and for Passion fam'd :

Thoughtless he raves his sleepless Hours away,

In Chains all Night, and Darknes all the Day.

And if he gets some Intervals from Pain,

The Fit returns, he foams, and bites the Chain,

His Eye-balls roul, and he grows mad again. }

The Application's fair : Be wise in Time,

Avoid the youthful Appetite of Rhime ;

Beware, and be before-hand with your Fate :

Once in the Gin, Repentance comes too late.

Your jilting *Muse* is like your practis'd Whore,

Cheats, wheedles on, and keeps her Cully poor :

* *Roscommon.*

† *Bedlam.*

In vain you struggle from the Charm to part,
 In vain you strive to disengage your Heart.
 So Spark, abus'd by Mistress, rag'd and swore,
 And vow'd he ne'er wou'd see *Olinda* more:
 But, the Fit over, to her Arms he flies,
 Doats, rages, swears, loves, languishes and dies,
 And courts new Ruin from her light'ning Eyes.
 Soldiers and Wits the same hard Fate has damn'd;
 Both toil for Conquest in a Fairy Land:
 Yet, though alike, all labour in the Chace,
 One has the Laureat's, one the General's Place.

What Volunteer that ever trail'd a Pen
 Of all the Adventurers, since mighty *Ben*,
 Has ever found in these our starving Days,
 For all his Golden Hours, but poultry Bays;
 An hungry Moiety of stinted Praise?
 Else why shou'd *Manly* that reform'd the Age,
 And first shou'd Wit and Nature on the Stage,
 Immur'd in Prison, under Durance sit,
 After such deathless Monuments of Wit?

Tate I cou'd pity, and his wretched Life,
 Chain'd to a Muse, and wedded to a Wife:
 Wrack'd by his Wants, to Farce and Drols obscene;
 And, from a Poet, turn'd an Harliquin.

But *S-le*, that incorrigible Owl,
 That Composition of a Knave and Fool,
 Whipt by his Needs 'gainst Wit and Sense to write,
 Forc'd to turn honest in his own Despite.

Let him to atone his bold presumptuous Crime;
 Like *Bridwel* Criminals, each Day beat Rhime:
 And may his Portion and Allowance be
 Just what he earns from Wit and Poetry;

'Till Maceration lets the Booby find,
 Such fat fed Clowns were ne'er for Wit design'd.

Mec Fleckno, for the Mirth of Mankind fram'd,
 For Magick Broomsticks, and for Witches fam'd,
 In vain to strive by Poetry assay'd:
 His Muse and Wife e'en spoil'd the Poets Trade:
 Yet he jogs on in Measure hard and rude;
 A wretched Rhimer, pennyless and lewd.

D-sy that rhimes as Squirrel jingle Bells,
 For Sonnets fam'd as far as *Epsom* Wells;

That

That prates and talks for Almonds like a Parret,
 Sings Roundelays and Stanza's in a Garret ;
 If he does sometimes keep his Carnival,
 To make their Graces merry at *New-ball*.
 All after that is Lent, and Penury :
 Even *Joseph Hindmarch* now has laid him by,
 And vows he ne'er will trade in's Poetry. }
 Thus hopeless Pence from Epick Bays to drain,
Jockey and *Moggy* makes him eat again.
R—mer the Great, of Wit and Parts profound,
 With everlasting Laurels be he crown'd ;
 To whom soft *Ovid's* sacred Shade's indebted,
 And thanks him for an Elegie translated :
 Matchless his Stile, and worthy of a Crown,
 Where headlong Booby Torrents blunder down ;
 But where, *Pen* weaves 'till her poor Fingers ake,
 Bless me, ye Nine ! My Wonder who can speak ?
 I read and kiss, and turn it o'er again,
 And bless the Beauteous Offspring of thy Brain.
 Go on bright *Bard*, and teach thy happy Liré
 A Strain, which after Ages may admire :
Fleckno, and thou his Colleague in the War,
 The States against the Realm of Sense declare :
 Like Kings of *Brentford* Hand in Hand shall sit,
 The Target thou, and he the Flail of Wit.
Marcellus thus the Sword of *Rome* did wield,
 Whilst his wise Fellow-Consul held the Shield.
Astrea, with her soft gay sighing Swains,
 And Rural Virgins on the flow'ry Plains,
 The lavish Peers Profuseness may reprove,
 Who gave her Guineas for the *Isle of Love*.
 Glump *R—raft*, and tedious *Johnne C—n*, }
 Who by Court *Masks* and *Novels* reaps renown ;
 And *Bank's* for *Bays* that left the Lawyers Gown : }
 I leave to *Crambo*, Dulness and Translation,
 To view more modern Follies of the Nation.

Pert dull *French Drolls*, th' *Italian Pttroline*,
Andrews of *English* Growth, we oft have seen ;
 But who wou'd e'er expect to see, or hear, }
 From a grave *Bard* above his Fift'h Year ;
Morrocco Zambra's on our Theater ? }
 If he goes on, as Heaven avert our Fears
 Down goes the *Amphitheatre of Bears* ;

Our

F—land plods on in the same Path; and yet
Has the Ambition to be thought a Wit;
When he's the true Glass, in which we see,
How vile a Thing a Hen-peck'd Cit may be:
The loss of Freedom long h'has mourn'd in vain;
But will be longer e'er 'tis found again:
And may that be the Fate of ev'ry Fool
That's govern'd there, where he has Pow'r to Rule.

There's L—cy too, whose Follies to express,
Wou'd be as hard a Task as to redress;
For let the World be Judge, (as sure it will)
If h'had not better kept the Player still;
Tho' now and then he might have the Mishap
To get that Mark of Gentleman, a Clap)
Than Marry home-bred Punk without a Groat,
And (which is worse) not find the Peace he sought.

In this vain Rank Ger--rd the Fop may pass,
That whiffling, whimsical, fantastic Ass;
Beneath the Curse of Matrimonial Strife,
Tho' none can be more wretched in a Wife:
What Man beside himself, cou'd be so dull,
So void of that which shou'd have poiz'd his Scull,
To Wed a Jilt in height of Lust and Youth?
And madly think to beat her into Truth.
When with all Modesty I dare maintain,
That he may grow as Wise, as now he's Vain,
E'er that false scouring Drab turns True again, }

Nor is insipid Stamsf---d less to blame,
In Wife and Wit his Case is much the same:
Well might he think one of so vast a Size
Wou'd not be pleas'd, without as vast Supplies.
There's not a Hackney Coach that scours the Town, }
In which Sh'has not been Bugger'd up and down;
Either by Lord, Knight, 'Squire, Page, or Clown. }
Knaves may be Honest, Usurers be just,
Or a Town-Jilt still prostitute on Trust;
Strolers not Scratch, altho' they have the Itch,
E're his lewd Countess cease to be a B—.

Had Arund—l but shun'd this Wretch's Fate,
H'had 'scap'd the knowing what he knows too late;
The Knowing he a Jilt to's Arms prefers,
That has had many Well-hung Fools in hers:

Wou'd

Wou'd he be Merry, strait his Consort's Noise,
 'Ere he can think, th' abortive Thought destroys ;
 Or wou'd he be Devout, (which is but rare)
 She'll make him mingle Curses with his Pray'r :
 At Home, Abroad, at Park, or Play, or Ball,
 A Wife still dashes his Delight with Gall.

But of all those that in our List appear,
 (And there are Choice of thoughtless Coxcombs here) }

There's none more despicable than *K---ldare* :
 A Wretch, which if we Scan, we soon shall find,
 His Form is just proportion'd to his Mind.
 Others sometimes may have some Truce from Strife,

But he's for ever harass'd with a Wife :

And such a Wife, as hourly makes him feel

Th' Effects of her damn'd *Presbyterian* Zeal.

Five Pounds a Week she allows him for Expence,

To show the World he is a Man of Sence.

Were I to chuse my Shape, 'twou'd be my Pray'r }

To be a Dog, a Monkey, or a Bear,

Or any Thing, but that vain Animal *K---ldare*. }

Rocks that lie hid no Mortal can avoid,

We pity those by such a Fate destroy'd ;

But when they far above the Waves appear,

He must be mad that seeks for Safety there ;

What then can *Eth'ridge* urge in his Defence, }

What Reason bring, unless 'tis want of Sense ? }

For all he pleads beside is meer Pretence.

Merit, with Honour, joyn'd 's a Crown to Life ;

But he got Honour for to get a Wife.

Prepost'rous Knighthood ! In the Gift severe,

For never was a Knighthood bought so dear.

Trace him from Youth to his Maturer Age,

In all the Time he triumph'd on the Stage ;

And every Sentence scan, and Action weigh,

In's Prating, Snarling, Drunkenness, or Play ;

And 'ere you such another Brute can find,

That goes for Man, and Herds with Humankind ;

He shall turn Sound, his old Spouse cease to stink,

(Impossibilities that ne'er can link)

Nay, which is more, he shall be freed from Strife ; }

From all th' enchroaching Plagues that wait on Life ; }

Tho' curs'd with loss of Money, Pox and Wife. }

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But here we must leave Railing for a while,
 And change our Sharp, to an Obliging Stile;
 For whensoever we *B—her's* Praise begin,
 Envy is dumb, and Satyrs cease to grin:
 His graceful Mien resistless Charms impart,
 And glides unfelt into a Female Heart;
 While on his Lips such smooth Discourse is hung,
 His Person's less attractive than his Tongue.
 In *Julian's* Books his choicest Virtues shine,
 And dart fresh Lustre out at every Line;
 Nor is the Hero less admir'd in mine:
 Tho' had he 'scap'd the Matrimonial Snare,
 And still dress'd on, like Andrew in a Fair;
 Been Bubble, Cully, Whimsical, or dull,
 Or in translating *Butler* crack'd his Scull,
 He might have 'scap'd the Notion of a Fool;
 Which now is fix'd as lasting as his Life;
 For Death's the safest Refuge from a Wife.

The Veil's pluck'd off, and now the Monster bare,
 Let *Hewit* then, and *Henningham* beware;
 For tho' all Men have Faults, we must confess,
 Take Marriage out, and every Man has less.
 Yet let 'em still continue Lewd, or Vain,
 One boasts of Fighting, t'other of his Strain;
 Bate Matrimony, and I'll not complain:
 For here I fix it as a publick Rule,
 'Tis better live a Fop than die a Fool.

A SATYR against MATRIMONY.



Urse on those senseless Fop's who disallow
 Those harmless Sports Nature commands

(us to,
 Without Indenture, and loud Proclama-
 (on,

Made by a Fop to a dull Congregation:

When as the Gods cou'd ne'er endure that Fashion.

To Priests, like Scriveners, some will apply

Themselves, who doubt of their Security;

But generous Souls, like Gods, move in a Sphere

Above those Tyes, made by old Sinners here:

They

They are for that free Way of Propagation,
 Made by the Law of Nature, not o'th' Nation;
 Which dulls the Pleasure by its Limitation.
 Let foppish Zeal, Devotion's Bastard, say
 What e'er it can; our private Pleasure may
 Be as Divine, altho' not us'd that Way;
 It is more modest; that, I'm sure you'll say.
 What you call Virtue's but a Composition
 Of such Ingredients Nature makes her Fish on:
 Dull Phlegm, and Melancholy do produce
 Zeal in abundance; that does introduce
 Such Bug-bears in your Fancy, that an Ant
 Appears to you to be an Elephant:
 Nature, the God's great Instrument must be
 Branded by you, with all the Infamy
 You can asperse her with; and all, because
 She gives us Freedom, by her sacred Laws,
 To use those Pleasures She for us has made,
 And not to stand upon the *Levite's* Aid.
 Good Man, he cries for Matrimony! Why?
 It brings a Gain to his Divinity:
 Christ'nings, and Burials to the same. I vow,
 If you omit 'em, there's Damnation too!
 But, why shou'd the poor Brat in Danger be
 Of being damn'd, because not cross'd by Thee!
 Or why, where Funeral Rite omitted is,
 Shou'd that obstruct the Mortal's Way to Bliss?
 These, and dull Nuptials, all your wise Men saw
 Were nothing, but to Complement the Law:
 So that the Book, and Ring appear to me,
 Such a Mistake in your Divinity,
 That you must grant, the Ceremony sent
 To such poor Mortals, for a Punishment,
 As cou'd not with their Freedom be content.





The BATTLE of the BAUDS.



I've o'er, you tilting Sparks o'th' Pit, give o'er,
 And fright the Boxes and your selves no more :
 Two *Amazons*, of scandalous Renown,
 Have with dire Battle made the Field their own :
 Their Fray on no slight Grounds, like yours was
 But for Pre-eminence in their famous Trade. (made ;
 Both for the Publick break their midnight Sleep ;
 And open Courts for lated Mortals keep :
 No Rank of Men their Palaces refuse,
 From Filbert 'Prentices to Acorn *Jews*.
 Zeal to the Publick did their Rage excite :
 But who can speak the Terror of the Fight,
 The Oaths, the Yells, the Sweat, the Dust, the Blood,
 Are not to be exprest, nor understood.
 Strong Sarc'net Scarfs, with Hood of Gauze more slight,
 Promiscuously were scatter'd in the Fight :
 Necklace, and Pendants perish'd in the Fray,
 And reverend Point that did the Art display }
 Of Ages past, had now its fatal Day !
 Our upper Regions, ravish'd at the Sight,
 With Din of clatt'ring Sticks applaud the Fight :
 Nay, ev'n our Sparks o'th' Pit, like *Trojans* true,
 Made a fair Ring, and stood Spectators too.
 Could not your own Sense make you tender Hearted,
 Who have the Comfort known of being parted ?
 'Tis strange, that Matrons so obliging kind,
 In a full Pit, shou'd no Acquaintance find !
 Some Side-box Nymphs, 'tis true, made Protestation,
 This War wou'd be the Ruin of the Nation :
 Which to prevent, the Destinies interpos'd,
 And with a partial Hand the Battle clos'd.
 Silence, the vanquish'd *Silence* quits her Ground,
 The Conqu'ring *Strafford* is with *Myrtle* crown'd,
 And *Drury-Lane* all loyal Wores resound. }

To



To FELTON in the TOWER. 1628.

ENJOY thy Bondage; make thy Prison know
 Thou hast a Liberty, thou canst not owe
 To such base Punishments, kept intire, since
 Nothing but Guilt shackles the Conscience.
 I dare not tempt thy valiant Blood to Whay,
 Infeebling it with Pity; nor dare Pray
 That thou may'st Mercy find; lest thy great Story
 Lose something of its Miracle and Glory:
 I wish thy Merit study'd Cruelty,
 Stout Vengeance best befits thy Memory;
 And I wou'd have Posterity to hear,
 He that can Bravely do, can Bravely bear.
 Tortures seem great unto a Coward's Eye:
 'Tis no great Thing to Suffer; lest to Die.
 Shou'd all the Clouds fall out, and in the Strife
 Light'ning and Thunder take away my Life,
 I should applaud the Wisdom of my Fate,
 Which knew to value me at such a rate,
 As at my Fall to trouble all the Sky,
 Emptying upon me *Jove's* full Armory.
 Serve in your Sharpest Punishments, use the Rack,
 Inlarge each Joynt, and make each Sinew crack;
 Thy Soul before was strengthen'd, that thy Doom,
 To show thy Vertue she has larger room:
 Yet sure, if every Artery were broke,
 Thou wou'dst find Strength for such another Stroke,
 And now I leave thee unto Death and Fame,
 Which lives to shake Ambition at thy Name:
 And, if it were no Sin, the Court by it
 Wou'd hourly-Swear, before the Favorite,
 Farewel; for thy brave Sake, we shall not send
 Henceforth, Commander, Enemies to defend:
 Nor will it ever our just Monarch please
 To keep an Admiral to lose the Seas,
 Farewel: Undaunted stand; and joy to be
 Of publick Sorrow the Epitomy.

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Cobler & Vicar of Bray

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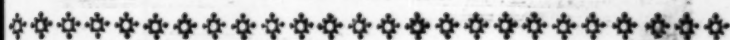
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Let the Duke's Name Solace and Crown thy Thrall,
All we in him did Suffer ; thou for All :
And I dare boldly Write, as thou dar'st Die ;
Stout *Felton*, *England's* Ransom, here does lie.



The TALE of the COBLER and the
VICAR of Bray.

Rara est Concordia fratrum. Ovid.



N *Bedfordshire* there dwelt a Knight,
Sir *Samuel* by Name,
Who by his Feats in civil Broils,
Obtain'd a mighty Fame.

Nor was he much less Wise than Stout,
But fit in both Respects

To humble sturdy Cavaliers,
And to support the Sects.

This worthy Knight was one that swore
He would not cut his Beard,
'Till this Ungodly Nation was
From Kings and Bishops clear'd.

Which holy Vow he firmly kept ;
And most devoutly wore
A Grizly Meteor on his Face,
'Till they were both no more.

His Worship was in short a Man
Of such exceeding Worth,
No Pen or Pencil can describe,
Or Rhiming Bard set forth.

Many and mighty Things he did,
Both sober and in Liquor,
Witness the mortal Fray between
The *Cobler* and the *Vicar* ;

Which by his Wisdom and his Power,
He wisely did prevent,

And

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And both the Combatants at once
In wooden Durance pent.

The Manner how these two fell out,
And quarrell'd in their Ale,
I shall attempt at large to show
In the succeeding Tale.

A Stroling *Cobler* who was wont
To trudge from Town to Town,
Happen'd upon his Walk to meet
A *Vicar* in his Gown.

And as they forward jogg'd along,
The *Vicar* growing hot,
First ask'd the *Cobler* if he knew
Where they might take a Pot.

Yes, merry that I do, quoth he,
Here is a House hard by,
That far exceeds all *Bedfordshire*,
For Ale and Landlady.

Thither lets go the *Vicar* said,
And when they thither came,
He lik'd the Liquor wond'rous well,
But, better far the Dame.

And she, who, like a cunning Jilt,
Knew how to please her Guest,
Us'd all her little Tricks and Arts
To entertain the *Priest*.

The *Cobler* too, who quickly saw
The Landlady's Design,
Did all that in his Power was
To manage the *Divine*.

With smutty Jest, and merry Songs
They charm'd the *Vicar* so,
That he determin'd for that Night
No farther he would go.

And being fix'd, the *Cobler* thought
'Twas proper to go try,
If he cou'd get a Job or two,
His Charges to supply.

So going out into the Street,
He Bauls with all his Might,
If any of you tread awry,
I'm here to set you right,

I can repair your leaky Boots,
And underlay your Soals,
Backsliders I can underprop,
And patch up all your Holes.

The *Vicar* who unluckily
The *Cobler's* Outcry heard,
From off the Bench on which he sat,
With mighty Fury rear'd.

Quoth He, what *Priest*, what holy *Priest*,
Can hear this bawling Slave?
But must in Justice to his Coat
Chastise the Saucy Knave.

What has this Wretch to do with Souls
Or with Backsliders either;
Whose Business only is his Awls,
His Lasts, his Thread, and Leather.

I lose my Patience to be made
This Stroling Varlets Sport;
Nor could I think this sawcy Rogue
Would treat me in such Sort.

The *Cobler*, who had no Design
The *Vicar* to displease;
Unluckily repeats again,
I'm come your Soals to ease.

The inward and the outward too
I can repair and mend;
And all that my Assistance want,
I'll use them like a Friend.

The Country Folk no sooner heard
The Honest *Cobler's* Tongue,
But from the *Village* far and near,
They round about him throng.

Some bring their Boots, and some their Shoes
And some their Buskins bring;

The

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The *Cobler* sits him down to Work,
And then begins to sing.

Death often at the *Cobler's* Stall
Was wont to make a stand ;
But found the *Cobler* singing still
And on the mending Hand.

Until at length he met old Time,
And then they both together
Quite tear the *Cobler's* aged Soal
From off the upper Leather.

Even so a while, I may old Shoes,
By Care and Art maintain ;
But when the Leather's rotten grown,
All Art and Care is Vain.

And this the *Cobler* stitch'd and sung,
Not thinking any harm :
'Till out the angry *Vicar* came,
With Ale and Passion warm.

Dost thou not know, Vile Slave, quoth He,
How impious 'tis to jest
With sacred Things, and to profane
The Office of a *Priest*.

How dar'st thou, most audacious Wretch !
Those Vile Expressions use,
Which make the Souls of Men as cheap
As Soals of Boots and Shoes.

Such Reprobates as you betray,
Our Character and Gown ;
And would if you had once the Pow'r,
The Church it self pull down.

The *Cobler* not aware that he
Had done, or said amiss ;
Reply'd, I do not understand
What you can mean by this.

Tho' I but a poor *Cobler* be,
And Strole about for Bread ;
None better loves the Church than I
That ever wore a Head.

But since you are so good at Names,
And make so loud a Pother ;
I'll tell you plainly I'm afraid,
You're but some *Cobbling* Brother.

Come *Vicar*, tho' you talk so big,
Our Trades are near akin ;
I patch and cobble outward Soals,
As you do those within.

And I'll appeal to any Man
That understands the Nation ?
If I ha'nt done more good than you,
In my respective Station.

Old Leather, I must needs confess,
I've sometimes us'd for New ;
And often par'd the Soal so near,
That I have spoil'd the Shoe.

You *Vicars*, by a diff'rent Way,
Have done the very same ;
For you have par'd your Doctrines so,
You made Religion lame.

Your Principles you've quite disown'd,
And Old Ones chang'd for New ;
That no Man can distinguish right,
Which are the false, or true.

I dare be bold, you're one of those
Have took the Covenant.
With Cavaliers, are Cavalier,
And with the Saints, a Saint.

The *Vicar* at this sharp Rebuke,
Begins to storm and swear ;
Quoth He, thou Vile Apostate Wretch !
Dost thou with me compare !

That have Care of many Souls,
And Power to Damn, or Save,
Dar'st thou thy self compare with me,
Thou Vile Ungodly Knave !

With I had thee some where else,
I'd quickly make thee know ;

O

What

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What 'tis to make Comparisons,
And to revile me so.

Thou art an Enemy to the State,
Some *Priest* in Masquerade;
That to promote the Pope's Designs,
Has learnt the Cobling Trade,

Or else some Spy to Cavaliers,
And art by them sent out,
To carry false Intelligence,
And scatter Lies about.

But whilst the *Vicar* full of Ire,
Was railing at this Rate,
His Worship, Good Sir *Samuel*,
O'erlighted at the Gate.

And asking of the Landlady
The Occasion of the Stir;
Quoth She, if you will give me leave,
I will inform you, Sir.

This *Cobler* happ'ning to o'ertake
The *Vicar* on his Walk,
In friendly Sort they forward march,
And to each other talk.

Until the *Parson* first propos'd,
To stop and take a Whet;
So cheek by Jole they hither came,
Like Travellers well met.

A World of Jests and Healths went round,
Sometimes a merry Tale,
'Till they resolv'd to stay all Night;
So well they lik'd my Ale.

Thus all Things lovingly went on,
And who so great as they,
Before an ugly Accident
Began this mortal Fray.

The Case I take it to be this;
The *Vicar* being fixt,
The *Cobler* chanc'd to cry his Trade,
And in his Cry he mixt

Some harmless Words, which I suppose,
The *Vicar* falsely thought,
Might be design'd to banter him,
And scandalize his Coat.

If that be all, quoth He, Go out,
And bid them both come in ;
A dozen of your Nappy Ale
Will set 'em right again.

And if the Ale should chance to fail,
For so perhaps it may ;
I have it in my Power to try
A more effectual Way.

These *Vicars* are a wilful Tribe,
A restless stubborn Crew ;
And if they are not humbled quite,
They will the State undo.

The *Cobler* is a cunning Knave
That goes about by Stealth ;
And would, instead of mending Shoes,
Repair the Common-Wealth.

However, bid 'em both come in,
This Fray must have an End ;
Such little Feuds as those do oft
To greater Mischiefs tend.

Without more bidding out she goes,
And told them by her Troth,
There was a Magistrate within,
That needs must see 'em both.

But, Gentlemen, pray Distance keep,
And don't too testy be ;
Ill Words Good Manners still corrupt,
And spoil good Company.

To this the *Vicar* first Replies,
I fear no Magistrate ;
For let 'em make what Laws they will,
I'll still obey the State.

Whatever I can say or do,
I'm sure not much avails ;

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I shall still *Vicar* be of *Bray*,
Which ever Side prevails.

My Conscience, thanks to Heaven, is come
To such a happy Pass,
That I can take the Covenant,
And never hang an Arse.

I've took so many Oaths before,
That now, without Remorse,
I take all Oaths the State can make,
As meerly Things of Course.

Go therefore, *Dame*, the *Justice* tell,
His Summons I'll obey ;
And farther you may let him know,
I *Vicar* am of *Bray*.

I find indeed, the *Cobler* said,
I am not much mistaken ;
This *Vicar* knows the ready Way
To save his Reverend *Bacon*.

This is a hopeful *Priest* indeed,
And well deserves a *Rope* ;
Rather than loose his *Vicaridge*,
He'd swear to *Turk*, or *Pope*.

For Gain he would his *God* deny,
His Country and his *King* ;
Swear, and forswear, recant and lye,
Do any wicked Thing.

At this the *Vicar* set his Teeth,
And to the *Cobler* flew ;
And with his Sacerdotal Fift
Gave him a Box, or two.

The *Cobler* soon return'd the Blows,
And both with Head and Heel
So manfully behav'd himself,
He made the *Vicar* reel.

Great was the Outcry that was made,
And in the Woman ran
To tell his Worship that the Fight
Betwixt them was bagan.

And is it so indeed, quoth he,
I'll make the Slaves repent ;
Then up he took his *Basket Hilt*
And out enrag'd he went.

The Country Folk no sooner saw
The Knight with naked Blade,
But for his Worship instantly,
An open Lane was made.

Who with a stern and angry Look,
Cry'd out, what Knaves are these,
That in the Face of Justice dare
Disturb the publick Peace ?

Vile Rascals, I will make you know,
I am a Magistrate ;
And that, as such, I bear about,
The Vengeance of the State.

Go seize them, *Ralph*, and bring them in,
That I may know the Cause ;
That first induc'd them to this Rage,
And thus to break the Laws.

Ralph, who was both his 'Squire and Clerk,
And Constable withal ;
' the Name o'th' Common-Wealth, aloud
Did for Assistance bawl:

The Words had hardly past his Mouth,
But they secure them both ;
And *Ralph*, to shew his furious Zeal,
And hatred to the Cloath,

Runs to the *Vicar* thro' the Croud,
And took him by the Throat ;
How ill, says he; doth this become,
Your Character and Coat ?

Was it for this not long ago
You took the Covenant ;
And in most solemn Manner swore
That you'd become a Saint ?

And here he gave him such a Pinch
That made the *Vicar* shout ;

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Good People, I shall murder'd be
By this ungodly Lout.

He gripes my Throat to that Degree,
I can't his Talons bear ;
And if you do not hold his Hands
He'll throttle me, I fear.

At this a Butcher of the Town
Steps up to *Ralph* in Ire ;
What will you squeeze his Gullet thro',
You Son of Blood and Fire ?

You are the Devil's Instrument
To execute the Laws ;
What will you murder the poor Man
With your Fanatick Claws ?

At which the 'Squire quits his Hold,
And lugging out his Blade,
Full at the sturdy Butcher's Pate,
A furious Stroke he made.

A dismal Outcry there began,
Among the Country Folk ;
Who all conclude the Butcher slain,
By such a mortal Stroke.

But here good Fortune that has still,
A Friendship for the brave ;
I'th' Nick misguides the fatal Blow ;
And does the Butcher save.

The Knight who heard the Noise within,
Runs out with Might and Main ;
And seeing *Ralph* amidst the Croud,
In Danger to be slain,

Without regard to Age, or Sex,
Old Basket Hilt so ply'd ;
That in an Instant three, or four,
Lay bleeding by his Side.

And greater Mischiefs in his Rage,
This furious Knight had done,
If he had not prevented been,
By *Dick*, the Black-Smith's Son.

Who

Who catch'd his Worship on the Hip,
And gave him such a Squelch,
That he some Moments Breathless lay,
'Ere he was heard to belch.

Nor was the 'Squire in better Case,
By sturdy Butcher ply'd ;
Who from the Shoulder to the Flank,
Had soundly swing'd his Hide.

Whilst Things in this Confusion stood,
And Knight and 'Squire disarm'd ;
Up comes a Neighbouring Gentleman,
The Outcry had alarm'd.

Who riding up among the Croud,
The *Vicar* first he spy'd ;
With sleeveless Gown and bloody Band,
And Hands behind him ty'd.

Bless me, says he, what means all this !
Then turning round his Eyes,
In the same Plight, or in a worse,
The *Cobler* bleeding spies.

And looking farther round he saw,
Like one in doleful Dump,
The Knight, amidst a gaping Mob,
Sit pensive on his Rump.

And by his Side lay *Ralph* his 'Squire,
Whom Butcher fell had maul'd ;
Who bitterly bemoan'd his Fate,
And for a Surgeon call'd.

Surpriz'd at first he paus'd a while,
And then accosts the Knight ;
What makes you here, Sir *Samuel*,
In this unhappy Plight ?

At this the Knight gave Breast a thump,
And stretching out his Hand,
If you will pull me up, quoth he,
I'll try if I can stand.

And then I'll let you know the Cause,
But first take care of *Ralph*,

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Who in my good, or ill Success,
Doth always stand my half.
In short, he got his Worship up,
And led him in the Door,
Where he at length relates the Tale,
As I have told before.

When he had heard the Story out,
The Gentleman replies,
It is not in my Province, Sir,
Your Worship to advise.

But was I in your Worship's Place,
The only Thing I'd do ;
Was first to reprimand the Fools,
And then to let them go.

I think it first adviseable,
To take them from the Rabble,
And let them come, and both set forth
The Occasion of the Squabble.

This is the *Vicar*, Sir, of *Bray*,
A Man of no Repute ;
The Scorn and Scandal of his *Trite*,
A loose, ill-manner'd Brute.

The *Cobler's* a poor stroling Wretch
That mends my Servants Shoes ;
And often calls as he goes by
To bring me Country News,

At this his Worship grip'd his Beard,
And in an angry Mood,
Swore by the Laws of *Chivalry*,
That Blood requir'd Blood.

Besides, I'm by the Common-wealth,
Entrusted to chastize,
All Knaves that straggle up and down,
To raise such Mutinies.

However, since 'tis your Request,
They shall be call'd and heard ;
But neither *Ralph*, nor I can grant
Such Rascals should be clear'd.

And

And so to wind the Tale up short
They were call'd in together ;
And by the Gentleman were ask'd,
What Wind 'twas blew them thither.

Good Ale and handsome Landladies,
You might have nearer Home ;
And therefore 'tis for something more
That you so far are come.

To which the *Vicar* answer'd first,
My Living is so small,
That I am forc'd to strole about
To try to get a Call.

And, quoth the *Cobler*, I am forc'd
To leave my Wife and Dwelling,
T' escape the Danger of being prest
To go a Colonelling.

There's many an honest Jovial Lad
Unwarily drawn in,
That I have Reason to suspect,
Will scarce get out again.

The Proverb says, *Harm watch, Harm catch* :
I'll out of Danger keep ;
For he that sleeps in a whole Skin
Doth most securely sleep.

My Business is to mend bad Soals
And stitch up broken Quarters ;
A *Cobler's* Name would look but odd
Among a List of Martyrs.

Faith, *Cobler*, quoth the Gentleman,
And that shall be my Case ;
I will with neither Party joyn,
Let what will come to pass.

No Importunities, or Threats,
My next Besolves shall rest ;
Come here, Sir *Samuel*, where's his Health
That loves old *England* best.

I pity those unhappy Fools,
Who, 'ere they were aware,

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Designing and ambitious Men
Have drawn into a Snare.

But, *Vicar*, to come to the Case,
Amidst a senseless Croud,
What urg'd you to such Violence,
And made you talk so loud ?

Passion I'm sure does ill become
Your Character and Cloath ;
And tho' the Cause be ne'er so just
Brings Scandal upon both.

Vicar, I speak it with Regret,
An inadvertant Priest
Renders himself ridiculous,
And ev'ry Body's Jest.

The *Vicar* to be thus rebuk'd
A little Time stood mute ;
But having gulp'd his Passion down,
Replies ; that *Cobling Brute*

Has treated me with such Contempt,
Such vile Expressions us'd,
That I no longer could forbear
To hear my self abus'd.

The Rascal had the Insolence
To give himself the Lye ;
And to aver h'had done more Good,
And sav'd more Souls than I.

Nay, farther, Sir, this Miscreant
To tell me was so bold,
Our Trades were very near of Kin ;
But his was the more old.

Now, Sir, I will to you appeal
On such a Provocation,
If there was not sufficient Cause,
To use a little Passion ?

Now, quoth the *Cobler*, with your Leave,
I'll prove it to his Face ;
All this is meer Suggestion,
And foreign to the Case.

And

And, since he calls so many Names,
And talks so very loud,
I will be bound to make it plain ;
'Twas he that rais'd the Croud.

Nay, farther, I will make't appear,
He and the Priests have done
More Mischiefs than the Coblers far,
All over *Christendom*.

All *Europe* groans beneath their Yoak,
And poor *Great Britain* owes
To them her present Miseries,
And Dread of future Woes.

The Priests of all Religions are,
And will be still the Same ;
And all, tho' in a diff'rent Way,
Are playing the same Game.

At this the Gentleman stood up ;
Cobler, you run too fast ;
By thus condemning all the Tribe,
You go beyond your Last.

Much Mischief has by Priests been done,
And more is doing still ;
But then, to censure all alike,
Must be exceeding ill.

Too many, I must needs confess,
Are mightily to blame ,
Who, by their wicked Practices,
Disgrace the very Name.

But *Cobler*, still the *Major* Part
The *Minor* should conclude ;
To argue at another rate's
Impertinent and rude.

By this Time all the Neighbours round
Were flock'd about the Door,
And some were on the *Vicar's* Side,
But on the *Cobler's* more.

Among the Rest a *Grazier*, who
Had lately been at Town

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To sell his Oxen and his Sheep ;
Brim full of News came down.

Quoth he, the *Priests* have Preach'd and Pray'd,
And made so damn'd a Pother,
That all the People are run mad
To murder one another.

By their Contrivances and Arts
They've play'd their Game so long,
That no Man knows which Side is right,
Or which is in the wrong.

I'm sure I've *Smithfield* Market us'd
For more than Twenty Year,
But never did such Murmurings
And dreadful Outcries hear.

Some for a Church, and some a Tub,
And some for both together ;
And some, perhaps, the greater Part
Have no regard for either.

Some for a King, and some for none ;
And some have *Hankerings*
To mend the Common-wealth, and make
An Empire of all Kings.

What's worse, old *Noll* is Marching off,
And *Dick* his Heir apparent,
Succeeds him in the Government ;
A very lame Vicegerent.

He'll Reign but little Time, poor Fool,
But sink beneath the State ;
That will not fail to ride the Fool
'Bove common Horseman's Weight.

And Rulers when they lose the Power,
Like Horses overweigh'd,
Must either fall and break their Knees,
Or else turn perfect Jade.

The *Vicar* to be twice rebuk'd,
No longer could contain ;
But thus replies, To *Knaves*, like you,
All Arguments are vain.

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The Church must use her Arm of Flesh,
The other will not do ;
The Clergy waste their Breath and Time
On Miscreants like you.

You are so stubborn, and so proud,
So dull, and prepossess'd,
That no Instructions can prevail,
How well soe'er address'd.

Who would reform such Reprobates
Must drub them soundly first ;
I know no other Way but that
To make them wise, or Just.

Fie *Vicar*, fie, his Patron said,
Sure that is not the Way,
You should instruct your Auditors
To suffer, or obey.

Those were the Doctrines that of old
The Learned Fathers taught ;
And 'twas by them the Church at first
Was to Perfection brought.

Come, *Vicar*, lay your Feuds aside,
And calmly take your Cup ;
And let us try in friendly wise
To make the Matter up.

That's certainly the wiser Course,
And better too by far ;
All Men of Prudence strive to quench
The Sparks of *Civil-War*.

By furious Heats and ill Advice
Our Neighbours are undone ;
Then let us timely Caution take
From their Destruction.

If we would turn our Heads about
And look t'wards *Forty one*,
We soon should see what little Jars
Those cruel Wars begun.

A One Ey'd *Cobler* then was One
Of that *Rebellious Crew* ;

That

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That did in *Charles the Martyr's Blood*,
Their wicked Hands imbrew.

I mention this not to deface
This *Cobler's* Reputation,
Who I have always honest found,
And useful in his Station.

But this I urge to let you see
The Danger of a Fight
Between a *Cobler* and a *Priest*,
Tho' he were ne'er so right.

The *Vicars* are a num'rous Tribe,
So are the *Coblers* too ;
And if a gen'ral Quarrel rise,
What must the Country do ?

Our outward and our inward Soals
Must quickly want Repair ;
And all the Neighbourhood around
Would the Misfortune share.

Sir, quoth the *Grazier*, I believe
Our outward Soals indeed
May quickly want the *Coblers* Help,
To be from Leakings freed.

But for our inward Souls, I think,
They're of a Worth too great
To be committed to the Care
Of any Holy Cheat.

Who only serves his God for Gain,
Religion is his Trade ;
And 'tis by such as these our Church
So scandalous is made.

Why should I trust my Soul with One
That Preaches, Swears and Prays ;
And the next Moment contradicts
Himself in all he says.

His solemn Oaths he looks upon
As only Words of Course !
Which like their Wives our Fathers took
For better or for worse.

But

But he takes Oaths as some take Whores,
Only to serve his Ease;
And Rogues and Whores it is well known
May part whene'er they please.

At this the *Cobler* bolder grew,
And stoutly thus reply'd;
If you're so good at drubbing, Sir,
Your Manhood shall be try'd.

What I have said, I will maintain,
And farther prove withal,
I daily do more Good than you,
In my respective Call.

I know your Character, quoth he,
You proud insulting *Vicar*,
Who only huff and domineer,
And quarrel in your Liquor.

Th' honest Gentleman who saw
'Twould come again to Blows,
Commands the *Cobler* to forbear,
And to the *Vicar* goes.

Vicar, says he, for shame give o'er,
And mitigate your Rage;
You scandalize your Cloath too much
A *Cobler* to engage.

All Peoples Eyes are on your Tribe,
And ev'ry little Ill
They multiply and aggravate,
And will because they will.

But, now let's call another Cause,
So let this Health go round;
Be Peace and Plenty, Truth and Right
In good *Old England* found.

Quoth *Ralph*, all this is empty Talk,
And only tends to Laughter;
If these two Varlets should be spar'd,
Who'd pity us hereafter?

Your Worship may do what you please,
But I'll have Satisfaction

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For Drubbing, and for Damages
In this Ungodly Action.

I think that you can do no less
Than send them to the Stocks ;
And I'll assist the Constable
In fixing in their Hocks.

There let 'em sit and fight it out,
Or Scold 'till they are Friends :
Or what is better much than both,
'Till I am made amends.

Ralph, quoth the Knight, that's well advis'd,
Let them both thither go,
And you and the Sub-magistrate
Take care that it be so.

Let them be lock'd in Face to Face,
Bare Buttocks on the Ground ;
And let them in that Posture sit
'Till they with us compound.

Thus fixt, we'll leave them for a Time,
Whilst we with Grief relate
How at a Wake this Knight and Squire,
Got each a broken Pate.

A COFFIN for the Good Old CAUSE :
Or a Sober Word, by Way of Caution,
to the Parliament and Army, or such
in both as have prayed, fought, and
bled for their Preservation.

Written by Sir SAMUEL LUKE.

S I R S,



T is a Solemn and Sacred Saying, *That a wise Man foreseeth an Evil, and preventeth it, but Fools go on, and are Punished*: That there is such an Eminent Evil impending, as your Eye hath not seen since first you sate in your Seats, or wore Swords by your Sides ; such an Evil as will

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(if the Wisdom and Goodness of God prevent not) be the inevitable Ruin of that Interest you have been the Asserters of, is most certain; or no less than all your Friends in England are in an Extream Error.

But a little to convince you hereof (because Man is a rational Creature, and ought not to stir one Step in any Act, but as he is led thereto by the Light thereof) I shall endeavour to spread before you the Danger; and then pray the Father of Mercies to give you Hearts to do your Duty in preventing it.

- I. Your Army is unsettled.
- II. Your House divided.
- III. Your Friends discouraged.
- IV. Your Trade decayed.
- V. Your Treasure exhausted.
- VI. Your Enemies encreased and height'ned.

1. That your Army is unsettled, is most certain; neither can the Course you take settle it, but discompose it more every Minute; for you fill it with strange Faces, which will make as strange Effects. It is true, the Heads of Regiments (yea and Captains) that have been Capital Offenders, it is not your Prudence to trust; but for the Inferior Fry, (who ever yet have been the fastest Friends to your Power, and the Publick) to be turned out by Wholesale, without a fair and legal Hearing, is not for your own Honour, nor Interest. You have seen how little a Colonel signifies, where his Acquaintance is but green; Soldiers love to be led by them they have bled withal.

Again, How many Men have you turned out even for their Judgments sake, that never sinned against your Powers at that rate, as many that are kept in? If an Anabaptist should have behaved himself equal with one of another Perswasion, let their Encouragement be equal also: How will you perswade the People you intend a Commonwealth, whilst thus partial in your petty Proceedings? It is not what he is, but what he hath done, ought to be the Question to all. I know a Quaker in Arms, that eminently served you; yet meet I not with one that is willing to serve him. If you will call in the Conduct of
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the Army, as in 46, (which was as Presbyterian as ever) they will lose it before a Year be over, as then they had. The Anabaptist was thicker in Office than any other Perswasion, but immediately before this Turn, yet could he not keep it, nor stem the Tide, when the Turn came; and just is it with the Great *Jehovah*, that That Party that pretends to common Liberty, and yet grasps at all, should lose even what he already hath. Much Reason might also be urged for this; for naturally all Parties conspire against any that alone enjoys the Power, as Nine at a Table would at the Tenth, when he ingrosses the Entertainment of the Whole.

Moreover, that Party that is so industriously set upon encroaching all, can least be credited, because of their many former Defections, and Attempts to betray the Cause: *Love* was belyed, if not a Presbyterian, and *Booth* no less. I speak it not to reflect, for there are that I love and honour of that Perswasion, as convinced they do indeed deserve it, both as truly pious Persons and Friends to the Publick: As of the other Hand, I do believe there is more than a Remnant of that Opinion, Royal. Whereas the Sectarian Party cannot be charged by Envy it self, with Treason of that Nature, nor is this a bare Surmise issuing from a jealous Brain, whilst we see even one of the Commissioners refuse the Oath against the *Stuarts* Claim, and Sir *Anthony Asbly Cooper* (an old Cavalier) made a Colonel, whilst his Malignancy incapacitates him to be a Member of the Council. Officers generally most civil, and pocket up Injuries silently; but when you come to Model the Troops, as you have done the Conduct, your Work will recoil; or if you do it not, your New Officers will have no Command over the old Soldiers. Thus the farther and faster you go in your Settlement, the more unsettled are you; like one that mends his Pace when his Way is wrong.

Secondly, Your House is divided. I will only remind you of the Word of the Lord Christ, from whose Lip never came Guile, and who certainly may be believed *A House divided against it self cannot stand*, which carries Conviction with it, that your Ruin (except prevented) is ready to enter. And I think, you think, the Cause and you must fall together.

Thirdly

Thirdly, Your Friends are discouraged many Ways, and for many Things; your new modelling the Army, putting the Sword into the Hands of Rigid, Royal, Neutral Spirits, that never yet were judged worthy to be trusted with the Cause, that never bled, nor fought, nor prayed for it; that have neither Courage, nor Conduct. They see you prone to pardon a Spirit beneath your own, but not above; they that would carry you back, or halt you in the Work, but not they that would press you forward: They see you shrunk, and less in your Publick Declarations than many Years ago; you were taller by the Head and Shoulders in your Publick Words and Works, in 49 and 51, than now, they saw greater Reason to rejoyce at what you said and did then, than now: They had higher Hopes of true Liberty, both as Men and Christians then, than now; which shews that the Rebukes that have been upon you, have not been sanctified, nor you bettered and improved thereby. At your first sitting you were an apparent Blessing to the Nation; which begat in all good People Longings for your Return again, in Hopes to find you yet better: But not so; you were a second Time interrupted, and good Men ingaged for your Return, with heighten'd Expectation you would rule righteously and purely for God and your Generation; but behold worst of all. I beseech you to lay it to Heart, examine and see what is the Reason you die, and whither in the Esteem of Good Men; see whether you have answered those private and personal Obligations to Good People at *Portsmouth*, the *Fleet*, *London*, and every where, which made them not value their Lives for your Sakes; and see whether all this gives not great Ground of Fear, that your (and our) Glas is run, and an overflowing Scourge just ready to seize upon us.

Again, Lesser Faults in Good Men are Punished severely, while Greater in others are let go Scot-free; which doth demonstrate your Spirit is rather united to Evil than Good; what else can be the Reason that Sir *Henry Vane's* expell'd your House, for framing only a Form of Government, never received nor practised (tho' I desire not to be understood, as adjusting his Act, or condemning yours, simply considered) and *Oliver St. John*, one that was both, yet he can keep his Seat, have Impunity

punity, and rule the Roast? It is true, the Act was Private and Personal, yet did it, and the secluding Major *Salloway* liberally discover the Complexion and Temperature of your House.

Again, you kiss and hug them that scorn and hate you, and slight such as faithfully served you. Your Declaration (a pitiful, dull, confused, senseless Piece) courteth the Clergy and the Lawyer, a brace of Birds, that ever yet have endeavoured to pick out your Eyes: Oh Lord! What sad Fate must needs attend that Power that accounts it their Interest to exalt their eminentest Enemies, and shake off their surest Friends? Was it the Lawyer brought you back to the Exercise of your Power? Or did he not rather laugh and scorn you? Was it *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, *Calamy* and *Casse*, that steered your Fleet, raised your Siege, Incensed your Souldiers so, as they would either die, or set you in your Seats again? Was there no *Seſtarian* put their Neck in the Noose for you? And did what none else either could, or dared to do? And must they now despond, hang their Heads, and be ashamed to look their Friends in the Face, through your Abuse of the Adventure of their Blood?

Farthermore, 'tis a great Discouragement to your Friends, to see the Giddiness and Instability of your Actings. One Day solemnly thank Col. *Rich* for his good Service; the next, conspiring to cut his Throat: If he did indeed serve you, your latter Proceedings are ugly; if otherwise, your Thanks was grounded upon Ignorance: So that whether he served you, or served you not, you do much disserve your selves by such Actings. For the Veil is too thin, all Men do see and say, 'tis not *Rich*, or *Ludlow*, but the whole *Seſtarian Party*; some among your selves, design to ruin; and to the End, they may the better usher in the exiled Interest.

Moreover consider, can you at once suppress the *Seſtarian*, and keep out the King? I know not what you may imagine, but the wisest without Doors think otherwise. Now if this be impossible, that an Ideot may make the Inference, then look how much you lay aside the *Seſtarian*, just so much you lay aside your Strength, and propagate the Interest of *Charles Stuart*. How behoveful therefore is it, that you Eye this Evil betimes, and suffer not your Forces,

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Forces, nor Fleets, to be baptized too much into the Boothian Spirit; enfeebling your selves, and laying farther Pressurers and Discouragements upon the Hearts of your Friends. Many other Discouragements I might enumerate; but your Time is precious, so also is mine.

4. Your Trade's decayed, I presume you will give me your Faith (without Proof) that it is so: How it came and why it continues, every one satisfies himself with his own Reason, and therefore I shall spare my Pain and your Trouble: Only let me tell you, this is the Dame of all Idleness; and no Vice can be your Friend, if you intend a Common-wealth. Lack of Employment first foment, then foster Discontents. No Man of Mettle will starve while Meat is to be had, if they cannot have it by a civil Employment, they will by a Military; and if you cannot lift them, others shall; for it is not Choice but Necessity which brings them to you. Thus you see how Nature hath distressed your Affairs, and all Men lay all their Lacks on you. A speedy applying of yourselves therefore effectually to remedy this Dislemper, is certainly your Duty, or this single Evil, which is not easily buried, will sink you.

5. Your Treasure's exhausted; yet would not this Disease be incurable, were not your Army and Navy in Arrer: Invert therefore that Proverb, that *Money answers all Things*, and you will take a true Accompt of your own Condition: How you will fill the empty Purse, considering the Difficulties, as well Foreign as Domestick, that you must encounter, is worthy your serious Thoughts. You may assess, but the Humour of a free Parliament, supported by all the Art and Interest of the Royalist and secluded Members, gives too good Reason to doubt the Collections will be but slow in the Country. Add hereunto the Enemies you make your selves, (to wit) all the *Sectarian Interest*, (who certainly will most unwillingly maintain their Oppressors) together with their general Want of Trade, as aforesaid; and I fear you will find such a Dulness, as (if I mistake not) your Exigents cannot endure: How hardy you are, I know not, but I assure you this Consideration hath a very Grim and Gasty Aspect, and hath in very legible Characters (at least in my Apprehension) the Death of our Cause ingraven on it. I shall

shall not so much as mention the infinite Inconveniences that are entailed to this ; only will say (what you may observe) this Army serves you not on Principle, but for Pay ; I will not deny but there are among them that would have me by the Ears, should they know I said so : But deceive not your selves : Could *Dick* have kept them, they had never been yours ; and they staid with *Fleetwood* 'till they had eat up the three last Months Assessment ; nor had they left him yet, could he have got, or lent them more.

Lastly, Your Enemies encrease, and that both in Number and Nature ; for you create Enemies to your selves, and this with so great an Industry, that were I an Alien, I should think it your Interest to do so ; for no Man ever could imagine any Power should be so basely occupied in kicking off its fastest Friends. Are not your old Enemies enough, but you must make new ? This carries Conviction with it, that you intend to take your old Enemies for new Friends, but woful is this Advice, and unavoidable Ruin will be the effect ; and if you enter not into new Counsels, farewell for ever the *Old Cause*. The Ways to save you, are but two. *Esouse again, and indulge the Sectarian Interest* ; for a little Time will tell you, you cannot keep out the King without their Aid. His Interest, or theirs, you must make yours. The *Presbyters* alone cannot preserve you if they would, and three Parts of four would not, if they could ; think not I speak at random.

The other is, the speedy filling up your House ; Contempts upon you, because of your Paucity ; nor will the secluded Members give up their Claim, 'till others are in the Room.

Besides, as you are, you are not a Competent Representative for so large a Territory as *England* is. Many Places have none to represent them at all, and you have oft declared no Laws shall be made, nor Money raised, but by the Peoples Representatives in Parliament ; so that you your selves have tied their Purse ; nor will you get it open without Knocks 'till then. Moreover, your Enemies encrease upon you, because no Man sees you have any Maw to this Work, but rather think of keeping the Power in your own Clutches. This also is the Reason of your Want of Trade, because every wise Man sees you

can

cannot hold it as you are ; and no Man will manage Affairs, and adventure his Stock, whilst Affairs of State are at this Uncertainty ; and they who would mind their Business, and employ themselves and others, growing Idle, and their Monies lying Dead, become Enemies to you, as the Cause thereof, nor can any Excuse be formed for you.

To conclude, how many would be thorow Commonwealths-Men, saw they you so ? But whilst you are uncertain, so are they, and judge it imprudent to out-face the Power ; to abjure Monarchy, and the Monarch also, 'till the State doth it ; after you is good Manners, because if you vary, they are undone ; would you tye any faster than your selves ? That is most unrighteous ; if you will reserve a Turn to the King, quarrel not with others for being reserv'd also ; lead the Van therefore over *Rubicon*, doubt not enough will follow, but it must be also for a free, just and equal Common-wealth ; not that one Party, or Perswasion, must have all the Magistracies in their own Hands, and all the Rest as Servitors attending it ; no, this is but the Name, it is the Thing you must set up, or the Name of *CHARLES STUART* will be better, and find more Followers than it. Sirs, your Vessel's leaky, and your Pump too little ; Carreen her quickly, or you sink past all Recovery. This is the humble, but hearty Advice of

Your faithful Servant,

S. L—e

The C A V A L I E R. A S O N G.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



E that is a clear
CAVALIER
Will not Repine ;
Although
His Pocket grow
So very low

He cannot get Wine.

Fortune

Fortune is a Lais
 Will embrace,
 But soon destroy ;
 Born free,
 In Liberty,
 We'll always be
 Singing *Vive l' Roy*.

Vertue is its own Reward,
 And Fortune is a Whore,
 There's none but Knaves and Fools regard her
 Or her Power Implore.
 But he that is a trusty *Roger*,
 And will serve the King ;
 Altho' he be a tatter'd Soldier,
 Yet may Skip and Sing :
 Whilst we that Fight for Love,
 May in the way of Honour prove,
 That they that make Sport of us
 May come short of us:
 Fate will flatter them,
 And will scatter them ;
 Whilst our Loyalty
 Looks upon Royalty,
 We that live Peacefully
 May be Successfully
 Crown'd with a Crown at last.

Tho' a real honest Man
 May be quite undone,
 He'll shew his Allegiance,
 Love and Obedience ;
 Those will raise him up,
 Honour stays him up,
 Virtue keeps him up,
 And we praise him up,
 Whilst the vain Courtiers dine
 With their Bottles full of Wine,
 Honour will make him Fast.

Freely then
 Let's be Honest Men,
 And kick at Fate,
 For we may live to see

Our Loyalty

Valued at a higher Rate.

He that bears a Sword, or a Word

Against the Throne,

And does prophanely prate,

To abuse the State,

Hath no Kindness for his own.

What tho' Painted Plumes, and Players,

Are the prosp'rous Men,

Yet we'll attend our own Affairs

Till they come to't agen ;

Treachery may be Fac'd with Light,

And Letchery lin'd with Furr,

A Cuckold may be made a Knight,

Sing Fortune *De la guerre.*

But what's that to us, brave Boys,

That are right Honest Men ?

We'll conquer and come agen,

Beat up the Drum agen ;

Hey for *Cavaliers*,

Hoe for *Cavaliers*,

Drink for *Cavaliers*,

Fight for *Cavaliers*,

Dubb a dubb, dubb a dubb,

Have at old *Belzebub*,

Oliver stinks for Fear.

5th Monarchy-Men must down Boys,

With Bulleys of ev'ry Sect in Town Boys ;

We'll Rally and to't again,

Give 'em the Rout again,

Fly like Light about,

Face to the Right about,

Charge them Home again,

When they come on again ;

Sing *Tantara rara Boys*,

Tantara rara Boys ;

This is the Life of an Old *CAVALIER*.



The Satanical C A B A L. A VISION.



Rawn by my Pensive Thoughts into a Field,
Where unheard Complaints my Grievs some Ease
(might yield ;

Grievs that arose, as *David's* did, to see
The Good and Just oppress'd, the wicked free ;

A Doubt, he scarce could solve, too hard for me ;
'Till weary'd Nature over-press'd with Thought,
Sunk under Sleep ; and Sleep this Vision brought.
Methought old *Albion's* Genius did appear,
With Expectation full, and full of Fear :
He cry'd, this Day determines *England's* Fate ;
All Hell about it are in keen Debate.

Straight *Milton's Pandemonium* did appear,
As when Hell's Princes sat consulting there,
Of Conqu'ring Heav'n, but vanquish'd nought but Air.
Satan the vilest of the Fiends that fell
Sat President ; while lesser Imps of Hell,
Were sent to divers Stations to Proclaim
A solemn Consult in the Devil's Name :
Thither to summon all who Factions head ;
And those, who, by pretended Zeal, are led,
To thriving Sins, and act the worst of Crimes :
Sin close themselves ; yet would Reform the Times.

Asbly appear'd, first of the Prick-ear'd Race,
All lesser Fiends gave him the second Place :
H'ad damn'd more Souls than any Devil there ;
Were *Satan* absent he'd deserve the Chair.

His Minion Bastard follow'd in the Croud ;
For him more Fool than Knave they all allow'd :
Bran—— was next ; to him next *Es*—— fate,
Jo—— *Win*—— those Bell-weathers of State :
On *Satan's* Counsel, t'other Advocate.

A Spurious brood fit for no place but Hell,
Fill'd up the Court ; their Name's too long to tell :
Fam'd Traitors, or their Spawn, whose joynt Consent
Murder'd their King, o'erthrew the Government.
(Fit Counsellors for such a President !

Disc

Discord, Confusion, Famine, Civil War,
 Attended on the Court: There Heralds were
 To Act what they Decreed. The Council fate,
 All Things prepar'd, they enter'd on Debate,
 When *Satan* thus, You matchless Peers of Hell,
 Fathers conscript, (whose Wisdom who can tell?
 Long did we Battel 'gainst the Northern Isle,
 Whose guardian Angel fate and laugh'd the while.
 At our vain Projects; Prince and People were
 Bulwark'd by Heav'n. Heav'n's peculiar Care:
 Like *Eden* fenc'd; one Entrance round about,
 And there the Sword of Justice kept me out.
 Their Monarch, Fear'd abroad, Belov'd at Home,
 Ev'n Hell it self despair'd to overcome:
 But, what our Force united cou'd not do,
 This noble Peer has found a Way unto.
 A Shame to Hell, and Devils, thus to see
 A Mortal's Malice can do more than We!
 But say the Ways, the Means, my darling Son,
 That Hell may learn how this great Deed was done.
 Then spoke the Caitiff thus:
 Luxurious Ease and Plenty made 'em Proud,
 And Reformation's Name still takes the Croud;
 Suspicious, causeless Jealousies, and Fears,
 At first we softly whisper'd in Mens Ears:
 Then publick Libels bolder Treasons spoke;
 But, above all, Religion was our Cloak,
 That specious Vizor Rebels ever took.
 The Subjects poyson'd thus, we had recourse
 To Means, to part the King's united Force.
Dudly and *Somerfet*, while joyn'd stood well;
 One taken off, the other quickly fell:
 Against that Adm'ral there was some Pretence;
 But nothing cou'd be urg'd against this Prince
 But Love, and Zeal for Truth, and Innocence.
 Tho' arm'd with Virtues, I lay'd a Design,
 Deep as your Hell itself; I boast 'twas mine:
Plebeians first we nam'd, as in a Plot;
 And tho' the wisest Heads perceiv'd it not,
York was the Royal Mark at which we shot.
 For Commons Blood made Way to Nobler Game;
 We found 'twou'd take, and Peers, then Prince we name;

Imprison'd some, and some to Exile went,
 For none was safe, tho' ne'er so innocent.
 True Sons of *Belial's* Oaths made our Cause ;
 By Lawyers help, we over-rul'd the Laws :
 We got the House of Commons on our Side ;
 And those that joyn'd not with us, villify'd.
 Assisted thus, if all our Wiles shou'd fail,
 We thought by open Force we might prevail :
 We boldly struck at all, and did design,
 Against all Laws both Human and Divine, }
 Quite to cut off at once the Royal Line ; }
 And by Degrees debase the Sovereign Pow'r :
 When all our Hopes (curst be the fatal Hour !
 Abortive prov'd ;

Our darling Commons unexpected fell,
 Tho' by a Ghost forewarn'd, went quick to Hell.

Here *Satan* interpos'd. This to repair,
 Is this Day's Council call'd ; for thus you hear
 The Royal Lyon 'scap'd the Hunters Toyl,
 He now lives happy Northwards on this Isle :
 Parting the Royal Pair succeeds not well ;
 Their Loves unite 'em, and protect 'em still.
 To break this sacred Union, let us now,
Philistines-like, with *Sampson's* Heifer Plow.
 That be thy Work, my Peer. While this he said,
Nuncius, a wily Fiend from *Scotland* fled,
 Enters, and cries, O save me, Hell ! for I
 From *York's* too pow'rful guardian Angel fly :
 Thither I went, design'd by your Command,
 To sow Rebellion in that fruitful Land,
 To wound that Prince's Interest there, and find
 Some fresh Occasion to disturb his Mind ;
 But against all my Arts he found Defence,
 Arm'd with Religion, Courage, Innocence ;
 Belov'd, ador'd by all, there Justice flows
 In equal Streams, and none Oppression knows ;
 Rebellion there meets with its just Reward,
 And Loyalty is had in due Regard ;
 Blest in each other, Prince and People are ;
 He in their Love, they in his watchful Care.
 Th' Almighty, who well knew my vile Intent,
 A guardian Angel to his Succour sent ;

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I (who had try'd the Force of Heav'nly Steel,
 And since our Fall its dire Effects still feel,
 From far perceiv'd him coming ; at whose Sight,
 To save my self and you, I took my Flight.
 But, oh ! He comes ! He's here !
 At his Approach, th' Infernal Spirits shook.
 Down to your Hell, he cry'd ! While this he spoke,
 The Fabrick sunk, dissolv'd in Fire and Smoke.



The WHIG'S GHOST.



N dead of Night, when the pale Moon
 Had got to the Nocturnal Noon,
 Betwixt her Light, and what was lent
 From twinkling Candle almost spent,
 As I lay slumb'ring on my Bed,

I saw methought a Man was dead ;
 Gravely he stalk'd and stood, and star'd,
 While I lay trembling, and was scar'd.
 Dumb for a while, at last I broke
 Silence, and to the Fantom spoke.
 Methinks you're one that I have seen,
 Oh ! tell me Ghost where have you been ?
 He soon reply'd, with Accent hollow,
 In Words conform to these that follow.

From the *Tartarean* Shades below,
 That neither Bounds, nor Bottom know,
 (Where a new Life the Curfed gain,
 Thro' constant Torments, endless Pain)
 I by Permission come, to tell
 What Government there is in Hell.
 Because I know thou art a Tory,
 To thee I choose t'impart my Story ;
 For thou wilt joyfully reveal,
 What Whigs (that long for Common-weal
 Like *Spartan* Boys) would still conceal ;
 Attend then, and my Narrative
 Communicate to all alive.

I am the Soul of one of those
 That both the King and Law oppose,

318 The WHIG'S GHOST.

And Itch with conscientious Scurvy,
 To turn the Kingdom Topsy-turvy ;
 Rogues that presume themselves appointed,
 To contradict the Lord's Anointed :
 Those that wou'd murder an Addressor,
 And cut the Legs of true Successor,
 And make him look in pitious Case,
 As *Witherington* in *Chivy-Chace* :
 Nay, cut his Throat ; and in his Place
 Set *Perkin* up, of extract base ;
 Who has no more Pretence to rule
 This Land, than any other Fool ;
 But may make out (I'll swear) as soon,
 A Title to the World i'th' Moon.
 I was, I say, of that Cabal,
 'Till I was frighted in the *Mall* :
 But to proceed with our Relation,
 Of Action in th' Infernal Nation ;
 Assist me, Steed of *Phabus* Legion,
 While I describe the doleful Region.
 One Monarch in that World controuls,
 With flaming Sceptre tortur'd Souls,
 And captive tho' he be in Chains,
 Yet absolute in Power he reigns ;
 No Factions there disturb the State,
 Which is preserv'd by steady Fate.
 Unalterable Laws they have,
 Which the Almighty Godhead gave,
 And to their Prince, ev'n on his Foes
 A strict Obedience did impose.
 That Prince is *Lucifer* : Whose Pow'r
 The subject Ghosts adore each Hour ;
 Who to advance their mighty King,
 In Blasphemies his Praises sing,
 Devoutly swearing there's no odds
 Betwixt his Grandeur and the Gods.
 These tho' they suffer, 'tis in vain,
 Amidst their Tormnets to complain :
 If he but Nod from burning Throne,
 There's not a Soul that dares co groan ;
 For Hell admits of no Petition,
 To redress Grievance on Condition ;

Not

Nor do tumultuous Crouds appear,
 With bold Remonstrances of Fear,
 Nor Spirits murmur at Oppression,
 Nor prate of Right, or Wrong Succession.
 Their King's Immortal : Oh ! 'mong you,
 Your mighty Monarch were so too !
 I love him now ; and tho' a Devil,
 Am much more honest grown, and civil :
 For, having ta'en a Drachm of *Styx*,
 I have forgot my Whiggish Tricks.
 Next to the Prince, there are that stand
 Awfully waiting his Command,
Belzebub, Moloch, Ashtareth, Baal,
 And *Dagon*, who before their Fall,
 (Tho' now condemn'd t'eternal Night)
 Were *Seraphims*, and Sons of Light :
 Those cursed Peers, when e'er he will,
 (If he intends great Woe, or Ill,
 To Sons of Earth) he always can,
 Summon into his dark Divan ;
 Not to give Counsel, but to do
 What his dire Dictates prompt him to.
 You have (like them) one noble Peer,
 Who wou'd do mighty Service there ;
 Wou'd he were there instead of me,
 To shew his squinting Policy :
 He 'tis I mean, that looks at once,
 Like *Cerberus* from tripple Sconce ;
 But that his Eyes wou'd fascinate,
 And give a Destiny to Fate :
 For he, I fear, wou'd break the Law,
 By which that World is kept in Awe,
 Since it is here his chiefest Care
 To break all Laws that Penal are.
 He wou'd go nigh, even in that Station,
 To make a new Association :
 But, if he did, Oh ! There are Judges,
 Instead of Scarlet Cloath, with Badges ;
 Not such as these in which we Trade,
 But Robes of solid Darkness made :
 They'd firk his Toby ; for take this
 For fatal Truth, (and so it is)

320 The WHIG'S GHOST.

In the Proceedings against Furies
 There are no *Ignoramus* Juries,
 Plain Evidence is there believ'd,
 And no convicted Fiend repriev'd :
 No Mainprize there allow'd, nor Bayl,
 But doom'd to an eternal Jayl,
 The restless Pris'ners howl and cry,
 While they in burning Shackles fry.
 Yet in my Conscience he'd endeavour,
 Ev'n to deceive the great Deceiver ;
 Or would pretend to court for Mistress,
 The fatal'st of the fatal Sisters,
 And wou'd so wheedle her, that she
 Should cut the Thread of Monarchy :
 So wou'd he his clear Wish obtain,
 To put an End to *Charles* his Reign ;
 Nor wou'd he value his Damnation
 To keep out *James* from Kingly Station :
 Here upon Earth he has a Pug,
 Which he (like Devil and Witch) does hug ;
 For he ne'er found his Words were true in
 Any Thing yet, but his own Ruin :
 He then did tell the Younger, He
 Shou'd sway the *British* Monarchy,
 Of a known Bastard grow a Prince ;
 But poor deluded *Perkin* since,
 From fancy'd Honour is degraded,
 And all his *Flower-de-Luces* faded.
 But I digress from my Design,
 While Things on Earth and Hell I joyn ;
 Suffer me then to represent
 The Methods of our Parliament.
 When *Lucifer* to utmost Borders
 Of *Erebus* sends out his Orders,
 His Officers make no Delay
 But the great Summons soon obey :
 Unanimously they elect,
 Not such as say they will protect
 The common Peoples Liberty,
 From their dread Sovereign's Tyranny ;
 For none his boundless Power questions,
 Nor make undutiful Suggestions ;

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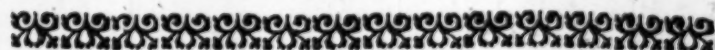
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But such they are, as when they assemble
Before his Footstool, bow and tremble ;
They come with stedfast Resolutions,
T' assert the fatal Constitutions :
Nor do they once Capitulate,
Or grumble to maintain the State ;
All that they have, to him they owe ;
Mammon besides is his, they know.
There is no sawcy well clad Clown,
That claims the Use of what's his own ;
Nor can from Hellish Mouth such Sin come,
As to deny him his own Income :
There, no Abhorters on their Knees,
Pay *Topham's* Arbitrary Fees ;
No bawling Lawyers Speeches make,
Which only with the Vulgar take.

But hark ! I hear the midnight Bell,
And that rings my departing Knell :
What I have said pray con it o'er,
Next Time we meet, I'll tell you more.



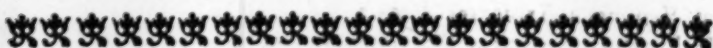
An EPITAPH on JACK GILL
the Gamester.



Ere lies *Jack Gill*,
Who never liv'd well,
'Till that very Moment he found himself Ill.
Severe was his Fate,
To begin the World late,

For the End and Beginning had both but one Date.
Yet I cannot but say,
Death gave him fair play,
For he lost his Life at the best of the Lay ;
For had Death come before,
When *Jack* run o'th' Score,
He had lost it to nothing since he must have liv'd poor.
'Twas hard, tho', that Death,
Shou'd give no more Breath,
But so soon as he had it to make him bequeath ;

Jack treated him too,
 As he wou'd have done you,
 The Doctor was there, but all wou'd not do.
 Death he found was no Cull,
 Nor lov'd he a Droll,
 Else *Jack* might have Banter'd him out of his Soul.
 Who before, it seems, guest
 The Time of his Rest;
 But I don't believe him, he us'd so to jest:
 Howe'er, 'tis plain now,
 He has made his Words true,
 And our Hearts very sad, so we bid him adieu.



HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY.

By Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER.



IN Days of Yore, when Knight, or Spuire,
 By Fate were summon'd to retire;
 Some Menial Poet still was near,
 To bear them to the Hemisphere,
 And there among the Stars to leave 'em,
 Until the Gods sent to relieve 'em:

And sure our *Knight, whose very fight wou'd*
 Intitle him, Mirrour of Knighthood;
 Shou'd he neglected lie, and rot,
 Stink in his Grave and be forgot,
 Wou'd have just Reason to Complain,
 If he shou'd chance to Rise again.
 And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,
 In mournful Dog'rel thus we trudge on.

Oh me! what Tongue, what Pen can tell
 How this Renowned Champion fell?
 But must reflect, alas! alas!
 All Human Glory fades like Grass,
 And that the strongest Martial Feats
 Of Errant Knights are all but Cheats:
 Witness our Knight, who sure has done
 More valiant Actions Ten to One,

Than of *Moore Hall*, the Mighty *Moore*,
Or him that made the Dragon roar,
Has knock'd more Men and Women down
Than *Bevis* of *Southampton Town*,
Or than our Modern Heroes can,
To take them singly Man by Man.

No sure the Grizzly King of Terrour
Has been too blame, and in an Errour,
To issue his Dead Warrant forth,
To seize a Knight of so much Worth,
Just in the Nick of all his Glory.

I tremble when I tell the Story.
Oh ! help me, help me, some kind Muse,
This surly Tyrant to abuse ;
Who in his Age has been so cruel,
To Rob the World of such a Jewel ?
A Knight more Learned, Stout, and Good,
Sure ne'er was made of Flesh and Blood :

All his Perfections were so rare,
The Wit of Man could not declare,
Which single Virtue, or which Grace,
Above the rest had any Place ;
Or which he was most famous for,
The Camp, the Pulpit, or the Bar :
Of each he had an equal Spice,
And was in all so very nice,
That, to speak Truth, th' Account is lost,
In which he did excel the most.

When he forsook the peaceful Dwelling,
And out he went a Colonelling,
Strange Hopes and Fears possess the Nation,
How he cou'd manage that Vocation,
Until he shew'd it to a Wonder,
How nobly he cou'd Fight and Plunder :
At Preaching too he was a Dab,
More exquisite by far than Squab ;
He cou'd fetch Uses and Infer
Without the Help of *Metaphor*,
From any Scripture Text howe'er
Remote it from the Purpose were ;
And with his Fist, instead of a Stick,
Beat Pulpit, Drum, Ecclesiastick ;

324 HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY.

'Till he made all the Audience Weep,
 Excepting those that fell Asleep.
 Then at the Bar he was right able,
 And cou'd Bind o'er as well as Swaddle ;
 And famous too at Petty Sessions,
 'Gainst Thieves and Whores for long Digressions.
 He cou'd most Learnedly Determin
 To *Bridwell*, or the Stocks, the Vermin.
 For his Address and Way of Living,
 All his Behaviour was so moving ;
 That let the Dame be ne'er so Chaste,
 As People say, below the Waste,
 If *Hudibras* but once came at Her,
 He'd quickly make her Chaps to Water ;
 Then for his Equipage and Shape,
 On Vestals they'd commit a Rape ;
 Which often, as the Story says,
 Have made the Ladies weep both Ways.
 Ill has he Read that never heard,
 How he wi'th' Widow *Tomson* far'd ;
 And what hard Conflict was between
 Our Knight and that Insulting Queen.
 Sure Captive Knight ne'er took more Pains,
 For Rhimes for his Melodious Strains ;
 Nor beat his Brains, or made more Faces,
 To get into a Jilts good Graces,
 Than did Sir *Hudibras* to get,
 Into this subtile Gypfies Net ;
 Who after all her high Pretence,
 To Modesty and Innocence,
 Was thought by most to be a Woman,
 That to all other Knights was Common.
 Hard was his Fate in this I own,
 Nor will I for the Traps atone :
 Indeed to guess I am not able,
 What made her thus Inexorable ;
 Unless she did not like his Wit,
 Or what is worse, his Perquisit.
 Howe'er it was, the Wound she gave
 The Knight he carry'd to his Grave :
 Vile Harlot to destroy a Knight
 That cou'd both Plead, and Pray, and Fight.

Oh!

HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY. 325

Oh ! cruel base inhuman Drab,
To give Him such a mortal Stab,
That made him pine away and moulder,
As tho' that He had been no Soldier :
Could'st thou find no one else to kill,
Thou Instrument of Death and Hell ?
But *Hudibras*, who stood the Bears
So oft against the *Cavaliers* ;
And in the very heat of War,
Took stout *Crowdero* Prisoner ;
And did such Wonders all along,
That far exceed both Pen and Tongue.

If he had been in Battle Slain,
We'd had less Reason to complain ;
But to be murder'd by a Whore,
Was ever Knight so serv'd before ?
But since he's gone, all We can say,
He chanc'd to die a ling'ring Way ;
If he had liv'd a longer Date,
He might, perhaps, have met a Fate
More violent, and fitting for
A Knight so fam'd in Civil War.
To sum up all, from Love and Danger,
He's now (O happy Knight) a Stranger ;
And if a Muse can ought foretel,
His Fame shall fill a Chronicle,
And he in After-Ages, be,
Of Errant Knights th' Epitome.



HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.



Under this Stone rests *Hudibras*,
A Knight as Errant as e'er was ;
The Controversy only lies,
Whether he was more Stout than Wise ;
Nor can we here pretend to say,
Whether he best cou'd Fight, or Pray ;
So 'till those Questions are decided,
His Virtues must rest undivided.
Full oft he suffer'd Bangs and Drubs,
And full as oft took Pains in Tubs ;

326 HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

Of which the most that can be said,
 He Pray'd and Fought, and Fought and Pray'd.
 As for his Personage and Shape
 Among the rest we'll let them 'scape.
 Nor do we as Things stand think fit
 This Stone shou'd meddle with his Wit.
 One Thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
 He liv'd and dy'd a Colonel ;
 And for the *Good Old Cause* stood buff,
 'Gainst many a bitter Kick and Cuff.
 But since his Worship's dead and gone,
 And mould'ring lies beneath his Stone,
 The Reader is desir'd to look
 For his Atchievement in his Book ;
 Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
 'Till Time and Death it self shall fail.

The End of the Third Volume.

An Alphabetical Key to HUDIBRAS.

Written by Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

Paged to the last Edition.

Page 31. Line 337.

— *For Arthur wore in Hall.*



Rince *Arthur*, one of the Nine Worthies
 of the World.

Page 66. Cant. 2. line 249.

— *Bruin march'd next him,
 With Visage formidably grim,
 And rugged as a Saracen,
 Or Turk of Mahomet's own Kin.*

Bruin or *Turk*, *Bear* or *Dog*, signify the different Sects
 in those Rebellious Times ; which *Hudibras*, the chief
 Hero of Mr. *Butler's* Poem, would make Confederates
 for the suppressing of Kingly Government and Episcopacy.

Page 73. Cant. 2. Line 411.

*Cerdon the great renown'd in Song,
 Like Herc'les for reprieve of Wrong.*

By *Cerdon* is meant one-ey'd *Hewson* the Cobler, who
 from a private Centinel in the Parliament Army was
 made a Colonel.

Page

Page 103. Cant. 3. Line 154.

— *Circumcis'd Brethren.*

Viz. *Bastwick*, *Burton*, and *Prynne*, who lost their Ears in the Pillory, had their Noses slit, and were stigmatiz'd in the Forehead for lampooning *Henrietta Maria*, Queen of England, and the Bishops.

Page 74. Cant. 2. Line 442.

Colon came, bold Man of War,

Destin'd to Blows by fatal Star.

This *Colon* hints at one *Ned Perry*, an Hostler, who tho' he lov'd Bear-baiting, was nevertheless such a strange *Precision*, that he wou'd lie with any Whore, but the Whore of *Babylon*.

Page 60. Cant. 2. Line 106.

Crowdero march'd, expert and'able.

He hints at one *Jackson* a Milliner in the *New-Exchange* in the *Strand*; who falling to Decay, by losing a Leg in the *Roundheads* Service, he was obliged to scrape upon a Violin from one Alehouse to another, for his Bread.

Page 354. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1200.

— *Croisado General.*

Lord Fairfax, General of the Parliamentary Army.

Page 200 Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 404.

Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.

This *Fisk* was a merry Astrologer and pleasant Companion of *Ben Johnson's*,

Page 17, Line 40.

HUDIBRAS. A Name which the Author of that excellent Poem bestows on Sir *Samuel Luke* of *Bedfordshire*; a self-conceited Commander under *Oliver Cromwel*.

Page 191. Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 163.

Appear in divers Shapes to Kelly.

This *Kelly* was an *Irish* Priest, who fomented Rebellion, by preaching in Disguise among the Dissenters of those Times.

Page 290. Part 3. Cant. 1. Line 865.

The Nymphs of chaste Diana's Train,

The same with those in Lukener's-Lane.

Lukener's-Lane, a Place still a Rendezvous and Nursery for lewd Women; but first resorted by the *Roundheads*.

Page 69. Cant. 2. Line 331.

— *Magnano came,* —

Magnano great in Martial Fame.

Magnano

Magnano here is put for *Simeon Wait*, a Tinker, as famous an *Independent Preacher* as *Burroughs*; who with equal Blasphemy to his *Lord of Hosts*, would stile *Oliver Cromwel* the Arch-Angel giving Battle to the Devil.

Page 53. Cant. 1. Line 904.

This sung there is a valiant Mamaluke.

The Author means by this Person, Sir *Samuel Luke*, the chief Hero of his Poem.

Page 404. Part 3. Line 188.

—Nye's *Thanksgiving Beard*.

One of the Assembly of Dissenting Ministers, noted for his ugly Beard,

Page 322. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 216.

—Oliver give up his Reign.

By this Mr *Butler* points at the great Hurricane which happened at the Death of this infamous Usurper; who rifled Colleges to promote Learning, and pull down Churches for Edification.

Page 62. Cant. 2. Line 147.

—Orsin famous for,

Wise Conduct and Success of War.

This fictitious Name seems to hint at one *Josbua Gossin*, who kept Bears at *Paris-Garden* on *Southwark Side*; however, he stood hard and fast for the Rump-Parliament.

Page 151. Part 2. Cant. 1. Line 725.

—*Philosophers of late here.*

Hinting at Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who in his Book of Bodies, gives the Relation of a *German Boy*, living in the Woods, and going on his Hands and Feet, like a four-footed Beast.

Page 327. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 351.

—Politician,

With more Heads than Beast in Vision.

Sir *Anthony Asby Cooper*, noted as much for his Tap, as his Tryal, when Earl of *Shaftsbury*, at the Sessions House in the *Old-Baily*, on *Thursday* the 24th of *November*, 1681, for high-Treason; Part of the Indictment against him being for speaking irreverently and slightly against the King, *That he was a weak Man, an inconstant Man, of no firm, or settled Resolution; easily led by the Nose, as his Father was, by a Popish Queen, which was his Ruin.*

Page 133. Cant. 3. Line 1122.

Pope's Bull. Alluding to a Book intituled, *The Pope's Bull baited*; a Polemical Piece of Divinity, said to be written by the Learned Doctor *Whitaker*.

Page 2

A Key to HUDIBRAS. 329

Page 356. Part 3. Cant. 3. Line 1250.

Puder. A Drayman, who was a Colonel in the Rebels Army.

Page 36. Cant. 1. Line 457.

—Ralph,

That in th' Adventure went his Half.

This *Ralph* was *Isaac Robinson*, 'Squire to *Hudibras*; and a zealous Botcher in *Moore-fields*, who, in the Time of the Rebellion in Forty One, was always contriving some new Quirpo-cut of Church Government.

Page 329. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 421.

—*To match this Saint.*

Meaning by this venerable Name, that infamous Rebel Colonel *John Lilburn*.

Page 202. Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 477.

—Sedgwick.

And some of us find out by Magick.

—A noted *Puritan*, who predicted the Day of Judgment was to happen on a certain Day of the Month, in the Year 1645; but his Prediction is not yet come to pass.

Page 189. Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 106.

—Sidrophel,

That deals in Destiny's dark Councils,

And sage Opinions of the Moon sells.

This points at *Lilly* the Astrologer; who gave out such Predictions against the Royal Family, that he had like to have been hang'd for 'em after the Restauration.

Page 77. Cant. 2. Line 527.

Six Members Quarrels to espouse.

They were the Lord *Kimbolton*, *Hollis*, *Pim*, *Hambden*, *Stroud*, and Sir *Arthur Haslerig*; notorious Rebels, always plotting with the *Scots*; where-upon King *Charles* the First, preferring Articles against them, sent his Guards to seize them in the House of Commons; but on Notice thereof, they fled from Justice, Mr. *Cleveland* takes notice of this *Kimbolton* thus.

Rupert, the great Rupert soundeth so,

Kimbolton's but a Wheelbarrow.

Page 135. Cant. 3. Line 1166.

Smeck. A Contraction of *Smeetymnus*, a Word made up of the initial Letters of the Christian and Surnames of Five Factious Rebels; namely, *Stephen Marshal*, *Edmund Calamy*, *Thomas Young*, *Matthew Newcomb*, and *William Spurflow*;

Spurflow; who writ a Book against Episcopacy and the Common-Prayer, to which they all subscribed their Names. Of these Club-Preachers *Cleaveland* thus writes.

*Smectymnus! the Goblin makes me start,
T' th' Name of Rabbi Abraham, what art?
Syriack, or Arabick, or Welch, what skilt?
Ap all the Bricklayers that Babel built,
Some Conjuror translate, and let me know it;
'Till then 'tis fit for a West-Saxon Poet.
But do the Brotherhood then play their Prizes,
Like Mummings in Religion with Disguises?
Outbrave us with a Name in Rank and File,
A Name, which if 'twere train'd, wou'd spread a Mile.
The Saints Monopoly, the zealous Cluster,
Which, like a Porcupine, presents a Muster,
And shoots his Quils at Bishops and their Sees,
A devout Litter of Young Maccabees.*

Page 390. Part 3. Cant. 3. Line 577.

An old dull Sot at Bridewel Dock.

One *Prideaux*, a pragmatICAL Justice of the Peace, noted as much for his extorting Money from Delinquents, as his Disloyalty to his Sovereign.

Page 322. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 220.

——— *Sterry.*

A Fanatical Preacher admired by *Hugh Peters* for his Treasonable Discourses when he held forth.

Page 317. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 77.

And laid about as hot and Brainsick,

As th' uttler Barrister of Swanlick.

Meaning by this Barrister *William Prynne*, who was of *Lincoln's-Inn*, and a great Stickler against Kingly Government.

Page 68. Cant. 2. Line 299.

Talgol was of Courage stout,

And vanquish'd oftner than he fought.

He was a Butcher in *Newgate-Market*, his Name was *Jackson*; and obtain'd a Captain's Commission for his rebellious Bravery at *Naseby Fight*.

Page 70. Cant. 2. Line 365.

——— *Trulla more bright,*

Tban burnish'd Armour of her Knight.

The Daughter of *James Spencer*, a Quaker, debauch'd
first by her Father; and then by *Magnano* the Tinker
above-mentioned.

Page 323. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 232.

— *Lame Vicegerent.*

Meaning *Richard*, the eldest Son of *Oliver*, proclaimed
Protector after his Father's Death.

Page 197. Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 325.

— *Whacum, bred to dash and draw,*

Not Wine, but more untwofesome Law.

Tom Fones, a foolish *Welchman*, that could neither write
nor read, *Zany* to *Lilly* the Astrologer.

Page 108. Part 1. Cant. 3. Line 312.

Widow's Jointure-Land.

The precious Relique of *Aminadab Wilmot*, an Inde-
pendent, killed at the Fight of *Edge-bill*; and having
Two hundred Pounds *per Annum* left her for a Jointure,
Hudibras fell in Love with her, or did worse.

Page 44. Cant. 2. Line 647.

Withers, Prynn, and Vickers.

The first of these Puritans was a Fanatical Poet, whose
Works (good for nothing) were formerly in great Request
among Chandlers and Pastry-Cooks. The next was a Bar-
rister of *Lincoln's-Inn*, as great a Scribler as the former, but
to as little Purpose. And the last was a Tub-Preacher, that
taught, that Rebellion was the right Road to Reformation.

Page 336. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 640.

But for our Adoniram Byfield.

A Broken Apothecary, who retrieved his Fortune by
siding with the Rebels, and voted any Thing to be Law,
tho' in defiance of their Fundamentals.

Page 83. Cant. 2. Line 702.

Was no Dispute a-foot between

The Caterwauling Brethren?

Pointing at those grave Rabbies of the Fanaticks, who
in Points of Divinity never traded in any larger Authors
than the *Assemblies Catechism*.

Page 336. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 636.

But from our Calamies.

This *Calamy* was a Presbyterian Parson, and much no-
ted for preaching Sedition instead of Loyalty; his Patron
was *Waller*, to whose Lady he often ran for the Use of
Consolation.

Page

Page 336. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 635.

*Where had they all their gifted Pbraſes,
But from our Calamies and Caſes?*

This Caſe was a Diſſenting Preacher, who gloried in ſinging an *Hofanna* to that Arch-Traytor *Oliver Cromwel*; and to increaſe that Uſurper's Army, lay with the Siſters of his whining Congregation.

Page 365. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1550.

They've roaſted Cook.

He was once an honeſt Barber, but for his Loyalty receiving ſome Perſecution, and ſeeing what Profit aroſe by trimming the State, he turn'd as arrant a Knave as any of his Perſecutors.

Page 341. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 765.

*And'till they firſt began to Cant,
And ſprinkle down the Covenant.*

The Covenant was a ſort of rebellious Combination made among the *Scots* formerly, be of what Religion they would; inſomuch, that had theſe Beaſts been to have enter'd the Ark, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have ſuited them into Pairs.

Page 64. Cant. 2. Line 194.

He'll ſign it with Cler. Parl. Dom Com.

Pointing at the Impudence of thoſe Rebels, which would authorize their Villany by ſigning it with Forms that were legal, while a King was *in eſſe*; but not when they aſſum'd all Power in their own Hands.

Page 364. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1534.

*And while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready liſted under Dun.*

The Name of the *Fanaticks* Hangman, whoſe Hands were often ſtained with the Blood of Loyal Subjects.

Page 324. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 270.

*— Others tamper'd,
For Deſborough.*

One of the Rump's Colonels, whoſe Valour, like the reſt of theſe *Tatterdemalians*, proceeded from his Ignorance: But tho' theſe Puritan Soldiers were ſucceſſful in their Villany, yet were they but *Mars's* Petty-toes; or rather ſuch ſniveling Cowards, that truly it is a Favour to call them ſo.

Page 323. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 237.

*And now the Saints began their Reign,
For which they'd yearn'd ſo long in vain,**And*

*And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an Empire all of Kings.*

An Empire of Kings signifies a Democracy, or Commonwealth Government; or our Author here rather points at the Statocracy of those Times, which (like the Marmalukes) governed by an Army Power.

Page 345. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 893.

*That represent no Part o'th' Nation,
But Fisher's Folly Congregation.*

A Meeting-House, built by one *Fisher* a Shoemaker, where *Devenshire-Square* now stands, in 1659; but the Restoration of the Royal Family happening the next Year after, it was pulled down by some Loyalists; and then lying useless, it was called *Fisher's Folly*.

Page 324. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 270.

— *Others tamper'd,
For Fleetwood.*

He was one, of the Roundheads Commanders, who pretended to be a Babe of Grace too; but certainly it was not in his personal, but (as the State Sophisters distinguish it) in his politick Capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the Zeal of the House he sat in; as Chickens are hatched at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

Page 72. Part 1. Cant. 2. Line 395.

*As stout Armida, bold Thalestris,
And she that would have been the Mistress
Of Gondibert.*

Pointing at Sir *William Devenant*, the Author of a Poem called *Gondibert*.

Page 355. Part 3. Cant 2. Line 1239.

— *The Isle of Wight
Will rise up, if you deny't,
Where Henderson and th' other Masses,
Were sent to cap Texts, and put Cases.*

This Fellow was a Dissenting Parson, sent to *Uxbridge* and the *Isle of Wight*, to dispute with King *Charles* the First, about Matters of Religion. He was mighty zealous for the bad Cause which those of his bad Stamp called a good One; and was such an Admirer of *Oliver Cromwel*, that once in a preposterous Blasphemy to the Lord of Hosts, stil'd him, *the Archangel giving Battle to the Devil*.

Page

Page 356. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1250.

*They did not mean, he wrought the Effusion
In Person, like Hewson.*

— This Fellow was a Cobler, who had but one Eye; and throwing by his Awl and Last, went into the Parliament's Army; where he arriv'd to the Dignity of a Colonel: And on that Day the King was Beheaded, he went with a Party of Horse from *Charing-Cross* to the *Royal-Exchange*, proclaiming all the Way, *That whosoever should say, that Charles Stuart died wrongfully, should suffer present Death.*

Page 322. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 215.

*Toss'd in a furious Hurricane,
Dint Oliver give up his Reign.*

Pointing at the great Hurricane in which the Devil fetch'd the Usurper to his Territories, on the Third of September, 1658.

Page 314. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1.

*The Learned write, an Insect-Breeze
Is but a Mungrel Prince of Bees,
That fall, before a Storm, on Cows,
And stings the Founder of his House.*

Meaning, by *Insect Breeze*, the *Fanaticks*; whose Godliness is of the same Parentage with good Laws, both extracted out of bad Manners; and whose Victories, in the Time of the Civil Wars, proved at last like the Magical Combat of *Apuleius*; who, thinking he had slain all three of his Enemies, found 'em at last but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and so empty are the Triumphs of Rebels; but so many imposthumated Fancies, so many Bladders of their own blowing.

Page 324. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 270.

— *Others tamper'd*

For Fleetwood, Desborough and Lambart.

As for *Fleetwood* and *Desborough*, we have taken notice of them already: And as for *Lambart*, he was another rebellious Officer, who (like *Don Quixot* for *Sancho Pancha*) fought at all Adventures to purchase for the Usurper the Government of this Island.

Page 345. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 909.

*Unless it be the Bulls of Lenthal,
That always pass for fundamental.*

He was Speaker of the House of Commons to the Rump-Parliament; who helped out their false Weights with some Scruples of Conscience; and with their paremptory Scales could doom their lawful King with a *Men-Tekel*.

Page 137. Part 1. Cant. 3. Line 1227.

*A lawless Linsie-Woolfie Brother,
Half of one Order, half another;
A Creature of amphibious Nature,
On Land a Beast, a Fish in Water:
That always preys on Grace, or Sin,
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.*

This *Linsie-Woolfie Brother* hints on *Andrew Crawford*, a Scotch Preacher, who in those rebellious Times liv'd on the Sins of the People, which then was a good standing Dish, and verified the Axiom, *Isdem nutritur, ex quibus componitur*.

Page 333. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 519.

*And 'twas made out to us the last
Expedient, — (I mean Marg'rets Fast)*

The Rump-Parliament us'd to have their publick Fasts kept in St. *Margaret's Church* at *Westminster*; which they observed so solemnly, that if they could come at any Thing good to eat, they would prove to be as terrible Slaughter-Men as *Fairfax* his Soldiers were wont to be at a Thanksgiving-Dinner.

Page 82. Part 1. Cant. 2. Line 662.

In Name of King and Parliament.

The specious Pretence by which the Rebels did beat up for Volunteers.

Page 29. Part 1. Cant. 1. Line 285.

*But when the Date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the sympathetick Snout.*

By *Nock* is meant *Oliver Cromwel*, that infamous Usurper; who rifled Colleges to promote Learning, and pull'd down Churches for Edification: And here our Author also seems to take notice of his Nose, which was not only extream large, but was withal so very red, that many who lived in his Time were wont to say, that he wore the Dominical Letter upon't.

Page 336. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 638.

*Without whose sprinkling and sowing,
Who had e'er heard of Owen?*

A Puritan Preacher, whose Doctrine ran upon a certain Scale of Destruction, which taught his Auditors to ruin the Father, beggar the Son, and strangle the Hopes of all Posterity.

Page 356. Part 3. Cant. 2. Line 1250.

*They did not mean, he wrought th' Effusion
In Person, like Sir Pride.*

This Person was a Drayman, who throwing off his Allegiance to his lawful Sovereign, lifted himself in the Parliament Army; and for his Disloyalty came in Time to be a Colonel.

Page 239. Part 2. Cant. 1. Line 368.

*He mounted Synod-Men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane and Little-Sodom.*

The first of these Places is in *Long-Acre*, the other is *Salisbury-Court* in *Fleetstreet*, which was formerly the Residence of Bawds and Whores, to which *Hudibras's* Man, and other of his sanctified Brethren, resorted sometimes to refresh themselves, when troubled with any carnal Emotions.

Page 239. Part 2. Cant. 1. Line 370.

*Made 'em corvet, like Spanish Jennets,
And take the Ring at Madam——*

I know not for what Reason our Author shou'd dash that Gentlewoman's Name, which makes Rhyme to Jennets; but to make him as intelligible as we can, he hints here at one Mrs. *Stennet*, whose Husband was, by Profession, a Broom-Man; and she follow'd the laudable Employment of Bawding, and managed several Intrigues for those Brothers and Sisters, whose Purity consisted chiefly in the Whiteness of their Linnen.

Page 192. Part 2. Cant. 3. Line 166.

*Meet with the Parliament's Committee
At Woodstock——*

Hinting at a Committee of the Long Parliament sitting in the King's Palace at *Woodstock*, where they were (and well such bloody Rebels might) frightened with several Apparitions; insomuch that their ill Consciences flying in their Faces, they would hold there no more wicked Consultations.



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